



## SHAKESPEARE

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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

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THE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSE

VOLUME XIV

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SONNETS AND POEMS

TOGETHER WITH

SHAKESPEARE-LAND

AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY BY

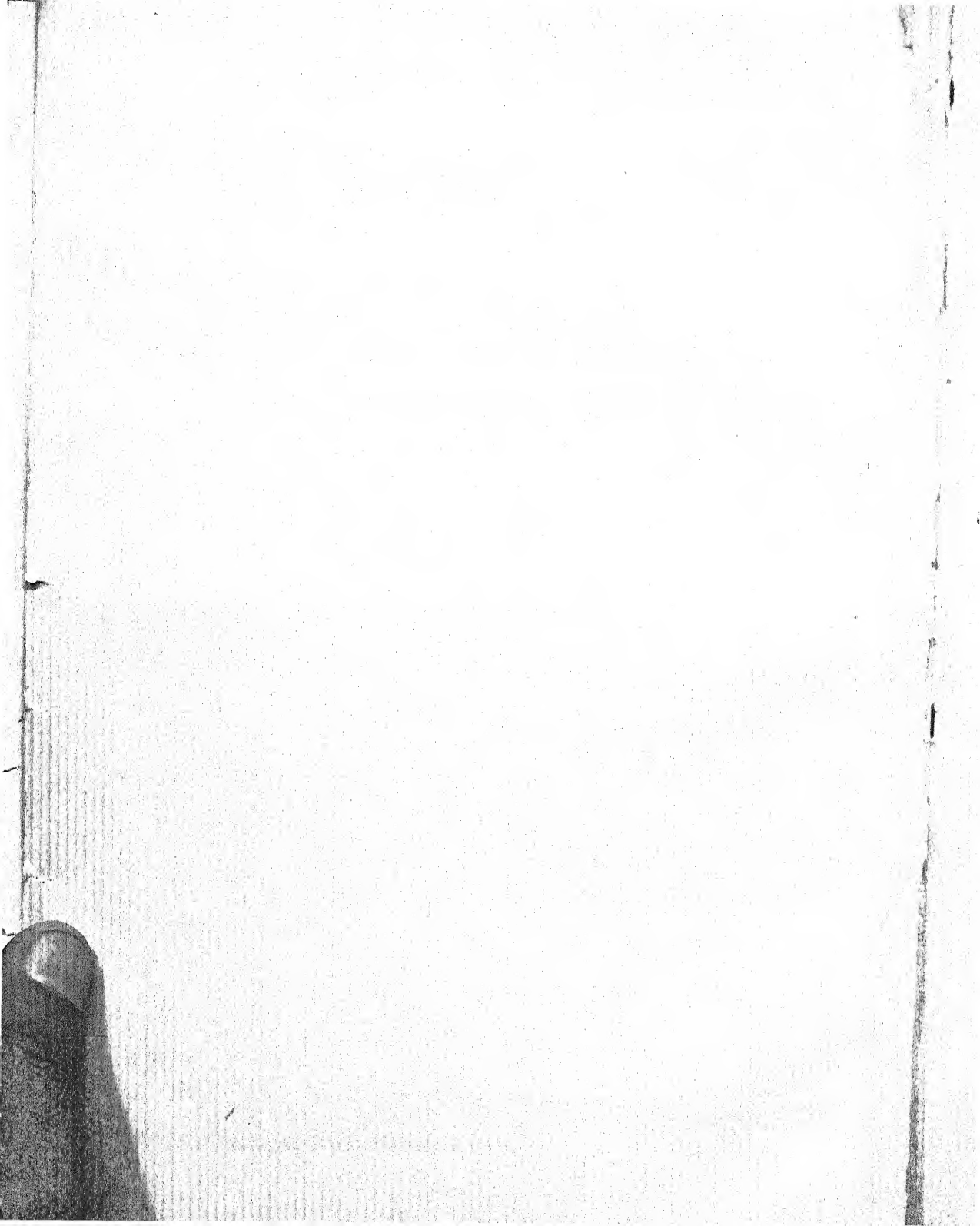
W. JEROME HARRISON, F.G.S.

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# CONTENTS.

## VOLUME XIV.

### POEMS:

	Page
CRITICAL REMARKS ON VENUS AND ADONIS AND THE RAPE OF LUCRECE, .	3
VENUS AND ADONIS, . . . . .	5
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE, . . . . .	27
SONNETS, . . . . .	59
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT, . . . . .	119
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, . . . . .	125
THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE, . . . . .	133

### SHAKESPEARE-LAND:

#### Chapter

I. Introduction to Shakespeare-Land, . . . . .	137
II. The Homes of Shakespeare's Ancestors. I—The Shakespeares, . . .	145
III. The Homes of Shakespeare's Ancestors ( <i>continued</i> ). II—The Ardens, .	155
IV. Shakespeare's Native Town of Stratford-upon-Avon, . . . . .	159
V. "Shakespeare's Church": the Collegiate Church of Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	175
VI. A Walk through Stratford-upon-Avon, . . . . .	187
VII. Short Walks around Stratford-upon-Avon, . . . . .	197
VIII. Warwick and its Castle: with the Beauchamp Chapel and Guy's Cliffe, .	211
IX. The Castle of Kenilworth and the City of Coventry, . . . . .	223
X. Wanderings in the Forest of Arden, . . . . .	229
XI. More Wanderings in Arden, . . . . .	237
XII. The Eight "Shakespearean Villages", . . . . .	247
XIII. The Warwickshire Avon—from Source to Severn, . . . . .	257
Note, . . . . .	264
Appendix, . . . . .	267

INDEX OF SUBJECTS TREATED IN THE NOTES, . . . . .	271
---	-----

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page		Page
Vignette, . . . . .	2	Fresco in Guild Chapel, . . . . .	162
VENUS AND ADONIS:		Interior of Guild Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	163
Meeting of Venus and Adonis, . . . . .	7	Old Latin Room in Grammar School, . . . . .	164
Adonis slain, . . . . .	21	Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon, . . . . .	165
Tailpiece, . . . . .	26	Shakespeare's Birthplace (from an engraving, 1769), . . . . .	166
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE:		The Living-room, Shakespeare's Birthplace, . . . . .	167
Vignette, . . . . .	28	The Room in which Shakespeare was born, . . . . .	169
Tarquin's resolve, . . . . .	31	The Site of New Place, . . . . .	172
The dead Lucrece borne through Rome, . . . . .	58	Old Well at New Place, . . . . .	173
SONNETS:		Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	176
"Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep" (Sonnet clii.), . . . . .	60	The Churchyard of Holy Trinity, . . . . .	177
Tailpiece, . . . . .	68	Holy Trinity: the Nave, looking east, . . . . .	178
"This brand she quenched in a cool well by" (Sonnet cliv.), . . . . .	69	The Clopton Chapel, . . . . .	179
Vignette, . . . . .	116	An old Font, Holy Trinity, . . . . .	180
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT:		The Chancel, Church of the Holy Trinity, . . . . .	181
Vignette, . . . . .	118	A Miserere, Holy Trinity, . . . . .	182
"And comely-distant sits he by her side" (line 65), . . . . .	120	Shakespeare's Monument, Church of the Holy Trinity, . . . . .	183
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM:		Shakespeare's Monument (from an old engraving), . . . . .	184
The Pilgrim of Love, . . . . .	127	Church of the Holy Trinity from the north-east, . . . . .	185
THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE:		Old Inns, Bridge Street, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	188
Tailpiece, . . . . .	134	Chapel Street, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	189
SHAKESPEARE-LAND:		The Harvard House, High Street, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	191
Lower-Lias Limestone Quarry near Binton, . . . . .	138	House of Five Gables, Chapel Street, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	193
Hollies in Sutton Park: [A Relic of the Forest of Arden], . . . . .	139	Bronze Statue of Shakespeare, Memorial Gardens, . . . . .	194
The Avon at Luddington, . . . . .	141	The Picture-Gallery, Shakespeare Memorial, . . . . .	195
The Ryknield Street near Studley, . . . . .	142	Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery, . . . . .	198
The Ryknield Street in Sutton Park, . . . . .	143	Mrs. Baker, a Descendant of the Hathaways, . . . . .	199
Church and Guild-House, Knowle, . . . . .	146	Anne Hathaway's Cottage: the Living-room, . . . . .	200
The Swan Inn, Knowle, . . . . .	147	Old Font, Luddington, . . . . .	201
Rowington Church from the north-west, . . . . .	149	Old Cottages at Luddington, . . . . .	203
The Church, Baddesley Clinton, . . . . .	151	Billesley Church from the south-west, . . . . .	204
The Church, Temple Balsall, . . . . .	153	Church and Farmyard, Weston-upon-Avon, . . . . .	205
Church Porch, Snitterfield, . . . . .	154		
The Arden Cottage, Wilmcote, . . . . .	156		
Aston Cantlow Church, . . . . .	157		
Court-Leet House, Aston Cantlow, . . . . .	158		
Grammar School and Guild Chapel, Stratford-on-Avon, . . . . .	161		

# CONTENTS.

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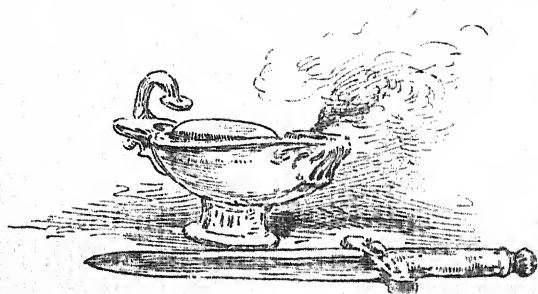
	Page		Page
Cottages at Welford-on-Avon, . . . . .	206	Town Hall, Alcester, . . . . .	235
The Hall, Charlecote, . . . . .	207	The Rookery, Alvechurch Church-	
Charlecote: the Great Hall, . . . . .	209	yard, . . . . .	235
The Lucy Seal, . . . . .	210	Village Cross, Meriden, . . . . .	238
The East Gate, Warwick, . . . . .	212	The Village Smithy, Balsall Street, . . . . .	239
The West Gate and Leycester Hos-		The Master Blacksmith, . . . . .	240
pital, Warwick, . . . . .	213	Norman Font, Coleshill Church, . . . . .	241
Mill Street, Warwick, . . . . .	215	Ruined Church Tower, Maxstoke	
Beauchamp Chapel, St. Mary's		Priory, . . . . .	242
Church, Warwick, . . . . .	216	Maxstoke Castle from the south-east, . . . . .	243
Warwick Castle and the River		Arley Village, Church and Street, . . . . .	244
Avon, . . . . .	217	Stone Windmill, Chesterton, . . . . .	245
Cæsar's Tower, Warwick Castle, . . . . .	218	Compton Wynyates, . . . . .	246
Warwick Castle. The River Front,		Cottages at Long Marston, . . . . .	248
from the Ferry, . . . . .	219	Pebworth Church from the south-east, . . . . .	249
Guy's Cliffe Mill, . . . . .	221	The Village Street, Wixford, . . . . .	250
Thatched Cottages, Hill Wootton, . . . . .	224	Church of St. Giles, Exhall, . . . . .	251
Kenilworth Castle from the south, . . . . .	225	Lane at Arden's Grafton, . . . . .	252
Coventry. The Three Spires, . . . . .	226	Stone Dove-cot, Hillborough, . . . . .	253
Ford's Hospital, Coventry, . . . . .	227	Broom Village, with the River	
The Marsh Bridge, Hampton-in-		Arrow, . . . . .	255
Arden, . . . . .	230	The Falcon Inn, Bidford, . . . . .	256
Church Porch, Berkswell, . . . . .	231	Cottage and Peacock, Harvington, . . . . .	259
Churchard Street, Henley-in-Arden, . . . . .	232	Old Houses, Offenham, . . . . .	260
Wootton Wawen Church from the		The Bell-tower, Evesham, . . . . .	261
south, . . . . .	233	Tewkesbury Abbey. The Nave,	
Stone Dove-cot, Kinwarton, . . . . .	234	looking west, . . . . .	263



VENUS AND ADONIS.

VOL. XIV.





## CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

### VENUS AND ADONIS AND THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

It is natural to criticise Venus and Adonis and Lucrece together. The poems have much in common, with much that brings them into very direct and striking contrast. Each is obviously the work of a young poet: from merely reading through the poems, without the aid of external testimony, we could with very considerable certainty assign to them an early date in the long list of Shakespeare's works. They have all the characteristic qualities of youthful work—careless ease and vigour of style, over-laden elaboration of colour and artistic effect, over-accentuated treatment of somewhat sensuous scenes. Venus and Adonis and Lucrece are connected by their theme. That theme is not a particularly pleasant one. It is love, or rather lust: the poet throws all his power of workmanship into representing the keenness and invincibility of a sensual passion that knows no restraint of moral instinct or conventional decorum. But, whereas Lucrece is intensely didactic, Venus and Adonis is no less intensely non-moral; not immoral, but unmoral. If Lucrece gives us the "criticism of life" theory of literature at its keenest, Venus and Adonis shows us the "art for art's sake" doctrine in the furthest possible development of that idea.

Venus and Adonis is the purest paganism, a deification of erotic impulse which Catullus himself could not have surpassed. The lovely goddess, exquisite as when she rose from the foam-blossoms of the blue Ægean, typifies lust, and, alas! lust does not shock us, simply because it comes in the form of such perfect beauty. Critics have compared Venus and Adonis with the masterpiece of Shakespeare's "dead shepherd," with the Hero and Leander, which Keats alone among English poets could have fitly continued. And the criticism is quite

just. Nothing in either poem is more remarkable than the insistence on physical beauty. Marlowe dwells on the mere forms of his two lovers, on symmetry and shapeliness of limb, on fascination of colour, with all the loving, sensuous, deliberate content of a sculptor. And so it is with Shakespeare. He brings but two characters on the scene of passion, and he lavishes on them every possible touch that can please the eye and intoxicate the on-looker with the wonder and glory of physical grace. And in this intoxication we cease to be moralists: our moral sense is drugged by the poppied draught of sensuous, seductive poison. The hungry goddess is like Browning's "Pretty Woman." She is fair, divinely fair, a daughter of the gods, and we say of the sweet face—

Be its beauty  
Its sole duty.

There can be no place for the preacher here: we cannot take very seriously the morality that flows from the pretty, protesting lips of the blushing boy. Mr. Swinburne describes Venus and Adonis and Lucrece as semi-narrative, semi-reflective verse. The description, I think, is more appropriate to the longer and later poem. Venus and Adonis is simply narrative, and a narrative that carries us along on a wave of passion which moves far too quickly to admit of much reflection. It is, as far as I can understand it, a study in sensuous effects; a series of stanzas in which morality and the ethical element that we usually look for in literature, especially English literature, are wholly absent; a poem which we cannot call immoral because the whole idea is so fantastic and unreal, so removed from the world of the practical and possible; a poem of which we can only say, that it is wholly and intentionally un-moral. We read it, just as,

according to Charles Lamb, we should read a Restoration Comedy, with a consciousness that what we are reading is all a myth: there never have been such characters: they are as impossible and non-existent as the light "that never was" in Wordsworth's poem.

Lucrece is perfectly different. Here the poet is at once an artist and a preacher: his achievement, if not his aim, is purely didactic. For no more terrible picture was ever drawn of the utter desolation and ruin wrought by unbridled, unreasoning impulse. Each phase of the passion is anatomized with the pitiless detail of minute realism. Simple enough in its beginning, the story works up with a gradual  *crescendo*  of horror to its tragic climax, and when the end comes no one, not the dullest of prosaists, can be blind to the poet's purpose. And Lucrece is no petty tale of evil-doing, no "modern instance" of crime and shame. Shakespeare makes us feel throughout that a royal house and fame hang in the balance and are lost, and that if the sin be great the consequences will be great in proportion. Significant in this connection is the introduction of the old-world story of Troy's fall. At first sight lines 1380-1580 seem rather an excrescence, an interpolation that brings in an element of unreality. But it is not so. Interesting intrinsically as suggesting, if not showing, that Shakespeare was familiar with Virgil's narrative, the lines have a very direct bearing on the development of the story. Lucrece dishonoured is like "cloud-kissing Ilium" dismantled: in Ovid's words, *hec facies Troje cum caperetur erat*. The comparison heightens the desolation of Lucrece, lends picturesqueness to the pity of her state, quickens our conception of the tragedy that has brought red ruin in its train. And if it is so for us, especially must it have been so for an Elizabethan reader, since the Troy legend was the story *par excellence* of the mediæval world, the *conte* which overshadowed and eclipsed all others. To repeat ourselves: Lucrece is an essentially didactic poem, and its didacticism is emphasized and increased at every turn by the dramatic power of the writer. To hold the mirror up to lust, to paint the horrors of unbridled passion, to show for all time that the

wages of sin is death—this is the direct tendency of the Rape of Lucrece.

We have considered the ethical import of the two poems, and seen that the contrast between them is very marked. On other grounds they have much in common. First and foremost, each is a perfect example of the narrator's art. The rhymes may at times seem careless; we may come across things—especially in Venus and Adonis—which we could wish away. But the stanzas never lag: the writer is never at a loss. The story advances from point to point with the swing and sweep, the lilt and facile grace, of true creative power. The effortless ease with which the narrative is maintained through a long series of stanzas seems to us the most characteristic and signal excellence of the poems.

But it is not their only excellence. The artist's sense of light and shade and variety of effect, dramatic representation of scene and situation—notably in Lucrece,—the many minute touches that build up the fabric of characterization—all these are qualities in which Venus and Adonis and Lucrece are rich with the true Shakespearean richness. And to these must be added the extraordinary verbal beauty of the verse. Here they are linked with the early plays, with *Romeo and Juliet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We have the same elaborate harmonies, the "linked sweetness long drawn out," the cadences, the "dying falls," the splendid eloquence, the lyric charm and rapture of Shakespeare's earliest, most purely poetic, style. Finally—to conclude these *ambages et longa exorsa*—we may note in Venus and Adonis the use which the poet makes of nature. The poem is full of the sights and sounds of the country and of country life. The red morning (line 453), the gathering clouds that consult for foul weather (972), the hare-hunt, the fall of the wind before rain comes, the empty eagle tiring on her prey (55-60), the closing-in of the day (530-533)—these and many similar touches point to a close knowledge of the life of the fields; and we could ill do without the fresh sweet wind, as from Shakespeare's own Stratford commons, that clears and relieves the sometimes too sultry atmosphere.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

## INTRODUCTION.

Venus and Adonis was published in Quarto in 1593, with the following title-page: "VENUS | AND ADONIS | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo | Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

| LONDON | Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the signe of the White Greyhound in | Paules Church-yard. | 1593. |" According to the Cambridge editors this edition is "printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's own manuscript." In 1594 a second Quarto, identical with the first, was printed, and a third edition, in Octavo, appeared in 1596; while between 1596 and 1636 the poem was reprinted no less than eight times, a sufficiently striking proof of its popularity.

The actual date of the composition of Venus and Adonis we cannot determine. It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1593, and Shakespeare himself speaks of it as "the first heire of my invention," a vague description which might imply that the poem had preceded all his plays, and been written before he came up to London from Stratford.

Probably, however, the phrase just quoted should not be pressed; by "invention" he may have meant lyric or narrative verse as opposed to dramatic work, or he may have been contrasting printed with unprinted work; and on the whole it is safest to conclude that the year of the publication of Venus and Adonis was also the year of its composition. The source of the poem was pretty certainly Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where, in book x., the legend of Venus and Adonis is told, with various divergences from the story as given by Shakespeare. Whether the poet

read Ovid in the original or in Golding's translation is an open and unanswerable question. Professor Baynes, in his well-known papers on Shakespeare's classical learning, argues strongly for the former view, and for myself I see no reason to doubt that Shakespeare read his Ovid as a scholar would read the author of the *Metamorphoses*. To discuss the point would be to touch on the vexed and well-worn subject of the poet's "little Latin, and less Greek;" the reader must turn to Farmer's essay or Professor Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. (1880), pp. 83-102, and pp. 619-641. It should be noticed that Constable treated the Venus and Adonis myth in a beautiful poem first published in England's *Helicon* (see Bullen's Reprint, pp. 215-219); and according to Dr. Furnivall, "Lodge has three stanzas in his *Glaucois and Scilla*, 1589, on Adonis's death, and Venus coming down to his corpse" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxi.). Sedley's ridiculous effusion on the same subject I have mentioned in the notes. Venus and Adonis, like *Lucrece*, is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Daniel, Chapman, and other men of letters. A very elaborate account of Southampton is given in Mr. Massey's *Secret Drama of the Sonnets* (1888), pp. 318-342. We may just note that he was born in 1573; was a ward of Lord Burghley; graduated as Master of Arts at Cambridge—from St. John's College—in 1589; became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, whose favour, however, he lost through his connection with Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of the ill-starred Essex; and may conceivably have been the "onlie begetter" of the *Sonnets*.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.





## VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,  
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are; 10  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:  
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimble she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40  
Backward she push'd him, as she would be  
thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in  
lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken.  
 "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs 51  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
 He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;  
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;  
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
 And where she ends she doth anew begin. 60

Forc'd to content, but never to obey.  
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;  
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
 So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70  
 Rain added to a river that is rank  
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
 And to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,  
 Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;  
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80  
 From his soft bosom never to remove,  
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all  
 wet;  
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
 Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
 So offers he to give what she did crave;  
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
 He winks,<sup>1</sup> and turns his lips another way. 90

<sup>1</sup> Winks, closes the eyes.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn  
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn;

"O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!  
 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar; 100  
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt  
 have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;  
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,  
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,  
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110  
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!"

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—  
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—  
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—  
 What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;  
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?"

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again, 121  
 And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
 Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:  
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130  
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul,<sup>2</sup> or wrinkled-old,  
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

<sup>2</sup> Foul, ugly.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not  
for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in  
turning; 140

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire, 149  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the  
sky,

From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected, 150  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:  
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
beauty;

Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;  
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—  
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 190  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my  
tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but  
warm,  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
And were I not immortal, life were done  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel? 201  
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this?  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again, 209  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!  
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
speak, 221

And now her sobs do her intendments<sup>1</sup> break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd  
thee here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230  
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
Nodog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain, 241  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.  
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;  
The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.

"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"<sup>2</sup>  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet,<sup>3</sup> lusty, young, and proud, 260  
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;  
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty and modest pride;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is  
tried; 280  
And this I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir.  
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say?"  
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?  
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excel a common one  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing  
strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:  
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And wh'er he run or fly they know not whether;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

<sup>1</sup> *Intendments, intentions.*

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse, mercy.*

<sup>3</sup> *Jennet, a young mare.*

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;  
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind: 308  
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;  
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
 He vails<sup>1</sup> his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:  
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy<sup>2</sup> master goeth about to take him;  
 When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320  
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there:  
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
 Banning<sup>3</sup> his boisterous and unruly beast:  
 And now the happy season once more fits,  
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;  
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong  
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd, 331  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
 So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;  
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh, 341  
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
 How white and red each other did destroy!  
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels; 350

With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;  
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
 And all this dumb-play had his acts made plain  
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did  
 rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
 "O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man, 369  
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;  
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure  
 thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou  
 feel it?"  
 "Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt  
 have it;  
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;  
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380  
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:  
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;  
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care  
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,  
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire: 388  
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;  
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!

<sup>1</sup> Vails, lowers. <sup>2</sup> Testy, irritated. <sup>3</sup> Banning, cursing.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,<sup>1</sup>  
He held such petty bondage in disdain;

Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?" 400

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:  
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410  
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a  
breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your  
flattery;  
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou  
a tongue?  
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sound-  
ing. 431  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore  
wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by  
smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,  
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, 449  
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
Which to his speech did honey passage yield:  
Like a red morn' that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws<sup>2</sup> to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,

<sup>1</sup> Fee, i.e. that which his youth could claim as its due.

<sup>2</sup> Flaws, gusts of wind.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd.  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 490  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!<sup>1</sup> 506  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips<sup>2</sup>  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.

What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west; 530  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."  
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"  
The honey fee of parting tender'd is: 538  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
Their lips together gl'n'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth; 550  
Whose vulture<sup>3</sup> thought doth pitch the price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hand-  
ling, 560

<sup>1</sup> Wear = wear out.

<sup>2</sup> Slips, used quibblingly in reference to the pieces of counterfeit money called slips.

<sup>3</sup> Vulture, used as an adjective.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is forward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale, 590  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee; 609  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.

"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;  
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy,  
ere this,

But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tusches<sup>1</sup> never-sheath'd he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620  
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tusches slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture: 628  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his danger by thy will; 639  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,

<sup>1</sup> Tusches, tusks.



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy,  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'  
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker<sup>1</sup> that eats up Love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
bring, 658  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the  
head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at th' imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination: 670  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy  
hounds. 678

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks<sup>2</sup> and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
The many musets<sup>3</sup> through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,

And sometime where earth-delving conies keep  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear: 690

"For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear; 700  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 710  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar:  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;  
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.  
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;  
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."  
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this, 721  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;  
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,  
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

<sup>1</sup> Canker, cankerworm.

<sup>2</sup> Cranks, winds in and out.

<sup>3</sup> Musets, the doublings-back of a hare.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies  
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature;<sup>1</sup>

Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood, 740  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:

Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity, 751  
Love-lacking restals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme: 770

The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there; 780

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:  
I hate not love, but your device in love, 780  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;  
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:  
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended." 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark land runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
So did the merciless and pitchy night 821  
Fold-in the object that did feed her sight.

<sup>1</sup> Defeature, disfigurement.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans; 831  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe,  
woe!"

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty;  
How love makes youngmen thrall, and old men dote  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such-like circumstance,<sup>1</sup> with such-like sport:  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites;  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850  
She says "'T is so:" they answer all, "'T is so;"  
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,

And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth to<sup>2</sup> the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay:  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way, 879  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain courtesy whos shall cope<sup>3</sup> him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear, 889  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error, that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
more:— 899

And with that word she spied the hunted boar;  
Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910

<sup>1</sup> Circumstance = elaborate details.

<sup>2</sup> Coasteth to = approaches.

<sup>3</sup> Cope, encounter.



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;<sup>1</sup>  
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise, 910  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—  
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost  
thou mean  
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,  
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty; thou shouldst strike at it;—  
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940  
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebony<sup>2</sup> dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such  
weeping?  
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like snices, stopp'd  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd; 955  
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sor-  
row, —

Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief;  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970  
But none is best: then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:  
The dire imagination she did follow  
The sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous: 985  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;  
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:  
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;  
She clepes<sup>3</sup> him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

<sup>1</sup> *Respecting* = seeing.

<sup>2</sup> *Ebon*, i.e. black.

<sup>3</sup> *Clepes*, calls.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;  
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear  
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe: 1000

Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:

Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet  
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect<sup>1</sup> she doth extenuate; 1010  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I  
To be of such a weak and silly mind  
To wail his death who lives, and must not die  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind! 1018

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear.

Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight; 1030  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again;

So at his bloody view her eyes are fled  
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040

Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;

Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terrordoth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her  
eyes; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was  
drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:  
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead: 1060  
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
That hersight dazzling makes the wound seem three;  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
His face seemstwain, each several limb is doubled;  
For oft the eyemistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire. 1074

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear; 1083  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:

<sup>1</sup> *Suspect*, suspicion.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;  
And straight, in pity of his tender years, 1001  
They both would strive who first should dry his  
tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;  
To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-  
ries;

He fed them with his sight, they him with  
berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted<sup>1</sup> boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
Witness the entertainment that he gave:

If he did see his face, why then I know 1109  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
But he is dead, and never did he bless 1119  
My youth with his,—the more am I accurst."

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woful words she told;

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld 1129  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:

"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be waited on with jealousy.  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low; 1139  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak.  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;<sup>2</sup>  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet, 1149  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;  
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1159  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness  
stood. 1170

<sup>1</sup> Urchin-snouted; properly an urchin was a hedgehog.

<sup>2</sup> Measures, dances.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by Death:

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's  
guise,—

Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—

For every little grief to wet his eyes:

To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180

And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:  
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies, 1189  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure<sup>1</sup> herself and not be seen.

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<sup>1</sup> Immure, shut in.



## NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

1. *Vilia miretur vulgus*.—I may just note that the MS. transcript of Day's delightful Parliament of Bees, which is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. (No. 725), bears the following title: "An olde Manuscript conteyning the Parliament of Bees, found In a Hollow Tree In a garden at Hibla, in a strandge Language, And now faithfully Translated into Easie English Verse by

John Day,

Cantabrig.

Ovidius . . . mihi flavus Apollo

Focula Castallis plena ministrat aquis."

The couplet, by the way, is from Ovid's *Amores*, bk. I. Elegy xv. lines 35, 36, a poem which, as Professor Baynes notes, had not been translated into English; when Marlowe's Version first appeared is not certain, perhaps, as Gifford thinks, in 1598. The rendering of this particular Elegy (xv.) was evidently by Ben Jonson; see the *Poetaster*, i. 1 (page 107 in Routledge's edition), where the poem has undergone some revision and alterations from its original form as published in Marlowe's volume. Thus the first version of the present couplet runs:

Let base-concocted wits admire vild things;

Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 137.

while in *The Poetaster* it stands, quaintly enough:

Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phoebus swell

With cups full flowing from the Muses well.

—Ben Jonson, *Works*, p. 107.

Marston is probably sneering at Shakespeare when he says in the poem to the third book of his *Satires*:

I invoke no Delian deitie,

No sacred offspring of Mnemosyne;

I pray in aid of no Castilian muse.

—Works, edn. 1856, iii. p. 225.

2. Dedication: *the first heir of my INVENTION*.—So Marston describes his Pigmalion as being a "young new-born invention;" and again in the lines To his Mistress writes:

I invoke no other saint but thee,

To grace the *first blossome of my poeie*.

Thy favours, like Promethean sacred fire,

In dead and dull conceit can life inspire,

Or, like that rare and rich elixir stone,

Can turn to gold, leaden *invention*.

—Works, iii. pp. 200, 202.

Some critics regard Marston's Pigmalion (1508) as a parody of Venus and Adonis; others, as an imitation of Shakespeare's poem. For myself, I must confess I cannot trace the supposed resemblance. Shakespeare, by the way, may conceivably be the fifth poet described in the sixth satire of the *Scourge of Villanie* (1598) (*Works*, iii. pp. 275, 276).

3. Dedication: *and never after EAR*.—See note on *unclear'd*, Sonnet iii. 5.

4. Lines 1, 2: *Even as the sun*, &c.—One of Gullio's pla-

giarisms in *The Returne from Parnassus*, iii. 1. 1052, 1053 (*Parnassus*, Three Elizabethan Comedies, 1507-1602, ed. Macray, p. 58).

5. Line 3: *ROSE-CHEEK'D Adonis*.—Perhaps Shakespeare owed this beautiful epithet to Marlowe; cf. *Hero and Leander*, the first sestiad, 93:

*Rose-cheek'd Adonis* kept a solemn feast

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 9.

It found favour with Burton; see *The Anatomy*, p. 511, Chatto & Windus' Reprint, 1881. Compare, too, Weever's 22nd epigram:

*Rose-cheek'd Adonis* with his amber tresses

—Shakespeare Allusion Book, p. 124.

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 86.

6. Lines 5, 6: *Sick-thoughted Venus*, &c.—This couplet, too, is quoted in *The Returne from Parnassus*, iii. 1. 1006, 1007:

*Gull*. Pardon, faire lady, thoughte sick-thoughted Gullio unks  
anaine unto thee, and like a hould-faced suture 'gins to woo thee.

—Parnassus, ed. Macray, p. 36.

7. Line 9: *STAIN to all nymphs*.—That is, eclipsing all nymphs; so in *Coriolanus*, i. 10. 18: "suffering *stain*" = being surpassed. See note on Sonnet xxxiii. 14.

8. Lines 11, 12: *Nature that made thee*, &c.—See again *The Returne*, iii. 1. 1022, 1023, p. 57.

9. Line 26: *THE PRECEDENT of pith*.—So Malone. The Quartos all have *president*.

10. Line 55: *Even as an EMPTY EAGLE*.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 248, 249.

an empty eagle set

To guard the chicken,

and III. Henry VI. i. 1. 268, 269:

like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh.

So Edward III. iii. 1:

as when the empty eagle flies.

To satisfy his hungry gripping maw.

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 54.

11. Line 112: *Yet was he servile to my COY disdain*.—*Coy* often had, as here, the sense of *contemptuous*. Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 29, 30.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
*Coy* looks with heart-sore sighs.

So in England's Helicon:

If void she seem of joy,

*Disdain* doth make her coy.

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 227.

Cotgrave gives: "Mespriseresse: A coy, a squeamish, or scornfull dame."

12. Line 114: *For MASTERING her*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, and Q. 3 have the old form *maistring*.



# NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

13. Line 125: *These BLUE-VEIN'D violets whereon we lean*.—I find the same graceful epithet applied to the violet by Day in *The Parliament of Bees*, Character i. line 7:

The blue-veined violets, and the damask rose.

So in a charming lyric in England's *Helicon*:

How shall I her pretty tread

Express

When she doth walk?

Scarce she does the primrose head

Depress,

Or tender stalk

Of blue-vein'd violets,

Whereon her foot she sets,

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 88.

14. Line 130: *Beauty within itself*, &c.—Compare Sonnet ix. 11, 12:

But *beauty's waste* hath in the world an end,  
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

15. Line 140: *My EYES are GRAY*.—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 111; also Titus Andronicus, ii. 2. 1.

16. Line 147: *Or, like a nymph*, &c.—These lines are not unsuggestive of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 85, 86.

17. Line 157: *Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?*—This curious idea of *self-love* meets us in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 4:

Dearer than thou canst *love thyself* though all  
The *self-love* were within thee that did fall  
With that coy swain that now is made a flower.

—Beaumont & Fletcher, in *Mermiad Series*, vol. ii. p. 383;

the swain in question being, of course, Adonis. Compare, too, a stanza in Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), pp. 63, 64:

O let not beauty so forget her birth  
That it should fruitless home return to earth!  
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one!  
Not your sweet self, for such *self-love* is none.

18. Line 161: *NARCISSUS so himself*, &c.—For similar references cf. Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 96: "Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face;" and *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 3:

Not *Narcissus*, he  
That wept himself away in memory  
Of his own beauty,

—Beaumont & Fletcher, *Mermiad ed.* vol. ii. p. 338;

and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 2. 119-121:

Emt. What *flower* is this?

Ho. 'T is call'd *Narcissus*, madam

Emt. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool

To love himself.

—Leopold Shakspeare, p. 2018.

19. Line 163: *TORCHES are made to LIGHT*.—Compare *Measure for Measure*, i. 1. 33, 34:

Heaven doth with us as we with *torches* do,  
Not *light* them for themselves.

20. Line 171: *By law of nature thou art bound to breed*.—See note 1 on Sonnets.

21. Line 177: *TIRED in the midday heat*.—Collier read *'tired'*=attired.

22. Line 189: *I'll SIGH celestial BREATH*.—Compare *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 120, 121:

never man

*Sigh'd truer breath.*

23. Line 201: *Art thou a WOMAN'S SON*.—So Sonnet xli. 7, 8:

what *woman's son*

Will sourly leave her?

24. Lines 203, 204: *O, had thy mother*, &c.—Compare Sonnet xlii. 13, 14:

you know

You had a father; let your son say so.

25. Line 272: *Upon his COMPASS'D crest*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 35.

26. Line 303: *To bid the wind a BASE*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 3. 19, 20:

hads more like to *run*

The country *base*.

So *Edward II.* iv. 2. 65, 66:

We will find comfort, money, men and friends  
Ere long, to bid the *English King* a *base*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. ii. p. 191.

See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 22.

27. Line 310: *She puts on outward STRANGENESS*.—See note on "look strange," Sonnet lxxxix. 8.

28. Line 319: *His TESTY master*.—Compare Sonnet cxl. 7, 8:

As *testy* sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know,

*Testy* comes from O.F. *teste*=head, i.e. *tête*: Cotgrave gives *testu*=heady. *Tester* is from same root; see Skeat, s.v.

29. Line 331: *An oven that is STOPP'D*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, ii. 4. 36, 37:

Sorrow concealed, like an oven *stopp'd*,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders.

30. Line 367: *Once more the ENGINE of her THOUGHTS began*.—So Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 82:

O, that delightful *engine* of her thoughts.

31. Line 396: *ENFRANCHISING his mouth*.—*Enfranchise*, Professor Minto notes (*Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 375), is a favourite word with Shakespeare in his early plays; afterwards he uses it only in a political and technical sense.

32. Line 453: *Like a RED MORN*, &c.—Compare *Hero and Leander*, third sestet (by Chapman), 177, 178:

And after it a *foul black day* befell,  
Which ever since a *red morn* doth *foretell*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 47

The proverb says:

A red sky at night 's a shepherd's delight;  
A red sky at morning 's a shepherd's warning.

And another version says:

If *red* the sun begins his race,  
Be sure the *rain* will fall apace.

This, of course, is the reference in St. Matthew xvi. 2, 3: "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be *foul weather* to day; for the sky is red and lowering."

According to Thiselton Dyer, the notion is "common on the Continent. Thus, at Milan, the proverb was, 'If the *morn* be red, rain is at hand'" (*Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 62).

# NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

33. Line 439: *all-AMAZ'N*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3. The others have in a maze.

34. Line 481: *The NIGHT OF SORROW now is turn'd to day*.—Compare Sonnet exx. 9, 10:

O, that our night of woe might have remember'd  
My deepest sense.

35. Line 482: *Her two blue WINDOWS faintly she up-heaveth*.—See note on Sonnet xxiv. 11.

36. Line 500: *SHREWD tutor*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 give *shroud*.

37. Line 506: *their crimson liveries WEAR*.—*Wear*=wear away; so Sonnet lxxvii. 1:

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear.

38. Line 509: *That the STAR-GAZERS, &c.*—Compare Sonnet cvii 5-8.

39. Line 511: *Pure lips, sweet SEALS*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 179.

40. Line 515: *for fear of SLIPS*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 182.

41. Line 531: *The OWL, NIGHT'S HERALD*.—We may remember Virgil's

*Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo  
Nequiquam seros exercet nocturna cantus.*

—Georgic, l. 422, 423.

42. Line 538: *The HONEY fee*.—So "summer's honey breath" in Sonnet lxxv. 5; and line 16 of this poem.

43. Lines 580-583: *to her heart, &c.*—Compare Sonnet xxii. 6, 7:

my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live.

So Sonnets cix. and cxxlii.

44. Line 589: *whereat a sudden PALE*.—That is, paleness; for substantival use of adjectives see Troilus and Cressida, note 186.

45. Line 602: *Do surfeit by the eye and PINE the maw*.—For *pine*=starve, used, however, intransitively, compare Sonnet lxxv. 13.

46. Lines 631-634: *Alas, he naught esteems, &c.*—This, as Professor Baynes says (Fraser's Magazine, vol. ci. pp. 631, 632) is extremely suggestive of Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x. 547-549:

Non movet atas,  
Nec facies, nec quæ Venerem movere, leones,  
Setigerosque sues.

47. Line 632: *Love's eyes PAY*.—So Malone. Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *eyes pales*; Q. 3, *eyes payes*.

48. Line 656: *Love's tender SPRING*.—That is, love's young shoot or blossom. Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 8:

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot!

49. Line 657: *This carry-tale, DISSENTIOUS Jealousy*.—*Dissentious*=seditious; so Coriolanus, iv. 6. 7: "*Dissentious numbers pestering streets*." For *carry-tale* compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 463.

50. Line 673: *But if thou needs wilt hunt, &c.*—Probably few people know that Sir Charles Sedley—*riscum tenentis*—attempted a Venus and Adonis; or the Amour of Venus; it is "after" Shakespeare, as Mr. Punch would

say, and at a respectful distance. This is a sample of the paraphrase perpetrated by Dryden's *Lisideius*:

Forbear, regardless youth! at length forbear:  
Nor prosecute with Beasts an endless War,  
Thy *Venus* do's in all the Danger share.  
Or, if, alas! thy too licentious Mind  
Is still to Vig'rous *Sylvan* Sports inclin'd,  
At least, dear youth! be cautious in thy Way.  
Fly, fly with care each furious Beast of Prey;  
Ne'er arm'd with Lance provoke the raging Boar  
And dread the *Lion's* most tremendous Roar:  
From the rough *Bear's* rude Grasp, oh! swiftly run,  
The *Leopard* and the cruel *Tiger* shun:  
With strict Regard, oh! ever such avoid,  
Lest all my joy shou'd be with thee destroy'd;  
But *Nets*, or fleetest *Hounds* for *Deer* prepare;  
Or chase the crafty *Fox*, or tim'rous *Hare*:  
Mix safety ever with thy Sports, be wise,  
And ne'er approach where Danger may arise

51. Line 680: *to OVERSHOOT his troubles*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, and Q. 3 give *over-shut*. The reading in the text is due to Steevens.

52. Line 682: *He CRANKS and crosses, &c.*—For *crank*=run crookedly, cf. I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 98:

See how this river comes me *cranking* in.

Everyone will recollect Milton's "*quips and cranks*," *L'Allegro*, 27, where *cranks* is equivalent to *sharp turns of wit*; and an equally good illustration of the use of the word occurs in *The Faerie Queene*, bk. vii. c. vii. st. iii. 9:

So many *turning cranks* these have, so many crookes.

—Globe ed. of Spenser, p. 435.

Compare also Coriolanus, i. 1. 141.

53. Lines 695, 696: *Echo replies, &c.*—In the Fortune's Tennis-ball, or *Pocula Castalia* (1640), of Robert Baron several very daring appropriations of lines in Venus and Adonis occur. For instance, the present couplet appears in this form:

The airy queen (sounds child) each cell replies,  
As if another chase, &c. —Stanza xviii.

See the Shakespeare Centurie of Prayse, in the publications of the New Shakspeare Society, p. 231.

54. Line 697: *By this, poor WAT, &c.*—Dyer (Folklore, p. 178) suggests that the name comes from the long ears or *wattles* of the hare, though properly, according to Skeat, a *wattle* is "the fleshy part under the throat of a cock or turkey." In any case, *Wat* is a recognized term for a hare; cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xxiii.:

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,  
The finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble *Wat*.

55. Line 724: *Rich preys make true men thieves*.—The sentiment is that of Sonnet xlviii. 14:

For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

56. Line 757: *a SWALLOWING GRAVE*.—Compare "*mouth-ed graves*" in Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

57. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—For Shakespeare's sentiments on this subject we may turn to *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 78-80:

Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand.

Compare, too, Hamlet, i. 2. 131, 132.

# NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

58. Line 768: *But gold that's put to use, &c.*—See note on Sonnet vi. 5.

59. Line 773: *this black-fac'd NIGHT, DESIRE's foul NURSE.*—Compare Lucrece, 673, 674:

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies.

60. Line 782: *Into the quiet CLOSURE of my BREAST.*—Compare Sonnet xlviii. 11:

Within the gentle closure of my breast.

*Closure*=inclosure is used in one other passage in the plays—Richard III. iii. 3. 10:

Within the guilty closure of thy walls.

Furnivall, in his introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare (p. xxxii), notes Shakespeare's predilection for words in *ure*, at least in his early works.

61. Lines 815, 816:

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

"How many images and feelings are here brought together without effort and without discord, in the beauty of Adonis, the rapidity of his flight, the yearning, yet hopelessness of the enamoured gazer, while a shadowy ideal is thrown over the whole" (Coleridge, Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed. pp. 220, 221). Peele has a fine use of the same simile in The Tale of Troy. Speaking of the sailing of the Greek fleet, he says:

Away they fly, their tackling toft and tight,  
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night.

—Peele's Works, p. 534.

62. Line 825: *Or stonish'd as NIGHT-WANDERERS often are.*—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 39:

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

63. Line 842: *For LOVERS HOURS are LONG.*—Compare the remarks upon "*lovers' absent hours*" in Othello, iii. 4. 174, 175, and see note on that passage.

64. Line 870: *she COASTETH to the cry.*—*Coasteth to*=makes towards. See Troilus and Cressida, note 261.

65. Line 871: *And as she runs, &c.*—This stanza receives the honour of quotation from Democritus Junior. See The Anatomy (reprint, 1881), p. 511.

66. Lines 887, 888: *Finding their enemy, &c.*—Reproduced almost *verbatim* in Pucella Castalia, stanza 17.

67. Line 899: *BIDS them fear no more.*—Some of the later Quartos have *will's*.

68. Line 901: *BEPAINTED all with red.*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 86:

Else would a maiden blush *bepaint* my cheek.

69. Line 908: *that she UNTREADS again.*—For *untread*=retrace, see King John, v. 4. 52; and Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 10.

70. Line 916: *the only SOVEREIGN plaster.*—Compare Sonnet cliii. 8:

Against strange maladies a *sovereign* cure;  
with note.

71. Lines 923, 924: *Clapping their proud tails, &c.*—

Another couplet which Baron conveyed more or less boldly, stanza 21 of Pucella Castalia.

72. Line 936: *Gloss on the ROSE, SMELL to the VIOLET.*—We may compare Sonnet xcix.

73. Line 949: *Dost thou DRINK TEARS.*—Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 37:

She says *she drinks no other drink but tears.*

74. Line 993: *call'd him ALL TO NOUGHT.*—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3. Dyce reads (in his second edition) *all to naught*.

75. Line 996: *IMPERIOUS supreme of all mortal things.*—*Imperious*=imperial; see Troilus and Cressida, note 271.

76. Line 1010: *Her rash SUSPECT she doth extenuate.*—*Suspect*=suspicion, as in Sonnet lxx. 13:

If some *suspect* of ill mask'd not thy show.

77. Line 1020: *And, beauty dead, BLACK CHAOS COMES AGAIN.*—Compare Othello, iii. 3. 91, 92:

and when I love thee not,

*Chaos is come again.*

78. Line 1023: *The GRASS STOOPS NOT, she TREADS on it so LIGHT.*—Virgil has said much the same thing about Camilla:

Ille vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.

—Æneid, vii. 803, 809.

Compare, too, Comus, 897-899.

79. Lines 1046, 1047:

As when the WIND, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for PASSAGE, earth's foundation shakes.

For the same simile, expressed in very similar language, cf. Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part I. i. 2. 51, 52:

Even as when *windy* exhalations,  
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 18.

Marlowe practically repeats it later on in the same play, iv. 2. 43-45:

As when a fiery exhalation,  
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,  
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack.

80. Line 1053: *whose wonted LILY WHITE.*—*Lily-white* occurs as an adjective in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 95:

Most radiant Pyramus, most *lily-white* of hue.

81. Line 1054: *With PURPLE tears.*—See note on Sonnet xcix. 3, 4:

The *purple* pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells.

82. Line 1072: *MINE EYES are TURN'D to FIRE.*—So Lucrece, 1552: "*His eyes drop fire*;" and Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, v. 1: "*turn your funeral tears to fire*" (Mermaid ed. of Heywood, p. 408).

83. Line 1080: *But TRUE-SWEET beauty.*—First hyphenated by Malone.

84. Line 1114: *But by a KISS THOUGHT to persuade him thus.*—Did Milton remember this passage when he wrote the first stanza of his poem On The Death Of A Fair Infant? The parallel, at any rate, is worth noting:



## NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

O fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek evermeil, *thought to kiss*  
But kill'd alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

85. Lines 1127, 1128:

*She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo, two LAMPS, BURNT OUT, in darkness lies.*

So Lucrece, 1378, 1379:

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
*Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.*

86. Line 1142: *Bud and be blasted in a BREATHING-WHILE*.—So Richard III. i. 3. 60:

Cannot be quiet scarce a *breathing-while*.

87. Lines 1167, 1168:

*And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up.*

In England's Helicon, published in 1600, there is a charming poem by Henry Constable, entitled *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*; the last lines are:

Deadly wound his death did bring,  
Which when Venus found,  
She fell in a swoond,  
And, awaked, her hands did wring.

26

Nymphs and satyrs skipping,  
Came together tripping,  
Echo every cry express'd;  
*Venus by her power*  
*Turn'd him to a flower,*  
Which she weareth in her crest.  
*Faint.*

The whole poem, which is given in Bullen's reprint, 1887, deserves notice. Of course the flower in question was the anemone, derived from the Greek *ἀνέμων*; as Ovid says, *præstant nomina Venti* (*Metamorphoses*, bk. x. 739).

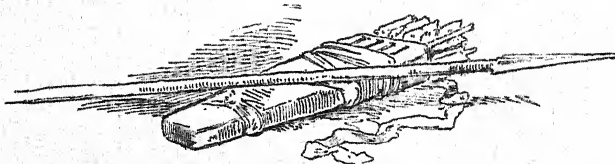
88. Line 1190: *And jokes her silver Doves*, &c.—For the classical reference compare *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 92-94:

I met her deity (*i.e.* Venus)  
Cutting the clouds towards *Pygmalion* and her son  
*Dove-creatures* with her.

Mr. Bullen prints (p. 108) a charming stanza in his *Elizabethan Lyrics* (1887) from John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609:

So light is love, in matchless beauty shining,  
When he revisits Cypri's hallowed bowers,  
Two feeble doves, *harnessed in silken twining*,  
*Can draw his chariot midst the Paphian flowers*;  
Lightness in love! how ill it fiteth!  
So heavy on my heart he sitteth.

89. Line 1194: *Mettus to IMMURE*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 3.



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

## INTRODUCTION.

Lucrece was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1594 as follows: "9 maij: Master harrison Senior: Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]and of master Senior Cawood, Warden, a booke entituled *the Ravysheiment of Lucrece*. . . . vj. C."

The poem was printed in the same year, with this title: "LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Grey-hound | in Paules Churh-yard. 1594 | . Dr. Furnivall remarks—Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxv.—that "this first edition was probably seen through the press by Shakspeare himself." Apparently, however, copies of the edition differ in some important points of reading; see Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. ix. p. xiv. Lucrece was reprinted in 1598 in octavo, and the Cambridge editors mention four other important editions, in 1600, 1607, 1616, and 1624. The edition of 1616 purported to be "newly revised;" but the words were evidently a publisher's trick to attract purchasers. It is clear, I think, from the comparatively limited number of impressions through which Lucrece passed, that the poem was never so popular as its forerunner, *Venus and Adonis*. Like the earlier book, Lucrece is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton; and we can scarcely be wrong in assuming it to be the "graver labour" of which the poet had previously spoken. The story of Lucrece had been told by various writers; among classical authors, by Livy in the first book of his history, chapters 57 and 58, and by Ovid in the second book of the *Fasti*; in English, by Chaucer—*Legende of Good Women*; by Lydgate—*Falles of Princes*, book iii.; and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

Ballad-writers, too, had dealt with the subject. In Arber's Transcript of the Stationers' Register are two interesting entries. The first, under date of the year 1568, mentions "a ballett,

*the greivous complaynt of Lucrece;*" the second notes that 4d. had been received from "James Robertes, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a ballett entituled *The Death of Lucryssia*." See Arber's Transcript, vol. i. pp. 379 and 416. Now with some of this literature Shakespeare must have been acquainted: the only question is, on which of the authors above mentioned did he draw most considerably? Myself, after reading Professor Baynes' elaborate treatment of the subject, I cannot doubt but that Ovid's *Fasti* was the source to which Shakespeare owed most. Parallelisms in literature, like facts and figures in ordinary life, are desperately misleading and unsatisfactory things: to this critic they mean so much; to that, nothing. Hence it is scarcely ever possible to give direct and positive proof that one author has borrowed from another. I forbear, therefore, to make any dogmatic statements on the matter: I will merely remark that a comparison of the two poems leads me to think, with Professor Baynes, that the Elizabethan poet had read—and read closely—the work of his classical forerunner. To grant this is not, of course, to detract in any way from the splendid merits of the poem.

A word as to the metre. "The versification," says Professor Dowden, "is freer and bolder; in the *Venus and Adonis* the stanza was one of six lines, consisting of a rhymed quatrain, followed by a couplet; here a fifth line is introduced between the quatrain and couplet, rhyming with lines two and four. This structure tends to encourage more variety in the arrangement of pauses, and may, perhaps, in some degree, explain the fact that run-on lines are much more frequent in the Lucrece than in the *Venus and Adonis*. The proportion of the run-on lines in the Lucrece is 1 in 10.81, in *Venus and Adonis* 1 in 25.40." See Furnivall's Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, p. xxxiii.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea<sup>1</sup> all in post,  
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire  
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set  
 This bateless<sup>2</sup> edge on his keen appetite;  
 When Collatine unwisely did not let  
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
 Wheremortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done

<sup>1</sup> *Ardea*, the capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome.

<sup>2</sup> *Bateless*, not to be blunted.

As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
 Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
 The eyes of men without an orator;  
 What needeth, then, apologies be made,  
 To set forth that which is so singular?  
 Or why is Collatine the publisher  
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
 From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
 Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
 should vaunt  
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:  
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts,<sup>1</sup> and ne'er grows  
old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd 50  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for  
shame;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white:  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat. 70

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be  
kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—  
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,— 70  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer 80  
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd<sup>2</sup> with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies 100  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no  
hooks;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory: 110  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,  
He makes excuses for his being there:  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120  
Intending<sup>3</sup> weariness with heavy sprite;  
For, after supper, long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,  
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, 120

<sup>1</sup> *Blasts*, used intransitively; is blasted.

<sup>2</sup> *Cop'd*, met.

<sup>3</sup> *Intending*, pretending.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-  
ing:

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Though death be adjunct,<sup>1</sup> there's no death  
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life 141  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;  
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth  
cost  
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious-foul infirmity, 150  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays,  
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful  
days? 161

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; 170

Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire,

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advis'dly, 180  
"As from this cold flint I enforce'd this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine: 191  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine;  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft<sup>2</sup> fancy's slave! 200  
True valour still a true respect should have;  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not bin. 210

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?

<sup>1</sup> *Be adjunct* = follow as a consequence.  
VOL. XIV.

<sup>2</sup> *Soft*, effeminate.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
down?

“If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

“O, what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, 230  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

“Had Collatinus kill’d my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quittance of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

“Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving: 240  
I’ll beg her love;—but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.”

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, “She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz’d for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn<sup>1</sup> we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

“And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,  
Fore’d it to tremble with her loyal fear! 261  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock’d,  
Until her husband’s welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown’d him in the flood.

“Why hunt I, then, for colour<sup>2</sup> or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; 269  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display’d,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay’d.

“Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize:  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure  
lies?” 280

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok’d by unresisted lust.  
Alway he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine: 289  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worsen part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter’d by their leader’s jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece’ bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc’d, retires his ward;

<sup>1</sup> *Lawn*, fine linen.

<sup>2</sup> *Colour*, pretences.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him  
there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, 309  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle<sup>1</sup> his finger pricks;  
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd; return again in haste; 321  
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay  
him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime, 332  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
and sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought, 341  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited th' eternal power

That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must de-  
flower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they, then, assist me in the act? 350

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;  
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. 361  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:  
By their high treason is his heart misled; 369  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
pos'd;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclos'd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!  
Then had they seen the period of their ill; 380  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
In his clear bed might have reposed still:  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombed is: 390

<sup>1</sup> Needle, a monosyllable.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, hath sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her  
breath; 400

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality:  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured. 410  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?  
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.  
With more than admiration he admir'd  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, 421  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;<sup>1</sup>  
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like struggling slaves for pillage fight-  
ing,  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430  
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respect-  
ing,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:

Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their  
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet 442  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night 449  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;  
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;  
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting anties, ugly in her eyes:  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries; 460  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—  
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—  
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know.  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

<sup>1</sup> *Qualified*, appressed.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face—  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace—  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale: 480  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide;  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting;  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
breed;  
But nothing can affection's course control, 500  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 510  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy  
thee:  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye; 520  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm done to a great good end  
For lawful policy remains enacted, 529  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of true piety,  
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bid-  
ing, 550  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing:  
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays.  
And moody Pluto winks<sup>1</sup> while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly.  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
In the remorseless<sup>2</sup> wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,

<sup>1</sup> Winks, i.e. connives.

<sup>2</sup> Remorseless, pitiless.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
 She puts the period often from his place;  
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's  
     oath,  
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570  
 By holy human law, and common troth,  
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
     That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality  
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;  
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;  
     He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580  
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare  
     me;  
 Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;  
 Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;  
 Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.  
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
     thee:

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean, 589  
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
 To soften it with their continual motion;  
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
     Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:  
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
     name. 599  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
     Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?  
 O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away;  
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;  
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love: 611  
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
 When they in thee the like offences prove:  
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
     For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
     Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall  
     learn?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620  
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?

Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
     When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,  
     He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were, 631  
 To view thy present trespass in another.  
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
 Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
     O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies  
     That from their own misdeeds askance their  
         eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:  
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;<sup>3</sup> 640  
 Let him return, and fluttering thoughts retire:  
 His true respect will prison false desire,  
     And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
     That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrolled tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,

<sup>3</sup> Repeat, recall.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'  
haste 650  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;  
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their  
slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; 660  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—  
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not  
hear thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;  
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-  
troll'd  
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680  
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O, that prone<sup>1</sup> lust should stain so pure a bed!  
The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again:

This forced league doth force a further strife;  
This momentary joy breeds months of pain; 690  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
The prey wherein by nature they delight;  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit 701  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade,<sup>2</sup> Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case: 711  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with  
Grace,  
For there it revels; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—  
That through the length of times he stands dis-  
grac'd:  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd; 719  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death and pain perpetual:  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
stealeth,  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; 730

<sup>1</sup> *Prone*, impetuous.

<sup>2</sup> *Jade*, properly a worthless horse.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;  
She like a weary lamb lies panting there;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;  
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; 740  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;  
She there remains a hopeless castaway;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light;  
She prays she never may behold the day.  
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open  
lay,

And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see 750  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;  
And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave,<sup>1</sup> like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind. 761

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her  
spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night! 771  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,

Make war against proportion'd course of time;  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed.  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780  
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,  
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,  
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:  
So should I have co-partners in my pain;  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, 790  
As palmers' chat make short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with  
groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!  
The light will show, character'd in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote<sup>2</sup> my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;  
The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,

<sup>1</sup> Grave, engrave.

<sup>2</sup> Quote = observe.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine. 819

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted  
That is as clear from this attaind of mine  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 830  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them  
knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,— 841  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue:—O unlook'd-for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude<sup>1</sup> the maiden bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? 850  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

<sup>1</sup> Intrude, enter.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong.  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious  
flowers; 870  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!  
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath; 883  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief.  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 890  
Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's  
friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd!  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd? 901  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for  
thee;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds:  
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:  
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid: 912  
 They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid  
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
 My Collatine would else have come to me  
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,  
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,  
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920  
 Guilty of incest, that abomination;  
 An accessory by thine inclination  
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
 From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's  
 snare;  
 Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:  
 O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time! 930  
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity  
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,  
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
 To endless date of never-ending woes?  
 Time's office is to fine<sup>1</sup> the hate of foes;  
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light, 941  
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
 To ruinat proud buildings with thy hours,  
 And smear with dust their glittering golden  
 towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
 To blot old books and alter their contents,

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,  
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, 951  
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,  
 To make the child a man, the man a child,  
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguill'd,  
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
 Unless thou couldst return to make amends?  
 One poor retiring minute in an age 962  
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:  
 O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come  
 back,  
 I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:  
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:  
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright; 971  
 And the dire thought of his committed evil  
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
 To make him moan; but pity not his moans:  
 Stonch him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;  
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair, 981  
 Let him have time against himself to rave,  
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts<sup>2</sup> to crave,  
 And time to see one that by alms doth live  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort; 989  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly and his time of sport;

<sup>1</sup> Fine, limit.

<sup>2</sup> Orts, scraps, leavings.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And ever let his unrecalling<sup>1</sup> crime  
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
spill;

For who so base would such an office have 1000  
As slanderous death's-man<sup>2</sup> to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.

Poor grooms are sightless<sup>3</sup> night, kings glorious day:  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
To trembling clients be you mediators: 1020  
For me, I force not<sup>4</sup> argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

The remedy indeed to do me good  
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood. 1029

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death: 1038  
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth  
To make more vent for passage of her breath;  
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:  
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be; 1049  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy:  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended 1079  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,

<sup>1</sup> *Unrecalling*, that cannot be recalled.

<sup>2</sup> *Death's-man*, executioner.

<sup>3</sup> *Sightless*, in which no one can see.

<sup>4</sup> *Force not* = care not for.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-  
ing;

To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,  
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy  
peeping: 1089

Mock with thy tickling beam's eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renews;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;  
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
flows;  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes  
entomb 1121  
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

My restless discord loves no stops<sup>1</sup> nor rests;  
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests:  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with  
tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 1131  
And with deep groans the diapason bear;  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still.  
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die. 1139  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
kinds:  
Since men prove beasts; let beasts bear gentle  
minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160  
Who, having two sweet babes, when death  
takes one,  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?"

<sup>1</sup> Stops, alluding to the stops in an instrument; so rests.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 1171  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then let it not be call'd impiety,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 1181  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame's ashes shall my frame be bred;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, 1191  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.  
How 'Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:—  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;  
My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it.'  
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, 1212  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
For swift-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece's cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts<sup>1</sup> a sad look to her lady's sorrow, 1221  
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks overwash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enfore'd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230  
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
hearts. 1239

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;  
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign<sup>2</sup> plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep: 1250  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern  
looks,  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

<sup>1</sup> *Sorts*, suits.

<sup>2</sup> *Champaign*, plain, open country.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower.  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd

With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view, 1261  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
Such danger to resistance did belong,

That dying fear through all her body spread;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
raining? 1271

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she  
stay'd

Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"

"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,

"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—

Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280

And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness."

"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;

For more it is than I can well express:

And that deep torture may be call'd a hell

When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—

Yet save that labour, for I have them here. 1290

What should I say?—One of my husband's men

Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear

A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:

Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;

The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;

What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300  
Much like a press of people at a door,  
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—  
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—  
Some present speed to come and visit me.

So, I commend me from our house in grief:  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.

By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not therefore make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-  
cuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the  
fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320  
From that suspicion which the world might bear  
her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.  
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:  
Deepsounds make lesser noise than shallow fords.  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ, 1331  
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."

The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:  
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
deems:

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain<sup>1</sup> court'sies to her low;  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

---

<sup>1</sup> Villain, countryman.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some  
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1369  
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;  
Which the conceited<sup>1</sup> painter drew so proud,  
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer 1380  
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:<sup>2</sup>

Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumping in their faces;  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;  
And here and there the painter interlaces 1390  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and  
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;  
Their face their manners most expressly told:  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent 1399  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight:  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1411  
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;<sup>3</sup>  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;  
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n  
and red;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420  
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

<sup>1</sup> *Conceited*, clever, imaginative.

<sup>2</sup> *Lust* = pleasure.

<sup>3</sup> *Nice*, skilful.

## THE RAPE OF LUCREECE.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to  
field, 1430

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois<sup>1</sup> reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440  
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had  
fed,  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's<sup>2</sup> woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1460  
The painter was no god to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 1470

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many mo?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:  
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with  
fire." 1491

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To penceill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.  
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,

<sup>1</sup> *Simois*, the river of which Homer speaks so often.

<sup>2</sup> *Beldam*, grandmother; not used here with any sense of reproach.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
    Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
    Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story 1521  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
    And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
    When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
    faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill: 1530  
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—  
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot"  
took:

"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find, 1539  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
    With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
    So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise? 1550  
For every tear he falls<sup>1</sup> a Trojan bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;  
    Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
    pity,  
    Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;

These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:  
    So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
    That he finds means to burn his Troy with  
    water." 1561

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:  
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;  
    "Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not  
    be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
She looks for night, and then she longs for mor-  
row, 1571  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustain-  
ing:

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent;  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580  
    It easesh some, though none it ever cur'd,  
    To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
Brings home his lord and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:  
    These water-galls<sup>2</sup> in her dim element  
    Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares: 1591  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:  
    But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
    Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event

<sup>1</sup> Falls, lets fall.

<sup>2</sup> Water-galls, secondary rainbows.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent? 1601

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
At length address'd to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest 1611  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:

"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass  
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:  
In me more woes than words are now depending;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love; else lasting shame' 1629  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd<sup>1</sup> groom of thine,  
quoth he,  
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;  
And then against my heart he set his sword, 1640  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,

I should not live to speak another word;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,  
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;  
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse:  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not fore'd; that never was inclin'd  
To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660  
With head declin'd, and voice damn'd up with  
woe,

With sad-set eyes, and wreathed arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so:  
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;  
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669  
Back to the strait that fore'd him on so fast;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice 1679  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

<sup>1</sup> *Hard-favour'd*, with evil face.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,  
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
 "Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, 1690  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
 For 't is a meritorious fair design  
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'  
 harms."

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, 1699  
 The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,  
 "How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?"

"What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
 My low-declined honour to advance?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again:  
 And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,  
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears; 1710  
 While with a joyous smile she turns away  
 The face, that map which deep impression bears  
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
 "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,  
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she  
 says,  
 But more than "he" her poor tongue could not  
 speak;  
 Till after many accents and delays,  
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, 1720  
 She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he  
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:  
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:  
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds  
 doth fly  
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; 1731  
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;  
 And from the purple<sup>1</sup> fountain Brutus drew  
 The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly<sup>2</sup> stood 1740  
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
 stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol<sup>3</sup> goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
 Blushing at that which is so putrefied. 1750

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,  
 "That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
 If children pre-decease progenitors,  
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old, 1760  
 Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
 That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
 If they surcease to be that should survive.  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee." 1771

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;

<sup>1</sup> Purple, used of any rich colour.

<sup>2</sup> Vastly, i.e. deserted.

<sup>3</sup> Rigol, circle

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue; 1780  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's  
aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: 1790  
Then son and father weep with equal strife  
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"  
Replies her husband: "do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life 1800  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."  
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,  
I ow'd<sup>1</sup> her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."  
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd  
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my  
wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 1810  
He with the Romans, was esteemed so  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;

And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise  
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 1821  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations; 1829  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's  
store, 1837  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they  
bow;  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom, 1849  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly<sup>2</sup> did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>1</sup> Ow'd, possessed, owned.

<sup>2</sup> Plausibly, willingly.

## NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

1. Line 14: *With pure ASPECTS*.—For *aspect*, in its astrological sense, cf. *As You Like It*, iv. 3. 53:

Would they (her eyes) work in mild *aspect*!

The accentuation on the second syllable is invariable in Shakespeare.

2. Lines 19: *such HIGH-PROUD rate*.—First hyphenated by Malone. The early Quartos have *such high proud*.

3. Line 26: *An EXPIR'D DATE*, &c.—Malone (Var. Ed. xx. p. 102) thinks that Shakespeare may have remembered some lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

those rayes which all these flames do nourish,  
Cancell'd with time, will have their *date expir'd*.

4. Lines 34, 35: *Of that rich jewel*, &c.—Compare Sonnet xxxv.

5. Line 56: *stain that O'ER*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *ore*, and Malone proposed *or*=gold.

6. Line 57: *in that white INTITULED*.—Compare Sonnet xxxvii. 7:

*Entitled* in thy parts do crowned sit.

7. Line 71: *Their silent WAR of LILIES and of ROSES*.—Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 5. 30:

*Such war of white and red* within her cheeks!

So Coriolanus, ii. 1. 232, 233. *War of roses* is said, I suppose, with a certain intentional play on the words; the historical reference is just suggested.

8. Line 88: *Birds never lin'd*, &c.—So III. Henry VI. v. 6. 14:

The *bird* that hath been *lined* in a *bush*,  
With trembling wings *misdoubleth* every *bush*.

9. Line 110: *With bruised arms and WREATHS OF VICTORY*.—See Richard III. note 39; also III. Henry VI. v. 3. 1, 2:

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are grac'd with *wreaths of victory*;

where the True Tragedy reads:

fortune gives us victory,  
And girts our temples with triumphant joys.

Note, by the way, as the point has not been mentioned by the editor of III. Henry VI. in this edition, that the following couplet occurs in Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris*, scene xviii. 1, 2:

The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,  
And we are *graced with wreaths of victory*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 276.

The authorship of Henry VI. parts II. and III. is an unsolved problem.

10. Line 124: *Now LEADEN SLUMBER*.—So Richard III. v. 3. 105:

Lest *leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow.

11. Line 125: *And every one to rest themselves BETAKE*.—For the plural verb cf. *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 154: "*every one of these letters are in my name*."

12. Line 133: *Though DEATH be ADJUNCT*, &c.—Steevens compares King John, iii. 3. 57:

Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to my act.

13. Line 135: *THAT WHAT they have not*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; the later ones have *that oft*. Capell proposed, and the Globe editors adopted, *for what*. The sense of the stanza is clear enough; but the text is confused, and none of the corrections seem very satisfactory.

14. Line 140: *prove BANKRUPT*.—Q. 1 has *backrout*; others *banckrout*.

15. Line 162: *Now stole upon*, &c.—The stanza may be compared with Macbeth, ii. 1. 40-56.

16. Line 179: *Which must be LODGE-STAR to his lustful eye*.—See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 83.

17. Line 202: *Then my DIGRESSION*.—For *digression*=falling away, cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2. 121.

18. Line 218: *Who buys*, &c.—Compare Richard III. iv. 1. 97:

And each *hour's* *joy* wreck'd with a *week of teen*.

19. Line 245: *Shall by a PAINTED CLOTH be kept in awe*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 350.

20. Lines 258, 259: *red as roses*, &c.—Malone compares *Venus* and *Adonis*, 590:

Like *lawn* being *spread* upon the *blushing rose*.

21. Lines 265, 266: *That had NARCISSUS*, &c.—See *Venus* and *Adonis*, note 18.

22. Lines 307, 308:

*Night-wandering* WEASELS *shriek* to see him there;  
*They* FRIGHT him.

There may be an allusion to the superstition that it was unlucky to meet a weasel.

The substantive *night-wanderer* occurs in *Venus* and *Adonis*, 825.

23. Line 319: *the NEEDLE his finger pricks*.—Dyce, following Malone, prints the form *neeld*.

24. Line 365: *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks*.—We may remember *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 12, 13:

our *Tierquin* thus

Did softly press the rushes;

and *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 55.

25. Line 386: *Her lily hand*, &c.—Among Sir John Suckling's poems there is "A Supplement of an Imperfect Copy of Verse by Mr. William Shakespear's;" the supplement in question developing the present picture. See Hazlitt's edition of Suckling, vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

26. Line 393: *Without the bed her other fair HAND was*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 15.

## NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

27. Line 395: *Show'd like an April DAISY*, &c.—There is a very barefaced conveyance of this picture in Baron's already-referred-to Fortune's Tennis-ball, or Pocula Castalia, 1640:

A mantle of green Velvet (wrought to wonder)  
Her maidens o'er her curious limbs did cast,  
It over her shoulder went, and under  
Her right Arm; on her breast it was made fast  
With clasps of radiant Diamonds, now as  
*A Dazie shew'd she, in a field of grasse.* —Stanza 175.

28. Line 397: *like* MARIGOLDS.—See note on Sonnet xxv. 6.

29. Line 402: *in the map of* DEATH.—For the association of sleep and death, see the various passages which are brought together in my note on Sonnet lxxiii. 7, 8.

30. Line 403: *in* LIFE'S MORTALITY.—*Life's mortality* = life; so I suppose. Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 98:  
There's nothing serious in *mortality*;

where *mortality* = mortal life.

31. Line 419: *her* ALABASTER *skin*.—See Othello, note 244. We may just remark upon the curious frequency with which the simile occurs; here is another instance:

Who hath beheld fair Venus in her pride  
Of nakedness, all *alabaster* white.  
—The Praise of Chastity, Dyce's Greene and Peelle, p. 600.

32. Line 424: *His rage of lust by gazing* QUALIFIED.—For *qualify* = abate, cf. Sonnet cix. 2:

Though absence seem'd my flame to *qualify*.

33. Line 460: *the weak* BRAIN'S FORGERIES.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 81:

These are the *forgeries of jealousy*;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 137:

This is the very *coinage of your brain*.

34. Line 477: *Thus he replies*.—What he does reply reminds us of Sonnet xcix.

35. Line 509: *his insulting* FALCHION.—Qq. all (Q. 6 excepted) have the form *fauchion*.

36. Line 511: *as fowl hear* FALCON'S BELLS.—The allusion is too common to require comment; still I may just note that there is an elaborate hawking scene in Heywood's Woman Killed, i. 3, in which the following lines occur:

Her *bells*, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,  
Nor was one semi-tune above the other;  
Methinks these Milan *bells* do sound too full,  
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.  
—Heywood's Select Plays, ed. Verity, Mermaid Series, p. 12.

The whole scene is interesting as bringing together a number of technical hawking terms.

37. Line 515-525: *some worthless slave of thine I'll slay*, &c.—Compare Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, iv. 3:

Sax. . . . if thou but squeakest  
Or lett'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,  
I'll broach thee on my steel; that done, straight murder  
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both,  
Grasped arm in arm, on thy adulterate bed,  
Then call in witness of that megal sin.  
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,  
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body

Denied all funeral rites, and loving Collatine  
Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this,  
And to thy fortunes add another friend,  
Give thy fears comfort, and thy torments end.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 390.

38. Lines 526, 527:

*But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.*

We may remember Tartuffe's

Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,  
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence.

—Tartuffe, iv. 5.

39. Line 540: *Here with a* COCKATRICE' *dead-killing eye*.—See Richard III. note 457, and II. Henry VI. note 185. Many similar references outside Shakespeare might be quoted, e.g.:

And yet no poysned Cockatrice lurk't there.  
—Thomas Watson's Passionate Centurie, x., Arber's Reprint, p. 46.

Again, in Spenser's Sonnets, xlix.:

And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo;  
—Globe ed. of Spenser, p. 520;

and so on.

40. Line 547: *BUT when*.—Sewell read *as when*; Malone proposed *Look, when*.

41. Line 556: *feeds his* VULTURE *folly*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 551:

Whose *vulture* thought doth pitch the price so high.

42. Line 560: *though* MARBLE WEAR *with* RAINING.—Compare 959, and see Troilus and Cressida, note 190. It is a perpetually-recurring idea, e.g.:

In time the *Marble wears* with weakest *shetores*;  
—Thomas Watson's Passionate Centurie of Love, xlvii., Arber's Reprint, p. 83.

again:

In firmest stone, small *rain* doth make a print.  
—Diella, Sonnet ix. 13, Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 193.

43. Line 565: *She puts the* PERIOD, &c.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 96:

Make *periods* in the midst of sentences.

44. Line 575: *REWARD not* HOSPITALITY, &c.—It may be worth while to insert here a fine passage of pleading from Heywood's play, iv. 3:

*Lucrece*. Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin;  
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.  
I lose the honour of my name and blood,  
Loss Rome's imperial crown cannot make good;  
You win the world's shame and all good men's hate—  
Oh, who would pleasure buy at such dear rate?  
Nor can you term it pleasure, for what's sweet  
When force and hate, jar and contention meet?  
Weigh but for what 't is that you urge me still:  
To gain a woman's love against her will.  
You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,  
And think that labour's not worth all your strife,  
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wronged your friends;  
But all the world cannot make me amends.  
I took you for a friend; wrong not my trust,  
But let these chaste stars quench your burning lust.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 393.

45. Line 603: *How will thy shame be* SEEDED *in thine* age.—So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 316, 317:

## NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

the *second* pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up.  
Not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

46. Line 615: *the GLASS, the school, the BOOK*.—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 3. 31, 32:

He was the mark and *glass*, copy and *book*,  
That fashion'd others.

47. Line 621: *To PRIVILEGE dishonour*.—So Sonnet lviii. 10:  
That you yourself may *privilege* your time.

48. Line 643: *thy doting EYNE*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *eien*.

49. Line 657: *is HEARSED*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read *hersed*; the later Qq. *bersed* or *persed*; Gildon *burn'd*.

50. Line 674: *For LIGHT and LUST are deadly ENEMIES*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 773:

black-faced *night*, *desire's foul nurse*.

51. Line 677: *The WOLF hath seiz'd his prey*.—Ovid had said of Lucretia:

Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,  
Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupi.  
—Fasti, bk. ii. lines 799, 800.

Of course the simile is an obvious one which might have occurred to anybody.

52. Line 684: *that PRONE lust*.—*Prone*=headstrong; so Measure for Measure, i. 2. 133.

53. Line 778: *With ROTTEN damp*s.—See note on Sonnet xxxiv. 4:

Hiding thy bravery in their *rotten* smoke.

54. Line 782: *And let thy MISTY vapours*.—Q. 1, Q. 2 have *mustie*; Q. 3, Q. 4 *mystie*; Q. 5, Q. 6 *mysty*; and Q. 7 *misty*.

55. Line 790: *And FELLOWSHIP IN WOE doth WOE ASSUAGE*.—This is the old *solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. Compare lines 1581, 1582, and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 116:

*if sour woe delights in fellowship*.

I have come across the proverb in a queer place, viz. Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder, Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 23.

56. Line 791: *As palmers' CHAT MAKE*.—Two Qq. (3 and 7) have *that make*.

57. Line 805: *May likewise be SEPULCHRED in thy shade*.—For the accentuation of *sepulchred* cf. Lear, ii. 4. 134:

*Sepulchring* an adulteress.

See note 231 of that play.

58. Line 838: *But robb'd and RANSACK'D*.—For *ransacked*=*rapta*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 123.

59. Lines 853, 854:

But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

We are reminded of Iago's lines: "who has a breast so pure?" &c. (Othello, iii. 3. 138-141).

60. Lines 867, 868: *The sweets we wish for*, &c.—The thought summed up in this couplet is developed at length in that greatest of sonnets, Sonnet cxix. Compare, too,

the study of lust contrasted with love in Venus and Adonis, 799-804.

61. Line 879: *POINT'ST the season*.—*Point*=appoint; cf. Sonnet xiv. 6:

*Pointing* to each his thurifer, rain, and wind.

62. Line 894: *Thy VIOLENT VANITIES*, &c.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 6. 9:

These *violent delights* have violent ends.

63. Line 930: *O, hear me, then, INJURIOUS-shifting TIME*.—Compare "Time's injurious hand" in Sonnet lxiii.

64. Line 944: *To RUINATE proud buildings*.—See Titus Andronicus, v. 3. 204, with note; and Sonnet x. 7:

Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*.

65. Line 944: *with THY hours*.—Malone conjectured and withdrew *his hours*. Steevens proposed *their bowers*!

66. Line 950: *and CHERISH*.—Heath made a neat suggestion, *serve its*. Johnson proposed *perish*.

67. Line 985: *a beggar's ORTS*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 307.

68. Line 1001: *As slanderous DEATH'S-MAN to so base a slave*.—For *death's-man*=executioner, cf. Lear, iv. 6. 262, 263:

He's dead; I'm only sorry  
He had no other *death'sman*.

69. Line 1006: *For greatest scandal*, &c.—So Sonnet lxx. 2:  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

70. Line 1024: *and UNCHEERFUL night*.—The later Quartos (4, 5, 6, 7) have *unsearchofull*.

71. Line 1062: *This bastard GRAFF*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *Graffe*; the rest *Grasse*; certainly wrong.

72. Line 1070: *And WITH my trespass never will DISPENSE*.—*Dispense with*=pardon, excuse; cf. line 1279, and Sonnet cxli. 12:

Mark how *with* my neglect I do *dispense*.

73. Line 1083: "*O EYE of eyes*."—In Sonnet xviii. 5 the sun is "*the eye of heaven*." Compare, too, in Sonnet xxxiii. 2, "*sovereign eye*." So Marlowe in Tamburlaine, part II. iv. 3. 88:

A greater lamp than that bright *eye of heaven*.  
—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 177.

Compare, again, Edward III. ii. 1:

My love shall have the *eye of heaven* at noon.  
—Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays, Tauchnitz ed. p. 16.

74. Line 1100: *in a SEA of CARE*.—Compare Hamlet's "*sea of troubles*" (iii. 1. 59).

75. Line 1105: *her grief is dumb*.—See note on Sonnet cxl. 3.

76. Line 1113: *When with like semblance it is SYMPATHIZ'D*.—Cf. Sonnet lxxxii. 11, 12:

Thou truly fair wert truly *sympathiz'd*  
In true-plain words.

See note on that passage.

77. Line 1135: *And whiles against a THORN thou bear'st thy part*.—Compare The Passionate Pilgrim, 380-382:

Save the *nightingale* alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn.



## NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

78. Line 1140: *as frets upon an instrument*.—The substantive occurs in only one other passage, Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 133:

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she.

For the verb see Hamlet, iii. 2. 388, 389: "though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

79. Line 1155: *REPROACH'S debtor*.—So Capell. The first six Quartos read *reproches*.

80. Line 1160: *That mother TRIES a merciless CONCLUSION*.—Compare, of course, Hamlet, iii. 4. 195, and Gobbo's "try confusions with him" in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 89; see note 130 to that play. Sidney has the phrase in Astrophel and Stella, ci. 3 (Arber's English Garner, i. p. 553).

81. Line 1167: *PEEL'D from the lofty pine*.—Here, and in line 1169, the Quartos, with one exception, read *pild*.

82. Line 1220: *SOFT-SLOW tongue*.—So Malone. Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *soft slow-tongue*.

83. Lines 1226, 1227:

*But as the earth doth WEEP, the sun being set,  
Each FLOWER MOISTEN'D like a melting eye.*

This pretty conceit—the comparison of dew to tears—is a favourite one with Shakespeare; cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 9, 10:

where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep;

and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 204:

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.

84. Line 1229: *Her circled EYNE, ENFORC'D*.—So Q. 7. Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *eyen inforc'd*.

85. Line 1234: *Like IVORY CONDUITS*.—So Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 130:

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

86. Line 1240: *women WAXEN minds*.—So Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 31:

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms.

87. Line 1253: *Poor women's FACES are their own FAULTS' BOOKS*.—Compare Othello, iv. 2. 71, 72:

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write "whore" upon?

Othello is pointing to Desdemona's face.

88. Line 1258: *they are so FULFILL'D*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 6.

89. Line 1265: *The REPETITION cannot make it less*.—*Repetition*=recital, as in Coriolanus, i. 1. 45: "he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition."

90. Line 1312: *By this short SCHEDULE*.—So Q. 7; the others vary between *cedule*, *shedule*, and *sedule*. In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary, 1632, we find: "A Sedule. Sedule, cedule; minute, schede, schedule."

91. Line 1324: *To SEE sad sights moves more than HEAR them TOLD*.—This is Tennyson's—

Because things seen are mightier than things heard.

—Enoch Arden.

Scholars will recollect Horace's—

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

—Ars Poetica, 180, 181.

92. Line 1335: *As lagging FOWLS*.—The later Quartos (6 and 7) have *soules*, which Gildon adopted.

93. Line 1338: *The homely VILLAIN*.—*Villain*, the Low Latin *villanus*, is here, as elsewhere, used in its strict sense of *serf*, *bondman*. Shakespeare plays on the double meaning of the word in As You Like It, i. 1. 59: "I am no villain." *Villainy* often=slavery; as in Tamburlaine, part I. iii. 2. 37, 38:

The entertainment we have had of him  
Is far from *villany* or servitude.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 52, and p. 95.

On the other hand, the modern signification of the word is found at least as early as Chaucer's works; cf. The Prioresses Tale, 1680-81:

Sustened by a lord of that contree  
For foule usure and lucre of *villany*.

—Skeat's Chaucer Press, p. 10.

*Pagan*, from *paganus*=a villager, is parallel to *villain*.

94. Line 1344: *For Lucrece thought he BLUSH'D to SEE HER SHAME*.—Heywood has a precisely similar touch in his play, v. 1; when Lucrece meets a woman-servant and the latter asks why her mistress is so downcast, she replies:

I am not sad; thou didst deceive thyself;  
I did not weep, there's nothing troubles me;  
*But wherefore dost thou blush?*  
*Maid*. Madam, not I.  
*Lucrece*. Indeed thou didst,  
*And in that blush my guilt thou didst betray.*  
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sin?  
*Maid*. What sin?

—Heywood, Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 404.

95. Line 1350: *this pattern of the WORN-OUT AGE*.—Compare Sonnet lxviii. 1:

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn.

96. Line 1370: *CLOUD-KISSING Ilium*.—So Pericles, i. 4. 24:

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds;

and Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 220: "whose wanton tops do buss the clouds."

97. Line 1378: *And dying eyes, &c.*—So Venus and Adonis, 1127, 1128:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.

98. Line 1386: *those FAR-OFF eyes*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *farre of*.

99. Line 1396: *The FACE of either CIPHER'D either's HEART*.—Compare Sonnet xciii. 7, 8:

In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ;

where see note.

100. Line 1401: *There pleading might you see grave NESTOR stand*.—Compare the parallel passage in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 65-67, and see note 58 to that play.

101. Line 1417: *all BOLL'D and red*.—Qq. all have *boln*. Gildon read *swoln*; Malone proposed *blown*. Skeat has: "Boll'd, swollen (Scand.); Icel. *bólgin*, swollen, pp. of a lost verb; Dan. *bulen*, swollen, *bulne*, to swell."

## NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

102. Line 1423: *so compact, so KIND*.—*KIND*=natural; so Much Ado, i. 1. 26: "A kind overflow of kindness."

103. Line 1426: *save to the EYE OF MIND*.—Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 185: "In my *mind's eye*, Horatio;" and Sonnet cxiii. 1: "*mine eye is in my mind*."

104. Line 1440: *To break upon the GALLED shore*.—Compare Henry V. iii. 1. 12:

As fearfully as doth a *galled* rock,

where, as here, the idea is wave-washed and wave-worn. In Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155, the word is used of eyes that are sore with weeping:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her *galled* eyes.

105. Line 1444: *where all distress is STELL'D*.—Compare Sonnet xxiv. 1, 2:

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stell'd*  
Thy beauty's form.

106. Line 1486: *here TROILUS swoonds*.—For the scansion of *Troilus*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 22.

107. Line 1525: *And little STARS SHOT from their fixed places*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 153:

And certain *stars* shot madly from their *spheres*.

108. Line 1530: *So FAIR a FORM lodg'd not a MIND so ILL*.—The thought is that developed at greater length in Sonnet xciii., where see note.

109. Lines 1534-1539: *it cannot be, &c.*—The form of this stanza bears a certain resemblance to that of Sonnet cxlv.

110. Line 1544: *To me came Tarquin ARMED; so BEGUIL'D*.—The arrangement is due to Malone. Qq., without exception, have *armed to beguill'd*.

111. Line 1554: *are balls of QUENCHLESS fire*.—*Quenchless* only occurs here and in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 23:

I dare your *quenchless* fury to more rage;

a line found in The True Tragedy.

Malowe has the epithet three times; in Edward II. v. 1. 44:

Heaven turn it to a blaze of *quenchless* fire;

and Dido, Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 187:

In whose stern faces showed the *quenchless* fire.

—Bullen's Malowe, ii. pp. 207, 323.

Also Tamburlaine, Part II., iii. 5. 27:

All brandishing their brands of *quenchless* fire.

—Vol. i. p. 160.

112. Lines 1586, 1587:

And round about her tear-distained EYE  
BLUE CIRCLES stream'd.

The reference is to the blue or livid marks under the eyes which exhaustion produces. Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 392, 393: "A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye and sunken." So Webster in The Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1:

I observe our duchess  
Is sick a days . . . . .

The fins of her *eye-lids* look most *teeming* blue,  
She wanes ' the cheek.

—Webster and Tournour, Mermaid ed. p. 154.

In The Tempest, i. 2. 269, Staunton needlessly proposed *blear-eyed*. See, too, All's Well, note 46, and cf., perhaps, Comus, 434: "*blue* meagre hag."

113. Line 1588: *These WATER-GALLS in her dim element*.—Thiselton Dyer (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 86) says: "Secondary rainbows, the watery appearance in the sky accompanying the rainbow, are in many places termed *water-galls*, a term we find in the 'Rape of Lucrece;'" and he gives two good illustrations of the use of the word from Horace Walpole's letters: "False good news are always produced by true good, like the *water-gall* by the rainbow;" again: "Thank heaven it is complete, and did not remain imperfect like a *water-gall*." See Cunningham's edition of the letters, vol. i. p. 310, and vol. vi. pp. 1 and 187.

Whitney (German-English Dictionary, p. 488) renders *wasser-gally* by "full of *water-galls*, boggy."

114. Line 1611: *And now this pale SWAN, &c.*—See Othello, note 257.

115. Line 1667: *As through an ARCH the violent-roaring TIDE*.—So Coriolanus, v. 4. 50:

Ne'er through an *arch* so hurried the blown *tide*.

116. Line 1680: *ONE woe*.—So the later Quartos; Q. 1 and Q. 2 read on *woe*.

117. Line 1745: *a watery RIGOL*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 36: "this golden *rygol*;" and see note 310 to that play.

118. Line 1758: *Poor broken GLASS*.—Compare Sonnet iii. 9:

Thou art thy mother's *g/ass*.

119. Line 1760: *FAIR FRESH mirror*.—Dyce reversed the order of the adjectives to *fresh fair*. Staunton hyphenated them—*fair-fresh*. Some editors would read *cold*.

120. Line 1774: *in KEY-COLD Lucrece' bleeding stream*.—So Richard III. i. 2. 5:

Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king!

121. Line 1790: *At last it RAINS, and busy WINDS GIVE O'ER*.—Referring to the popular idea that rain falling stopped a wind; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 55: "*rain, to lay this wind*." See note 246 to that play, and cf. Macbeth, i. 7. 25, Sonnet xc. 7, and III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 85, 86.

122. Line 1801: *Which she too early and too late hath SPILL'D*.—Perhaps *spill* here has its strict sense, to destroy, kill; see note 252 on King Lear. By "too late" Lucretius means too late to save herself from dishonour.

123. Line 1812: *As SULLY-JEERING idiots*.—First joined by Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *seelie jeering*. A late Quarto gives *silly leering*.

124. Lines 1814, 1815:

But now he throws that SHALLOW habit by,  
Wherein DEEP POLICY did him DISGUISE.

## NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Compare Henry V. ii. 4. 36-38:

And you shall find his vanities forespent  
Were but the *outside of the Roman Brutus*,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

—See note x30 to that play.

So in Heywood's play (v. 1) it is Brutus who bids them  
turn from Lucrece's body and think of revenge:

*Brut.* She's dead: then turn your funeral tears to fire  
And indignation: let us now redeem

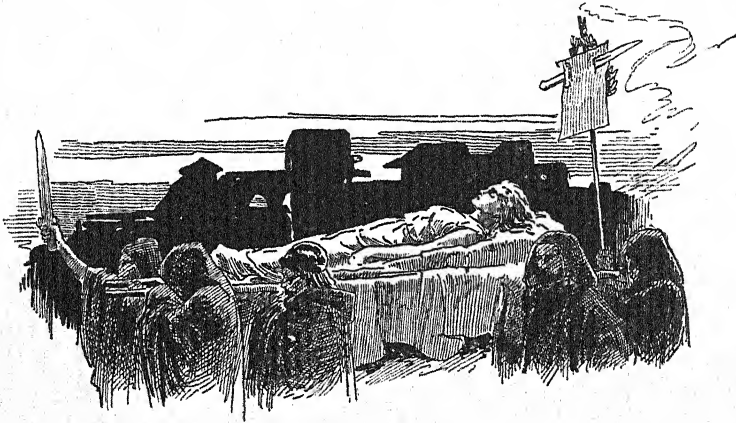
Our misspent time, and overtake our sloth  
With hostile expedition.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 468.

125. Line 1820: *Now set thy LONG-EXPERIENC'D wit to school.*—So Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 60, 61:

Therefore, out of thy *long-experienc'd* time,  
Give me some present counsel.

126. Line 1854: *The Romans* PLAUSIBLY.—Capel proposed *plausively*.



SONNETS.



# SONNETS.

## INTRODUCTION.

The earliest reference to Sonnets by Shakespeare occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: "The sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witnes . . . his sugred Sonnets among his private friends." In 1599 two sonnets, cxxxviii. and cxliv., were published by Jaggard in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The second of these is what Dr. Furnivall calls the "key-sonnet" — "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair," &c. For ten years nothing further is heard of the Sonnets. Then on May 20th, 1609, *A book called Shakespeares Sonnettes* was entered on the Stationers' Register, and published, in Quarto, the same year. Of this Quarto the title-page, in some copies, is as follows:—SHAKE-SPEARES, | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON. | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609. | Others have the imprint: AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by *John Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609. | This was the only Quarto edition of the Sonnets that was published. Evidently they did not meet with the popularity which fell to *Venus* and *Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and it was not till 1640 that any reprint appeared. In that year they were given, in rather haphazard fashion, in a volume of Poems: written by Wil Shake-speare, Gent; the volume containing *The Passionate Pilgrim* and many poems not written by Shakespeare. The bibliographical fortunes of the Sonnets after 1640 we need not follow. We must go back to the Quarto of 1609, and face a whole host of vexing questions. Now, concerning this edition two things may be noticed. Firstly, it was quite certainly an unauthorized publication. *Troilus* and *Cressida* experienced the same fate in the same year at the hands of another pirate-printer. Secondly, the Quarto contained a dedication which has been

the despair and darling crux of all the critics and commentators of things Shakespearean. This introductory preface dedicated the Sonnets to a "Mr. W. H.," who is described as the "onlie begetter" of the poems. Surely it was a *dies nefastus* on which these ill-omened words were written: surely the man who penned them was capable of all the infamies which Horace assigned to the unknown planter of a certain tree; *capable*, as Voltaire said of "meek, unconscious" Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. Who was this impalpable "W. H.?" What does "onlie begetter" mean? Before we can attempt to answer these questions we must ask another; it is useless to attempt to identify the people connected, or supposed to be connected, with the Sonnets until we have settled what interpretation to put upon the Sonnets themselves. Theories as to the Sonnets of Shakespeare and their meaning are scarcely less numerous than the sand of the sea-shore; I am inclined to think that they exceed in quantity the fabled foliage of autumnal Valombrosa. Since the beginning of this century it has rained theories, and "the cry is still they come." Of the rival interpretations no one could possibly give an adequate account in the short space at our disposal, and where, like the Muses in Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles*, "all are divine," divine in their passing intricacy and reconditeness, it were surely most invidious to particularize. Readers, therefore, who wish to become acquainted with the "dramatic" theory of Mr. Gerald Massey, or the ethereal *fantaisies* of Mr. Fleay, or the perverse perplexities of Herr Barnstorf of Bremen, must turn elsewhere.

I shall be content to give the comparatively simple theory which the majority of critics accept, and which furnishes, or seems to furnish, a fairly satisfactory and rational explanation of the facts before us. This theory



## SONNETS.

adopts the personal interpretation of the Sonnets as records of Shakespeare's own feelings. It divides the poems into two main groups. The first group contains the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets, Son. cxxvi. being regarded as an *Envoy*. The second group is formed of the last twenty-six sonnets. Group I. is addressed to some young man for whom Shakespeare must have felt a more than ordinary affection. Group II. concerns a lady—the "dark woman"—with whom Shakespeare seems to have been connected in some curious way. Between the two groups there are clearly certain links of association: the friend, the "dark woman," and the poet were united by ties, and this union is reflected in the Sonnets. This interpretation has at least the merit of simplicity; it does not twist and strain the poems in all sorts of ways; and it faces the facts, or what seem uncommonly like the facts. Of course various objections are raised. Some people cannot away with the idea that the interest in the Sonnets is personal, that they are, so to speak, a transcript from the record of Shakespeare's own soul. We are reminded of Browning's lines,

"With this same key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart" once more!  
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he.

What exactly Mr. Browning meant by this I confess I cannot understand. Perhaps it was only a piece of characteristically daring paradox. Apparently, however, the lines condemn all art to being purely impersonal, in which case Milton—whose egotism, as Coleridge reminds us, touched everything he wrote—was a very great offender. And what are we to say of a certain sonnet, "The Soul's Expression," in which the author of *The Romaunt of the Page* tells us—

With stammering lips and insufficient sound  
I strive and struggle to deliver right  
That music of my nature, day and night,  
With dream and thought and feeling interwound.

This song of soul I struggle to outbear  
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,  
And utter all myself into the air?

It is a question which cannot be answered; rather which each must answer after his own

fashion. For some people the voice of Shakespeare does speak in the anguish and agony of these poems; the "mighty line" rings with the note of real passion. And for others Sonnet cxxix. (say) will read like some pretty piece of experimental versifying, an exercise in verbal compression; and cxxvi.—"O thou, my lovely boy"—will have a certain literary interest as an ingenious use of the *envoy*. For myself I prefer to believe, with Wordsworth, that Shakespeare *did* unlock his heart here—even "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare" in these his "sugred Sonnets;" just as Beethoven, perhaps, embodied in his Sonatas something of the *Sturm und Drang* of his own life. To pass to another class of objectors. These are the pious Ultramontanes of Shakespeareanism. They will see no spot in their sun. Such divinity doth hedge the poet that everything which seems to hint or hesitate a blemish in his work and ways must be explained away. How, they ask, can we suppose that Shakespeare would write with such self-abasement of any youth? What was this strange friendship that united them? What did the poet mean by these self-accusations? Are we reading Plato's *Phædrus* or *Symposium*? The personal interpretation, in a word, is anathema to them: "if once"—to quote from a note (67) to *Troilus and Cressida* in this edition—"if once we lose sight of the intense artificiality of the greater portion of the Sonnets, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare's character;" and so, "artificiality," no less blessed a word than Mesopotamia of happy memory, is to be the magic alchemy which shall change dross, or seeming dross, to immaculate gold. Well, two or three points should be kept in mind. First, Shakespeare probably never intended to print the Sonnets. Meres says that they were known "among his private friends;" the Quarto, as we saw, was a piece of piracy. This makes some difference. Secondly, it is quite true that an element of artificiality is not wanting in the Sonnets. The idealized friendship which they embody, and the forms under which this friendship is expressed, were both to some extent a convention of the time. Not that I think much stress can be laid on

## INTRODUCTION.

this argument, for under all the imagery and artificial elaboration of the poems the deepest feeling is—*me judice*—always present; Shakespeare is the real speaker in every line; and here, if nowhere else, he “abides our question.” Thirdly—and this is the real point—we have no right to judge the poet at all. How can we with our half-yard line fathom the unplumbed, estranging depths of his heart? How realize in the faintest degree what friendship may have been to him? Surely this is a case where that most desperate of mortals, “the plain man,” should fear to tread. A few words from what Dr. Furnivall has written on the subject, and we may pass on. He says: “The true motto for the first group of Shakespeare’s Sonnets is to be seen in David’s words, ‘I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.’ We have had them reproduced for us, Victorians . . . in Mr. Tennyson’s *In Memoriam*. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning’s glorious sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, ‘Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou dost love me.’” This sums up all that I have to say about Group I.; and as to Group II., those who require in the poet a passionless perfection must provide their own casuistry and faculty for explaining away.

To revert to an old friend whom we have lost awhile—the Dedication. What are we to understand by “onlie begetter?” The words seem so simple; as if they could only mean one thing; as if “begetter” must be equivalent to “inspirer.” However, there are those who—as the classic idiom has it—object to this interpretation; who argue that “W. H.,” even if he be the hero of the first group, can scarcely, speaking Hibernically, be the heroine of the second; in which case what are we to make of the “onlie?” And so they say that “begetter” = procurer. The volume was pirated. Some one must have procured the poems for the publisher. That some one “begot” them, and “T. T.” repaid the debt by dedicating the book to the original thief. This is ingenious, but the majority of writers agree that “begetter” *does* mean “inspirer,” and

that “onlie begetter” might fairly be said of the person to whom a hundred and twenty-six of the sonnets are directly addressed, and with whom the remaining poems are more or less concerned.

To continue our Chinese puzzle. Who was “W. H.?” The flippant voice of irresponsible irreverence whispers, Who was Junius? and *Were* the Casket Letters genuine—now, on your honour, were they? The “W. H.” problem is quite as insoluble. We don’t know who he was; we never shall know; and the point is perfectly immaterial. If we are to record the guesses that have been made, then two fairly feasible candidates may be mentioned. One is Southampton. It was to Southampton that Shakespeare dedicated both *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and the dedication to *Lucrece* is very like Sonnet xxvi. But then Southampton’s initials were H. W., not W. H. Did the publisher reverse them as a blind to deceive the public? If so, why put them in at all? And Southampton’s name was Henry—Henry Wriothesley, whereas Sonnets cxxxv. and cxliii. make it quite clear that the name of Shakespeare’s friend was *Will*. Also, to pass over other discrepancies, Southampton was not so very much younger than the poet. On the whole Southampton must be given up. The rival claimant is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He was of conspicuous beauty; much younger than Shakespeare; a patron of literature, and connected with Shakespeare, the First Folio being dedicated to him and the Earl of Montgomery; and his initials and Christian name agree with the punning sonnets already mentioned, and with the “W. H.” of the dedication. Two or three minor scraps of evidence make against the identification, but if we are to fix on any body in particular as the “begetter” of the Sonnets, our choice must, I think, fall on Pembroke, and not on Southampton.

We have been so ungraceful as to take the “onlie begetter” first. We should have given precedence to the “dark woman,” the rather equivocal lady whom Shakespeare is thought to have had in his mind’s eye when he drew his strangest, greatest, perhaps, of feminine characters, the “serpent of old Nile”—Cleop-

patra. For about this lady with the "raven brows, and eyes so suited," there has been much speculation, and as usual we have nothing more than bare—very bare—conjecture to chronicle. She is identified with a certain Mrs. Mary Fitton, of whom we know little, though that little is too much if she cared for the good opinion of posterity. Our knowledge, chiefly derived from papers at Hatfield and in the Record Office, amounts to this: that Mrs. Mary Fitton was a maid of honour to Elizabeth; that, unlike Pericles' ideal woman, she was much in evidence and lived "in the mouths of men;" and that she had a *liaison* with the Earl of Pembroke, even as the "dark woman" of the Sonnets appears to have been connected with Shakespeare's friend. It is this last circumstance that has really led to the identification of Mrs. Fitton with the poet's Laura. Those who would study more closely the case for, or against, this unfortunate maid of dishonour will find much curious, but cumbrous, information in Mr. Tyler's introduction to the Facsimile Reprint of the Sonnets. He has made the Fitton question his own, and I scarcely like to expatiate on his "several plot." We will take his arguments as read, and assume that Mistress Mary Fitton, if any one, is addressed in the second group of Sonnets.

Another *questio verata* is the identity of the rival poet alluded to in Sonnets lxxviii.—lxxxvi. Who was this "better spirit?" Marlowe, says Mr. Massey; "proud full sail" would exactly describe the poetic style of the master of the "mighty line;" and the allusions in Sonnet lxxxvi. to supernatural assistance refer, not to the poet himself, but to his great dramatic creation, Dr. Faustus. The "affable familiar ghost" was Mephistopheles. Well, the insuperable objection to this theory is that Marlowe died in 1593, and 1593 is such a very early date to assign to the Sonnets, or any considerable part of them. Further, one can scarcely believe that Shakespeare would speak with such bitterness of the "dead Shepherd" to whom he owed so much. Not to go through the long list of conjectures, by far the happiest guess is that of Professor Minto, which may indeed be said to hold the field. He identifies the "better spirit" with Chapman. Chapman

was learned; his Homer contained dedicatory sonnets to Southampton and Pembroke; and the Alexandrines of his translation were emphatically "great verse," speaking out "loud and bold," as Keats said. Each of these qualities finds a parallel in Shakespeare's description of his competitor. Above all Sonnet lxxxvi. has great point if applied to Chapman. I borrow Professor Minto's words: "Chapman was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration. In 1594 he published a poem called 'The Shadow of Night,' which goes far to establish his identity with Shakespeare's rival. In the Dedication, after animadverting severely on vulgarsearchersafterknowledge, he exclaims—'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; jea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar.*' Here we have something like a profession of the familiar ghost that Shakespeare saucily laughs at. But Shakespeare's rival gets his intelligence by night: special stress is laid in the sonnet upon the aid of his compeers by night, and his nightly familiar. Well, Chapman's poem is called the 'Shadow of Night,' and its purpose is to extol the wonderful powers of Night in imparting knowledge to her votaries" (Characteristics of English Poets, pp. 222, 223). Professor Minto has made out an excellent case, and as bearing on the theory that Shakespeare regarded Chapman with dislike he might have reminded us that some critics believe Troilus and Cressida to have been a direct and intentional counterblast to Chapman's version of Homer; see the introduction to that play, vol. v. p. 253. To my mind Professor Minto's theory is quite one of the cleverest and most ingenious pieces of Shakespearean work which has been done for a very long time. It has practically annihilated all previous and rival conjectures, and I unhesitatingly adopt it.

What date are we to assign to the Sonnets? We have seen that some of them were in existence in 1598; that all were printed in 1609.

## INTRODUCTION.

Direct testimony beyond this there is none. The internal evidence, however, of style counts for a good deal, and this suggests that the composition of the Sonnets extended over a considerable period of time. No one can fail to see how closely akin the early Sonnets i.-xxv. (say) are to the early plays and the poems; various coincidences between them and *Romeo and Juliet* and *Venus and Adonis* are pointed out in the notes. On the other hand, Sonnet lxvi. sounds like an echo of Hamlet's soliloquies. The inference is clear: the Sonnets date from no one year: they represent the changing moods of the poet during a long period. Professor Dowden would place none later than 1605; and perhaps the earliest of them may be assigned to 1593 or 1594. This question of date leads to another important point—the arrangement of the Sonnets. The order in which they stand in the Quarto will not satisfy some critics; accordingly they have been shifted about and arranged in all sorts of ways. Like the guests at Mrs. Prowdy's ball, they are summarily told to "group" themselves, and strange and wonderful are the results. As a matter of fact their present order is by no means haphazard. Supposing, as we have done, that they were written at different times, we should expect a certain amount of interdependence and connection; and this is precisely what we find. Time after time some word or idea that occurs in one sonnet is repeated or developed in the next. Any one can verify this for himself, and more than this partial sequence and similarity our theory as to their composition forbids us to expect. I cannot myself imagine any order preferable to that of the Quarto: I know no sound objection to it; and in any case, to rearrange the poems is a work of the merest futility and supererogation, for the very simple reason that no one has ever endorsed anybody else's ideas on the subject.

One more subsidiary point and we shall have touched—in cursory and inadequate fashion, alas!—on most of the questions which these Sonnets raise. The types of sonnet, no one will need to be told, are manifold—the Petrarchan sonnet, the sonnet of Milton, and other varieties which refuse to be classified. From

all these the Shakespearean sonnet stands apart, with a structure and an excellence all its own: formed on a certain model it aims at and achieves a certain object. What this is Mr. Theodore Watts has well brought out, and Mr. Watts is so accomplished and recognized an authority on the subject that I do not hesitate to quote his own words.<sup>1</sup> After pointing out that Shakespeare's Sonnet is built up of three quatrains and a final couplet, and after showing that the number three was not chosen arbitrarily, as some critics have thought, Mr. Watts proceeds: "The quest of the Shakespearean sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse. A chief part of the pleasure of the Shakespearean sonnet is the expectance of the climacteric rest of the couplet at the end . . . and this expectance is gratified too early if it comes after two quatrains, while, if it comes after a greater number of quatrains than three, it is dispersed and wasted altogether." This puts the case perfectly and leaves nothing for me to add.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

A writer who has endeavoured to trace the tortuous history of Shakespeare's Sonnets may well feel that after their story has been told the rest should be silence. Those who care for "mellifluous" Shakespeare and his "deep-brained sonnets"—the few whom Jove in his goodness has loved—are apt to resent critical interference and suggestion; while Steevens was probably not far from the truth in saying that nothing short of a stringent act of Parlia-

<sup>1</sup> From the article on the Sonnet in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

## SONNETS.

ment would induce ordinary folk to open the Sonnets. Some general statement of the chief grounds of eulogy is, however, called for; and they may perhaps be best discussed on the lines of the answer to the larger inquiry:—

What primarily do we look for in a poem, more especially in a poem of great scope? I suppose there are two things of essential value: perfect harmony of expression and interest of subject. The poem should bear criticism from the standpoint of the artist and of the moralist: it should be flawless in manner and of vital significance in matter. What is said—the way it is said: these are the two cardinal points, and of these twin essentials the latter, to my mind, is the greater. And if we ask what should regulate the expression of a poem, the answer is simple: above all things we require of the singer a true and perfect sense of melody. Coleridge loosely defined the indefinable when he described poetry as the “right words in the right place.” The right words are those which make for music, for the long-drawn harmonies and rhythmic roll of sounds that linger on the ear and haunt our memory. There are poets, like Browning, who can thrill us with strange dramatic touches; who can depict single moments of sovereign and supreme passion; who can throw upon their canvas with a few master sweeps of the brush curious complexities of character that last there and live as inexorable riddles for all time to read and read amiss; who touch life at all points, and never touch it without revealing to ordinary humanity the infinite pity and mystery of the world. These poets interest us; they cast a spell of fascination upon our thought so long as we are actually reading; they appeal to us with the appeal of the dramatist. They give us much; but we feel that there is a something beyond and above what they offer—that there is “one grace, one wonder at the least,” for which we may turn to the singer—and that something is music; the music that sounds in every line that the Laureate has written, that sweeps through the involved harmonies of a *Paradise Lost*, that informs all true poetry, all really vital verse. Now, from either standpoint—

from that of the artist, from that of the critic of life—whether we look to their manner or their matter—the Sonnets of Shakespeare are great with greatness unmistakable. It is not that we come across an exquisite piece of verbal beauty from time to time; every poem reaches a standard unattainable save by the true singer; from first to last it is the

Adventurous song

That with no middle flight intends to soar.

The power of the language is taxed to its utmost; it can do no more; its merit as a means of poetic expression, as an instrument for the expression of a thousand varying shades of emotion, must stand or fall by such passages as these—

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.

—Son. xl;

and Sonnet cxvi:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

and lxxi:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe;

and cii:

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight;

and cvii:

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control;



## INTRODUCTION.

and lxxxvi.—

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

In lines such as these we have the last word in felicity of expression: a noble instrument sends forth its noblest notes in the master's hands, and if we ask for more piercing, more perfect melody of words, we must look to some other tongue; English can give us nothing greater than this. And such passages are not the exception: we have picked them almost at random. Open the Sonnets where we will, we find the same unerring sense of what makes for the music that, heard once, never dies from our recollection.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old;

and we have said enough if we assert that there is no poem in the whole range of English literature which maintains a loftier, more unflinching flight than "these insuing sonnets."

We have noted the pervading element of beauty in the Sonnets viewed as one long continuous work; and we shall find a parallel excellence in them if we disintegrate this congeries of units and examine the poems individually. Each conforms, in a very remarkable degree, to what we may call the main canon of sonnet-writing, the principle which should guide all who attempt this form of art. The sonnet, in Wordsworth's phrase, is a "scanty plot:" the poet cannot expatiate at will. He is cabined, confined within the brief limits of fourteen lines, and in that tiny space must achieve his effect. Hence he cannot afford to introduce variety of themes: he must deal with some one idea; his work must be wrought round a single motive, a single dominating emotion, that informs the whole and links the verses in the closest sequence and logical connection. Now the Shakespearean sonnet is built pre-eminently on this principle. It is exactly what Rossetti calls "a moment's monument." One instance—Sonnet cxxix.—will serve our purpose. The poet deals here with the subject which he had handled at length in Lucrece—the deadliness

and worthlessness of sensual pleasure: how that the wages of sin is death in the end and scarcely satisfaction for the moment; at best, "a dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy." And starting with this thesis he develops it from line to line with irresistible insistence and intensity. Each word is exactly fitted to its place; each touch tells; each phrase, *à peu près*, echoes what has just preceded and is echoed by what immediately follows; so that the poem is a gradual progression of ideas that advance from point to point till the climacteric pause is reached and the moral enforced. The whole poem is a masterpiece of compression, intensity, symmetry.

To speak of the matter of the Sonnets is more difficult. We tread here on difficult and dangerous ground, where much is matter of dispute, and where those who believe in the personal theory of the poems must sometimes almost lack the courage of their interpretation and shrink from the conclusions to which it leads. Some of the Sonnets are obviously artificial, verbal essays in the conventional sonnetteering of the period. This is especially true of the "dark woman" series. In these poems the merit is purely artistic. What is said amounts to very little: we only care for the felicity with which the poet paints his description and turns his compliment. But in the larger proportion of the Sonnets the interest is the interest that we look for and find in every great work. Goethe somewhere says that, strictly speaking, nothing interests man except man; and applying the doctrine to letters Matthew Arnold formulated his famous canon that all poetry, or rather all literature, is essentially and intrinsically "a criticism of life." "Criticism," perhaps, was not the happiest word to employ, but the truth of his dictum remains. All literature must deal with life, with the world, with human nature in its myriad complexities; and from this standpoint the greater writer is he who tells us more about life, whose works lead to a clearer, closer knowledge of the things which, for the mass of men, are behind the veil, the truths and facts that are seen through a glass darkly, if seen at all. Now it is impossible to show how any individual



## SONNETS.

work realizes what should be the aim of every writer—this object of dealing fully and effectively with life. We can analyse a single sonnet and point out how the rhythmic beauty of the verse is built up; how the magic and melody of sound are achieved by alliteration, balance, and what not. But it is not possible to disintegrate and dissect the thousand-and-one touches which bring home to us the fact that the poet who speaks to us is wise with the wisdom from which nothing is hid. And

so we must leave each to discover for himself—and surely this is a case where who runs may read—how and why the Sonnets of Shakespeare are a revelation, a commentary on all things, a mirror held up to the human soul and reproducing all its phases. “O, Menander and Life! which of you copied the other?” Subtler praise or more perfect no artist ever received; and it is the praise that we must lay at Shakespeare’s feet after reading these his Sonnets.





## SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF | THESE INSUING SONNETS |

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESSE |

AND THAT ETERNITIE | PROMISED BY | OUR EVER-LIVING POET |

WISHETH |

THE WELL-WISHING | ADVENTURER

IN | SETTING | FORTH. |

T. T.

### I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

### II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—  
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless<sup>1</sup> praise.  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

### III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
For where is she so fair whose uncar'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

<sup>1</sup> *Thriftless*, unprofitable.

# SONNETS.

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd<sup>1</sup> not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use<sup>2</sup>  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
For having traffic with thyself alone,  
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair<sup>3</sup> which fairly doth excel;  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter and confounds him there;  
Sapcheck'd<sup>4</sup> with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it,<sup>5</sup> nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
meet,

Leese but their show; their substance still lives  
sweet.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged<sup>6</sup> hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place

<sup>1</sup> Remember'd, &c., i.e. wishing not to be remembered.

<sup>2</sup> Use = put to usury.

<sup>3</sup> Unfair, make unfair.

<sup>4</sup> Check'd = being checked.

<sup>5</sup> Nor it, &c., neither it nor any remembrance of what it was remaining.

<sup>6</sup> Ragged = rugged.

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine  
heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climbd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet<sup>7</sup> mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way:

So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music<sup>8</sup> to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not  
gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness<sup>9</sup> the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
one,

Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

<sup>7</sup> Yet, i.e. although "in his middle age."

<sup>8</sup> Music, i.e. whose own voice is music.

<sup>9</sup> In singleness = by remaining single, with an obvious quibble.

# SONNETS.

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless<sup>1</sup> wife;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private<sup>2</sup> widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,  
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st<sup>3</sup> not to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought,<sup>4</sup> that I may change my mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;<sup>5</sup>  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest  
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:  
If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
And threescore year would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:

<sup>1</sup> Makeless = mateless.

<sup>2</sup> Private, ordinary.

<sup>3</sup> Stick'st = hesitate.

<sup>4</sup> Thought, i.e. his friend's resolution not to marry.

<sup>5</sup> Departest = leavest.

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy<sup>6</sup> die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,<sup>7</sup>  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself!<sup>8</sup> but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination;<sup>9</sup> then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrif:—dear my love, you know  
You had a father; let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing<sup>10</sup> to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,

<sup>6</sup> Copy, the original from which the copy is made.

<sup>7</sup> Question make, begin to doubt about.

<sup>8</sup> Yourself, your own.

<sup>9</sup> Determination, end.

<sup>10</sup> Pointing, appointing.

## SONNETS.

As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;<sup>1</sup>  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate, —  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

### XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear<sup>2</sup> their brave state out of memory;  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful Time debateth<sup>3</sup> with Decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

### XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;  
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:<sup>4</sup>  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,<sup>5</sup>  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

### XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;

<sup>1</sup> Convert, turn.

<sup>2</sup> Debateth, plots.

<sup>4</sup> Counterfeit, portrait.

<sup>2</sup> Wear = wear away.

<sup>5</sup> Fair = fairness.

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
And stretched metre of an antique song:  
But were some child of yours alive that time,  
You should live twice, — in it, and in my rhyme.

### XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,<sup>6</sup>  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;<sup>7</sup>  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

### XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

### XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
A man in hue,<sup>8</sup> all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls  
amazeth.<sup>9</sup>  
And for a woman wert thou first created;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting.

<sup>6</sup> Declines, falls away.

<sup>8</sup> Hue = form.

<sup>7</sup> Owest, possesseth.

<sup>9</sup> Amazeth, confounds.

# SONNETS.

And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.<sup>1</sup>  
But since she prick'd<sup>2</sup> thee out for women's  
pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
Making a couplement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
That heaven's air in this huge rondure<sup>3</sup> hems.  
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:  
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.<sup>4</sup>  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:  
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary  
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;<sup>5</sup>  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As a tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.

<sup>1</sup> Nothing, i.e. which is nothing to my purpose.

<sup>2</sup> Prick'd, chose.

<sup>3</sup> Rondure, circle.

<sup>4</sup> Expiate, bring to an end.

<sup>5</sup> Will, i.e. will be wary.

<sup>6</sup> For fear, &c. = for fear of not being trusted; or fearing to trust myself.

O, let my books be, then, the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;  
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
press'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd<sup>7</sup>  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for<sup>8</sup> joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd  
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
But that I hope some good conceit<sup>9</sup> of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow<sup>10</sup> it;

<sup>7</sup> Stell'd, painted.

<sup>8</sup> Unlook'd for = unnoticed.

<sup>9</sup> Good conceit, kindness.

<sup>10</sup> Bestow, lodge.



## SONNETS.

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
Till then not show my head where thou mayst  
prove<sup>1</sup> me.

### XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd:  
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
Intend<sup>2</sup> a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

### XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
heaven:  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;  
When sparkling stars twine<sup>3</sup> not, thou gild'st the  
even.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length  
seem stronger.

### XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
Forthysweetlove remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

### XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless<sup>4</sup> night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense<sup>5</sup> of many a vanish'd sight:  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

### XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due<sup>6</sup> of many now is thine alone:  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

### XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,—

<sup>4</sup> *Dateless*, without date, i. e. limit.

<sup>5</sup> *Expense*, loss.

<sup>6</sup> *Due*, i. e. to me.

<sup>1</sup> *Prove*, test.

<sup>2</sup> *Intend*, pursue.

<sup>3</sup> *Twine*=peep.

## SONNETS.

Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for<sup>1</sup> my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier<sup>2</sup> men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—  
“Had my friend’s Muse grown with this growing  
age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.”

### XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the fœrlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask’d him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may stain<sup>3</sup> when heaven’s sun  
staineth.

### XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?<sup>4</sup>  
’Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
Th’ offender’s sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence’s cross.  
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy lovesheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

### XXXV.

No more be griev’d at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,<sup>5</sup>  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—  
And ’gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

### XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one:  
So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable<sup>6</sup> spite,  
Which though it alter not love’s sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love’s delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

### XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame<sup>7</sup> by fortune’s dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis’d,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic’d,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.  
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

### XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour’st into my verse

<sup>1</sup> For=for sake of.

<sup>2</sup> Happier, more felicitous as writers.

<sup>3</sup> Stain, be eclipsed or grow dim.      <sup>4</sup> Smoke, vapour.

<sup>5</sup> Compare, i.e. the previous comparisons.

<sup>6</sup> Separable, that separates us.

<sup>7</sup> Made lame, used vaguely to imply “disabled.”

# SONNETS.

Thine own sweet argument,<sup>1</sup> too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to release;  
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,  
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?  
Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.  
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain<sup>2</sup> the time with thoughts of love,—  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,—  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what<sup>3</sup> thyself refuseth.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;<sup>4</sup>  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;  
And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?  
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—  
Hers,<sup>5</sup> by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve<sup>6</sup> her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
But here's the joy,—my friend and I are one;  
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink,<sup>7</sup> then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make  
bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!  
All days are nights to see<sup>8</sup> till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do show  
thee me.

<sup>5</sup> Hers, i.e. to Shakespeare.

<sup>6</sup> Approve, make trial of.

<sup>7</sup> Wink, close the eyes.

<sup>8</sup> To see, i.e. to the sight.

<sup>1</sup> Argument, subject.

<sup>2</sup> Entertain, pass.

<sup>3</sup> What, i.e. marriage.

<sup>4</sup> Poverty, the poor things I have.

# SONNETS.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,<sup>1</sup>  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
Receiving naught by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—  
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide<sup>2</sup> this title is impannel'd  
A quest<sup>3</sup> of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety<sup>4</sup> and the dear heart's part:  
As thus,—mine eye's due is thy outward part,  
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

<sup>1</sup> Wrought, composed of.

<sup>2</sup> Quest, jury.

<sup>3</sup> 'Cide, decide.

<sup>4</sup> Moiety, share.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other:  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother.  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,<sup>5</sup>  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely<sup>6</sup> pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—  
Against that time do I ensconce<sup>7</sup> me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

<sup>5</sup> Cast his utmost sum = closed the account.

<sup>6</sup> Strangely, i.e. not recognizing me.

<sup>7</sup> Ensconce, shelter.

# SONNETS.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity<sup>1</sup> can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,  
In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—  
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.<sup>2</sup>

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain's<sup>3</sup> jewels in the carcanet.<sup>4</sup>  
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

<sup>1</sup> *Extremity*, i.e. extreme swiftness.

<sup>2</sup> *Go*, walk.

<sup>3</sup> *Captain*, chief.

<sup>4</sup> *Carcanet*, necklace.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made.  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:  
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;  
The one<sup>5</sup> doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other<sup>6</sup> as your bounty doth appear;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.  
In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms<sup>7</sup> have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall vade,<sup>8</sup> by versed distills your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents<sup>9</sup>  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praises shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

<sup>5</sup> *The one*, the spring.

<sup>6</sup> *The other*, the foison (abundance) of the year.

<sup>7</sup> *Canker-blooms*, wild roses.

<sup>8</sup> *Vade*=fade.

<sup>9</sup> *These contents*, i.e. his verse.



# SONNETS.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,  
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love,<sup>1</sup> more blest may be the view;  
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
 more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
 Save, where<sup>2</sup> you are how happy you make those.  
 So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid that made me first your slave,  
 I should in thought control<sup>3</sup> your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
 Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
 That you yourself may privilege your time  
 To what you will; to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;  
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

<sup>1</sup> *Return of love*, i.e. their love returned.

<sup>2</sup> *Where*, i.e. those who are where you are.

<sup>3</sup> *Control*, restrain.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
 The second burden of a former child!  
 O, that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done!  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame;  
 Whether we are mended, or wher better they,  
 Or whether revolution be the same.  
 O, sure I am, the wits of former days  
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main<sup>4</sup> of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
 And yet, to times in hope<sup>5</sup> my verse shall stand,  
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?  
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
 O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:  
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,<sup>6</sup>  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all too near.

<sup>4</sup> *Main*, very fulness of; or perhaps *main*=sea.

<sup>5</sup> *In hope*, future.

<sup>6</sup> *Defeat*, destroy.



# SONNETS.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'T is thee, myself,<sup>1</sup> that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against<sup>2</sup> my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his  
brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;  
And all those beauties whereof now he's king  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,—  
That Time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

<sup>1</sup> *Myself*, who art myself.

<sup>2</sup> *Against*, i.e. against the time when.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,<sup>3</sup>  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily<sup>4</sup> forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,<sup>5</sup>  
And captive good attending captain ill:—  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die,<sup>6</sup> I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And lace<sup>7</sup> itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

<sup>3</sup> *Hold a plea*, resist.

<sup>4</sup> *Unhappily*, wrongfully.

<sup>5</sup> *Simplicity*, folly.

<sup>6</sup> *To die*, i.e. by dying.

<sup>7</sup> *Lace*, adorn.

# SONNETS.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map<sup>1</sup> of days outworn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;  
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
Uttering bare<sup>2</sup> truth, even so as foes commend.  
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;  
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into<sup>3</sup> the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes  
were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The soil is this,—that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;<sup>4</sup>  
Yet this thy praise can not be so thy praise,  
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:

<sup>1</sup> Map, i.e. the surface on which they are drawn.

<sup>2</sup> Bare; bare is emphatic: they only give the scantiest praise.

<sup>3</sup> Into=unto.

<sup>4</sup> Charg'd, put on trial.

If some suspect<sup>5</sup> of ill mask'd not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
But let your love even with my life decay;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

<sup>5</sup> Suspect, suspicion.

## SONNETS.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love  
more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

### LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee:  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

### LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
And for the peace<sup>1</sup> of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

### LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a notèd weed,<sup>2</sup>  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument;

<sup>1</sup> *Peace, enjoyment.*

<sup>2</sup> *In a notèd weed, in a style which now is so well known to all the world.*

So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent:  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

### LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look, what thy memory can not contain,  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices,<sup>3</sup> so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

### LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under<sup>4</sup> thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double<sup>5</sup> majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,<sup>6</sup>  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance<sup>7</sup>  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

### LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,

<sup>3</sup> *Offices, duties carried out.*    <sup>4</sup> *Under, under cover of.*

<sup>5</sup> *Double, i. e. of grace and learning.*

<sup>6</sup> *Compile, compose.*

<sup>7</sup> *Advance, uplift.*

# SONNETS.

And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!  
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
While he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building and of goodly pride:  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world<sup>1</sup> are dead;  
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—  
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths  
of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore mayst without attain<sup>2</sup> o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
And therefore art enfor<sup>3</sup>d to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd  
What strained<sup>3</sup> touches rhetoric can lend,

<sup>1</sup> This world, i.e. this present age.

<sup>2</sup> Attain<sup>2</sup>, shame.

<sup>3</sup> Strained, exaggerated.

Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
In true-plain words by thy true-telling friend;  
And their gross painting might be better us'd  
Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your fair no painting set;  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
And therefore have I slept in<sup>4</sup> your report,  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern<sup>5</sup> quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
For I impair not beauty, being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?  
In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal grew.  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story:  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
And such a counterpart<sup>6</sup> shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired every where.  
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
Reserve their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.  
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good  
words,  
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

<sup>4</sup> Slept in, been slow to tell of you.

<sup>5</sup> Modern, hackneyed.

<sup>6</sup> Counterpart, exact reproduction.

# SONNETS.

Hearing you prais'd, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,"  
And to the most of praise add something more;  
But that is<sup>1</sup> in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,—  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence:

But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent<sup>2</sup> back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision<sup>3</sup> growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,<sup>4</sup>  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;

That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:  
And I by this will be a gainer too;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence:  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle,<sup>5</sup> and look strange;  
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss:  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come: so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
And other strains<sup>6</sup> of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:  
But these particulars are not my measure;<sup>7</sup>  
All these I better in one general best.

<sup>1</sup> That is, i.e. there is that.

<sup>2</sup> Patent, privilege, claim.

<sup>3</sup> Misprision, mistake.

<sup>4</sup> Set me light, value me little.

<sup>5</sup> Strangle, extinguish.

<sup>6</sup> Strains, touches.

<sup>7</sup> My measure, to my taste.

## SONNETS.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

### XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs

Than that which on thy humour doth depend:  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.

O, what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?  
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

### XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;  
 But heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

### XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
 Lilies that fester<sup>2</sup> smell far worse than weeds.

### XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in<sup>3</sup> a kind of praise;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

O, what a mansion have those vices got  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

### XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;  
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:  
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated,<sup>4</sup> and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

### XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
 What old December's bareness every where!  
 And yet this time remov'd<sup>5</sup> was summer's time;  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

<sup>1</sup> Show, i.e. show they could do.

<sup>2</sup> Fester, rot. <sup>3</sup> But in, i.e. without in a way praising.

<sup>4</sup> Translated, changed.

<sup>5</sup> Remov'd, i.e. passed.



# SONNETS.

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play:

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand;<sup>1</sup>  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:  
The roses fearfully on thorns<sup>2</sup> did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury<sup>3</sup> on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem

<sup>1</sup> For thy hand, i.e. of having stolen the whiteness of thy hand.

<sup>2</sup> On thorns, said, no doubt, with a quibbling reference to the proverb "Stand on thorns."

<sup>3</sup> Fury, inspiration.

In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire<sup>4</sup> to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;<sup>5</sup>  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so: for 't lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear:  
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of ripper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare,<sup>6</sup> is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside!

<sup>4</sup> Satire, satirist.

<sup>5</sup> Lay, stamp.

<sup>6</sup> All bare, i.e. by itself; the mere theme, apart from its treatment.

## SONNETS.

O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That overgoes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

### CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

### CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

### CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master<sup>1</sup> now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

### CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,<sup>2</sup>  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

### CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Wheretime and outward form would show it dead.

### CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.<sup>3</sup>  
 As easy might I from myself depart  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again;

<sup>1</sup> Master, possess.

<sup>3</sup> Quality, temper.

<sup>2</sup> Subscribes, yields.

# SONNETS.

Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley<sup>1</sup> to the view,  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
 dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new;  
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,  
 These blenches<sup>2</sup> gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend.  
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of<sup>3</sup> my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Motley*, a jester.

<sup>2</sup> *Blenches*, fallings away.

<sup>3</sup> *Goddess of*, i.e. who is responsible for.

<sup>4</sup> *Allow*, suffer, permit.

You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense'  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect<sup>5</sup> I do dispense:<sup>6</sup>—  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually<sup>7</sup> is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest<sup>8</sup>  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his<sup>9</sup> gust is greening,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

<sup>5</sup> *Neglect*, i.e. being neglected by others.

<sup>6</sup> *Dispense with*, pardon.

<sup>8</sup> *Indigest*, without form.

<sup>7</sup> *Effectually*, in reality.

<sup>9</sup> *His*, i.e. the mind's.

## SONNETS.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;  
 Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, "Now, I love you best,"  
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

### CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
 taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out<sup>1</sup> even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

### CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent<sup>2</sup> been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
 Bring me within the level<sup>3</sup> of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;  
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

### CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager<sup>4</sup> compounds we our palate urge;  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of<sup>5</sup> goodness, would by ill be cur'd:  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

### CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,<sup>6</sup>  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

### CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O, that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense,<sup>7</sup> how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fit!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;<sup>8</sup>  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

### CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,  
 When not to be<sup>9</sup> receives reproach of being;  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:

<sup>1</sup> Bears it out, is steadfast.

<sup>2</sup> Level, aim.

<sup>3</sup> Frequent, intimate.

<sup>4</sup> Eager, sharp, bitter.

<sup>5</sup> Of, in respect of.

<sup>6</sup> Fitted, tortured as by fits.

<sup>7</sup> Deepest sense, i.e. what I had felt so deeply.

<sup>8</sup> Fee, pledge, guarantee.

<sup>9</sup> Be, i.e. vile.

## SONNETS.

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
No,—I am that I am; and they that level  
At my abuses reckon up their own:  
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;<sup>1</sup>  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not beshown;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

### CXXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,<sup>2</sup>  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity:  
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies<sup>3</sup> thy dear love to score;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

### CXXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.<sup>4</sup>  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
For thy records and what we see do lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

### CXXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,

Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers  
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy,<sup>5</sup> that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.  
To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

### CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
Have I not seen dwellers on<sup>6</sup> form and favour?<sup>7</sup>  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,  
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with seconds,<sup>8</sup> knows no art,  
But mutual render, only me for thee.  
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul  
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

### CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;  
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou goest onwards,<sup>9</sup> still will pluck thee back,  
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:  
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
And her quietus is to render<sup>10</sup> thee.

### CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

<sup>5</sup> Policy, self-interest.

<sup>6</sup> Dwellers on, i.e. those who set store on.

<sup>7</sup> Favour, face.

<sup>8</sup> Seconds, an inferior kind of flour; hence metaphoric-ally, base matter.

<sup>9</sup> Onwards, i.e. towards old age.

<sup>10</sup> Render, surrender.

<sup>1</sup> Bevel, slanting.

<sup>2</sup> Memory, memorials.

<sup>3</sup> Tallies, sticks in which notches were cut as a way of scoring up debts.

<sup>4</sup> Former sight, something seen before.

# SONNETS.

But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black;  
Her eyes so suited,<sup>1</sup> and they mourners seem  
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
Yet so they mourn, becoming of<sup>2</sup> their woe,  
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy<sup>3</sup> those jacks<sup>4</sup> that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
To be so tickled, they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;  
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker<sup>5</sup> mad:  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows  
well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

<sup>1</sup> *Suited*, clad.  
<sup>2</sup> *Becoming of*, i.e. making comely; or should we read,  
"in their woe"?  
<sup>3</sup> *Envy*, the accent is on the last syllable.  
<sup>4</sup> *Jacks*, the keys of a virginal.  
<sup>5</sup> *Taker*, swallower.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,<sup>6</sup>—  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so<sup>7</sup> as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck,<sup>8</sup> do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
O, let it, then, as well beseem thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

<sup>6</sup> *Go*, walk.  
<sup>7</sup> *So*, i.e. such as he has described her.  
<sup>8</sup> *One on another's neck*, one after another.



# SONNETS.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart  
     bail;<sup>1</sup>  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:  
     And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
 But thou wilt not,<sup>2</sup> nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
     Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:  
     He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store;  
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*  
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.  
     Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
     Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy store's account I one must be;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
     Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
     And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
     place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul<sup>3</sup> a face?  
     In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
     And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit<sup>4</sup> is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
     Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
     And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

<sup>1</sup> *Bail*, i.e. out of prison.

<sup>2</sup> *Not*, i.e. restore him.

<sup>3</sup> *Foul*, ugly.

<sup>4</sup> *Habit*, dress.

# SONNETS.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;  
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:  
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
might  
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?  
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows  
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;  
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;<sup>1</sup>—  
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know;—  
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
Now this ill-wresting<sup>2</sup> world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart  
go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who, in despite of view,<sup>3</sup> is pleas'd to dote;  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
But my five wits nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:

<sup>1</sup> So, i.e. that thou dost love me.

<sup>2</sup> Ill-wresting, twisting to a bad sense.

<sup>3</sup> View, i.e. of what it sees.

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.<sup>4</sup>

## CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:  
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
Be't lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

## CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
In pursuit<sup>5</sup> of the thing she would have stay;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,<sup>6</sup>  
I guess one angel in another's hell:

<sup>4</sup> Pain, punishment.

<sup>5</sup> Pursuit, accented on the first syllable.

<sup>6</sup> Both to each friend, i.e. friends to each other.

# SONNETS.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breath'd forth the sound that said "I hate"  
To me that languish'd for her sake:  
But when she saw my woful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;  
And taught it thus anew to greet;  
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away;  
"I hate" from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying—"Not you."

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate<sup>1</sup> thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which<sup>2</sup> physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That censures<sup>3</sup> falsely what they see aright?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote<sup>4</sup>  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,  
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;  
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
When I, against myself, with thee partake?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service<sup>5</sup> to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise<sup>6</sup> of skill,  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:

<sup>3</sup> Censures, judges.

<sup>4</sup> Denote, show.

<sup>5</sup> Thy service i.e. service, to thee.

<sup>6</sup> Warrantise, security, guarantee.

<sup>1</sup> Aggravate, increase.

<sup>2</sup> Which, i.e. desire.

# SONNETS.

If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason;  
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant<sup>1</sup> prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,  
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

<sup>1</sup> *Triumphant* = triumphal.

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Dian's this advantage<sup>2</sup> found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'  
eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to  
keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

<sup>2</sup> *Advantage*, favourable opportunity.

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

1. Sonnet I.—This and the sixteen sonnets that follow dwell on one theme, that Shakespeare's friend should marry and perpetuate his name and beauty. We may compare Venus and Adonis, 163-174, and 751-768; Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 221-226; Drayton's Legend of Matilda (Works, 1753 ed. vol. ii. pp. 552-559); and (with Professor Dowden) Comus, 679-684 and 720-727. No doubt other parallels might be found.

2. I. lines 13, 14: *Pity the world*, &c.—The rhyme in this couplet occurs in Son. iii. and iv.

3. II. line 1: *When FORTY WINTERS*.—For the vague use of *four, forty, forty thousand*, see Othello, note 165. "Krauss cites from Sidney's Arcadia two examples of *forty winters*" (Dowden). Compare also Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. p. 65.

4. II. line 4: *Will be a TATTER'D weed*.—So Gildon; Q. has *totter'd*. So again in Son. xxvi. 11.

5. II. line 8: *and THRIFTLESS praise*.—Compare "*thriftless sighs*" in Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 40.

6. III. line 4: *UNBLESS some MOTHER*.—That is, fail to make blest some one who might be a mother of children; or perhaps the reference is to his friend's mother; cf. lines 9, 10.

7. III. line 5: *whose UNEAR'D womb*.—For *ear*=plough, cf. the Dedication of Venus and Adonis. The word occurs several times in the Bible; e.g. Isaiah xxx. 24: "The oxen likewise, and the young asses that *ear* the ground, shall eat clean provender;" and Exodus xxiv. 21: "in *earing* time and in harvest." Wicliffe translated Luke xvii. 7: "but who of you hath a servant *eringe*," where the Latin version of which he used had *arantem*.

8. III. line 8: *to stop POSTERITY*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 419, 420:

all whose joy is nothing else

But fair *posterity*;

and for the whole idea, Venus and Adonis, 757-760.

9. III. line 9: *Thou art thy mother's GLASS*.—Exactly the same image occurs in Lucrece, 1758-1764:

Poor broken *glass*, I often did behold

In thy sweet semblance my old age new born, &c.

10. III. line 11: *through WINDOWS of thine AGE*.—Compare "*lattice of sear'd age*" in A Lover's Complaint, 14.

11. IV. line 3: *Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend*.—Compare Measure for Measure, i. 1. 30-41:

Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, &c.

Scholars will recollect Lucretius' "*Vitaque mancipio nulli datur*."

12. V. line 9: *summer's DISTILLATION*.—That is, the perfume or essence extracted from a flower. Shakespeare

has the verb several times; e.g. in the next sonnet, line 2, and again in Son. liv. 14: "by verse *distills* your truth." So Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 76: "happy is the rose *distill'd*;" and As You Like It, iii. 2. 152.

13. V. line 14: *LEESE but their show*.—*Leese*=loose, occurs not infrequently; so in A Sweet Pastoral by Nicholas Breton we have:

The bushes and the trees

That were so fresh and Greene,

Do all their dainty colour *leese*,

And not a leaf is seen.

—England's Helicon (Bullen's ed.), p. 55.

Watson uses the form often in his Teares of Fancy and the Passionate Centurie of Love; see Arber's Reprint, pp. 44, 51, &c.

14. VI. line 1: *winter's RAGGED hand*.—So Gildon; Q. read *wragged*. Capell MS. gives *rugged*.

15. VI. line 5: *That USE is not FORBIDDEN USURY*.—An extract from the article upon *usury* in the Encyclopedia Britannica will not, perhaps, be out of place here:—"The opinion of Aristotle on the barrenness of money became proverbial, and was quoted with approval throughout the Middle Ages. This condemnation by the moralists was enforced by the fathers of the Church on the conversion of the empire to Christianity. They held usury up to detestation, and practically made no distinction between interest on equitable moderate terms and what we now term usurious exactions. The consequence of the condemnation of usury by the Church was to throw all the dealing in money in the early Middle Ages into the hands of the Jews. . . . It was probably mainly on account of this money lending that the Jews were so heartily detested and liable to such gross ill-treatment by the people. . . . Ultimately in 1290 the Jews were expelled in a body from the kingdom under circumstances of great barbarity, and were not allowed to return till the time of Cromwell. Before the expulsion of the Jews, however, in spite of canonical opposition, Christians had begun to take interest openly; and one of the most interesting examples of the adaptation of the dogmas of the Church of Rome to the social and economic environment is found in the growth of the recognized exceptions to usury. In this respect the Canonical writers derived much assistance from the later Roman law. Without entering into technicalities, it may be said generally that an attempt was made to distinguish between usury, in the modern sense of unjust exaction, and interest on capital."

16. VI. line 7: *to BREED another thee*.—It may be noticed that *breed* (the substantive) was often used in the sense of interest; cf. Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 134, 135:

for when did friendship take

A *breed* for barren metal of his friend?

So Middleton's The Blacke Booke: "Coming to repay

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

both the *money* and the *breed* of it—for interest may be called the usurer's bastard—she found," &c. (Dyce's *Middleton*, vol. v. pp. 520, 521).

17. VII. line 5: *the STEEP-UP heavenly hill*.—It has been suggested that we should read *steep up-heavenly*; but cf. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 121:

Her stand she takes upon a *steep-up* hill.

18. VII. lines 9, 10:

*But when from highmost PITCH, with weary ear,  
Like feeble age, he REELETH FROM THE DAY.*

For *pitch*, a hawking term, see *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 1. 14, with note. For the second line Dowden aptly quotes *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 3, 4:

flecked darkness, like a drunkard, *reeles*  
From forth day's path.

19. VIII.—Music, where union of sounds is everything, should be an argument to you not to remain single. The sonnet is written throughout in the language of music. Elizabethan writers were fond of introducing the technical terms of the art. Compare, for a good case in point, Lilly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, iii. 1, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. pp. 232, 233; and again, the same author's *Gallathea*, v. 3—*Works*, vol. i. p. 275.

20. VIII. line 1: *MUSIC TO HEAR, why hear'st thou music sadly?*—*Music to hear* = whose own voice is music; cf. *Son. cxviii. 1*:

How oft, when thou, *my music*, music play'st.

In line 6 *married* is used, no doubt, quibblingly; for the sense which it often bears, of closely-united, see *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 110, with note.

21. VIII. line 14: "*thou single wilt prove NONE*."—*None* is in obvious antithesis to the *one* of the previous line. The conceit is rather far-fetched: if they, the strings, being many, seem to be only one, you, who are not many, who keep single, will be less than one.

22. IX. line 4: *like a MAKELESS wife*.—*Make* = mate, occurs frequently; cf. *Melismata* (1611):

The one of them said to his *make*—  
Where shall we our breakfast take?

—Bullen's *Lyrics* (1637), p. 126.

Many instances might be given; here are some chance references: *Spenser*, *Son. lxx. Globe ed.* p. 583; *Lilly's Mother Bomble*, iii. 4—*Fairholt's ed.* ii. p. 110; *Surrey's poems*, *Giffillan's ed.* p. 231.

23. IX. lines 11, 12:

*But BEAUTY'S WASTE hath in the world an end,  
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.*

Compare *Hero and Leander*, First Sestiad, 323:

*Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.*

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, iii. p. 17.

We have much the same idea in *Son. v. 11*:

Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft.

See, too, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 221, 222. I suppose there is a quibble here on *une* in its secondary sense of putting out to usury; cf. for the same antithesis, *Son. iv. 13, 14*:

Thy *unus'd* beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, *us'd*, lives th' executor to be.

24. IX. line 14: *murderous SHAME commits*.—This is

VOL. XIV.

echoed in the next sonnet, line 1, "*For shame!*" and line 5, "*with murderous hate*."

25. X. line 7: *Seeking that beauteous ROOF to RUINATE*.—Compare *Son. xiii. 9, 10*:

Who lets so fair a *house* fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold;

and *Son. cxlvi. 5, 6*:

Why so large cost . . .  
Dost thou upon thy fading *maison* spend?

Dowden refers to *The Two Gentlemen*, v. 4. 7–11. For *ruinate* see *Titus Andronicus*, v. 3. 204; and to the instances there given add *Spenser*, *Son. lvi*:

Beats on it strongly, it to *ruinate*.—*Globe ed.* p. 581.

26. XI. line 2: *In ONE OF THINE*.—Takes up the last line of previous sonnet: "*still may live in thine*." The couplet means, Your loss is your child's gain.

27. XI. line 14: *Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die*.—*Copy* = the original from which an impression should be taken; in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 261,

And leave the world no *copy*,

the word has its modern sense. "*Nature's copy*" in *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 27, is a doubtful phrase.

28. XII.—Time destroys all things: why not you? As Dowden says, the Sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of *Son. v. vi. and vii*.

29. XII. line 4: *And SABLE curls all SILVER'D o'er with white*.—The Quarto has *or silver'd*, a misprint, presumably, for *o'er-silver'd*, in which case we might read *o'er-silver'd all with white*. For the comparison of white hair to silver see *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 65:

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in *silver*;

and *Hamlet*, i. 2. 242: "*A sable silver'd*."

30. XII. line 8: *with white and bristly BEARD*.—So *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 94, 95:

the green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a *beard*.

For *wastes of time*, in line 10, cf. *waste of shame* in *Son. cxix. 1*.

31. XIII. line 1: *O, that you were yourself!*—Would that you were absolute, independent of time, free from the conditions that fetter men.

32. XIII. lines 5, 6:

*So should that beauty which you hold in LEASE  
Find no DETERMINATION.*

*Lease* implies a short time, as in *Son. xviii. 4*: "*summer's lease*," and in *Son. cvii. 3*: "*the lease of my true love*." Lord Campbell remarks: "*The word determination is always used by lawyers instead of end*" (*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 101).

33. XIII. line 9: *Who lets so fair a HOUSE*.—See *Son. x. 7*.

34. XIII. line 14: *You HAD A FATHER*.—Dowden aptly compares *All's Well*, i. 1. 19, 20: "*This young gentleman had a father*,"—*O*, that '*had*!' how sad a passage 'tis!" From *Son. iii. 9, 10*, we saw that the friend's mother was still alive.



## NOTES TO SONNETS.

35. XIV. line 12: *If from thyself to STORE THOU WOULDST CONVERT*.—*Store*=stock; see note on Othello, iv. 3. 86, and cf. Son. xi. 9: "whom Nature hath not made for store;" and Son. lxxxiv. 3: "immured is the store." The following is from The Faithful Shepherdess, v. 3:

Hath not our mother Nature, for her store  
And great encrease, said it is good and just,  
And willed that every living creature must  
Beget his like.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. ii. p. 399.

*Convert* = turn, occurs frequently; see Son. xlix. 7; xi. 4; &c. Dowden notes that Daniel, Delia, xi., makes *convert* rhyme with *heart*.

36. XIV. line 14: *Thy end is . . . BEAUTY'S DOOM*.—So Venus and Adonis, 1019:

For he being dead, *with him is beauty slain*.

37. XV. line 3: *That this huge STAGE presenteth naught but SHOWS*.—For the same idea compare Lear, iv. 6. 187, and the famous passage in As You Like It, ii. 7. 180-143, where see note. A dozen equally pointed illustrations might be quoted from Elizabethan poets. Malone read *state*, surely a most infelicitous change.

38. XV. lines 13, 14: *And, all in war, &c.*—There is a certain suggestion here of Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 169, 170:

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

39. XVI. line 7: *would bear YOUR living flowers*.—Some editors read *you*; but the change is needless. For *unset* cf. *set* in Pericles, iv. 6. 92:

40. XVI. line 9: *the LINES of LIFE*.—He keeps up the idea of the picture and of his verse. *Lines of life* is used, perhaps, in a double sense: (1) true to the life; and (2) really living lines (*i.e.* children), opposed to mere lifeless verse, or the equally lifeless counterfeit.

41. XVI. line 10: *Which this, TIME'S PENCIL*.—Q. has *this* (*Times pencil* or *my pupil pen*).—*This* must refer to the picture; but how can a picture be said to be *time's pencil*? I can only suggest that the painting is regarded as marking the flight of time. Seeing a picture of some one which was painted long since we realize how the years have passed. Time has used the picture as a means of showing how the face has changed; the portrait has served in a way as "time's pencil." It has struck me—and I see that Mr. Gerald Massey had made the suggestion previously—that we should read *this time's pencil, i.e.* no painter of the present age could do you justice. *Time* was often used where we say *the times*. See Othello, note 210.

42. XVII.—Carries on the idea that his verse cannot really make his friend immortal; for in the first place his "pupil pen" fails to do justice to the subject; and, secondly, the better he writes the more will he be accused of exaggeration.

43. XVII. lines 3, 4:

*it is but as a TOMB  
Which hides your life.*

Compare Son. lxxxiii. 12:

When others would give life, and *bring a tomb*.

44. XVII. line 8: *Such heavenly TOUCHES*.—*Touches* is a

vague word, equivalent, perhaps, to *traits*. Cf. As You Like It, v. 4. 27:

Some lively *touches* of my daughter's favour.

45. XVII. line 12: *And STRETCHED metre of an antique song*.—Everyone will recollect that Keats prefixed this line to Endymion.

46. XVIII. line 3: *Rough winds do shake the DARLING buds of May*.—For *darling* see Othello, i. 2. 68. Dowden compares Cymbeline, i. 3. 36, 37:

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
*Shake all our buds* from growing.

47. XVIII. lines 5, 6:

*the EYE of HEAVEN shines,  
And often is his GOLD complexion dimm'd.*

For *eye of heaven* see Lucrece, 1088, with note. *Gold*, of course, is a purely conventional epithet; so "golden pilgrimage" in Son. vii. 8; and "golden face" in Son. xxxiii. 3.

48. XIX. line 1: *DEVOURING Time*.—So Spenser, Son. lviii.:

*Devouring tyme* and changeful chance have prayd.

—Globe ed. p. 361.

A reminiscence of Ovid's *edax vetustas*:

49. XIX. line 5: *as thou FLEETS*.—The Quarto has *fleets*; but the metre requires the change, and Shakespeare sometimes uses the 3rd person where strict grammar would require the 2nd. Cf. Son. viii. 7:

They do but sweetly chide thee, who *confound's*.

50. XX. line 5: *less false in ROLLING*.—Dowden compares The Faerie Queene, bk. iii. e. 1. st. 41:

Her wanton eyes (all signes of womanhed)  
*Did roll too lightly.*

—Globe ed. p. 160.

We may remember Ulysses' criticism upon Cressida, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 55: "There's language in her eye." The next lines put briefly an idea which he develops at greater length in Son. cxiv. 4-8.

51. XX. line 7: *A man in hue, all hues in his controlling*.—The Quarto prints the line thus:

A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling;

and the capital letter and italics have led people to think that the verse contained a recondite reference to some one named Hughes or Hews. No doubt the offending monosyllable assumed its irregular form through a printer's whim. *Hue*=form, a quite common use of the word in Elizabethan verse; one instance may suffice:

He taught to imitate that Lady trew,

Whose semblance she did carry under feigned *hue*,

—Faerie Queene, bk. i. c. i. st. xxvi. l. 9, Globe ed. p. 16.

Dowden prints the line:

A man in hue all hues in his controlling,

which seem to me a trifle incomprehensible. I would suggest:

A man in hue—all hues in his controlling;

*i.e.* I should take the last part of the line as a parenthesis, with the sense: "A man in form—and all forms are subject to his power (*controlling*) which steals, &c. Perhaps, however, *controlling* is the participle.

52. XXI. line 5: *Making a COUPLEMENT*.—So Malone. Q. has *couplement*; Gildon, *complement*; Sewell (second ed.), *compliment*.

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

53. XXI. line 8: *That heaven's AIR in this huge RONDURE* *hems*.—So King John, ii. 1. 250:

'T is not the *rondure* of your old-fac'd walls.

Perhaps we ought to be consistent in the spelling of the word, though the Globe edition prints *rondure* here, and *rondure* in the line just quoted.

54. XXI. line 12: *As those gold CANDLES fix'd in heaven's air*.—Shakespeare has this image three times: Merchant of Venice, v. 220; Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 9; and Macbeth, ii. 1. 5. In their note on the last passage the Clarendon Press editors quote from Fairfax's Tasso, bk. ix. st. 10:

When *heaven's small candles* next shall shine;

and I can add another instance from Diella (by R. Linche?), xxx.:

He that can count the *candles of the sky*.

—Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 204.

In Othello, iii. 3. 463, he varies the phrase to "ever-burning lights." Milton's lines in Comus, 198–200 are worth noting:

That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil.

Readers of Marlowe will remember how frequently he uses the same idea. See Bullen's ed. vol. ii. pp. 137, 158, 196.

55. XXI. lines 13, 14: *Let them say more, &c.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 240, 241:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,  
She passes praise;

and for a still closer parallel, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1. 75–78; see note 228 to that play. *Like of*=like, as often in Shakespeare.

56. XXII. line 4: *my days should EXPIATE*.—That is, bring to an end. A curious use of the word, but paralleled by Richard III. iii. 3. 23: "the hour of death is *expiate*;" i.e. expired, which, indeed, is the reading of the Second Folio.

57. XXII. lines 6, 7:

*my HEART,*  
*Which in THY BREAST doth live.*

Compare Son. cix. 3, 4:

As easy might I from myself depart  
As from *my soul*, which in *thy breast* doth lie;

and Son. cxxxiii. 9:

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward.

So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 826.

58. XXIII.—Intensity of love precludes its full expression.

59. XXIII. line 9: *O, let my BOOKS*.—That is, the MS. books in which the Sonnets were sent to his friend. *Looks* has been suggested. In line 12 there seems to be a reference to the rival poet.

60. XXIV.—My eyes have painted your image in my heart. In the last sonnet the eye hears: in this it plays the painter. For the antithesis—eye and heart—see Son. xli. and xlvii. The imagery employed in this poem may be illustrated by a variety of passages in Elizabethan verse; perhaps it will be best to group some of these instances together. Constable writes—Diana, Son. v. of the first decade:

Thine eye, the glass where I behold my heart  
Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye  
May see my heart; and there myself espy  
In bloody colours, how thou painted art;

and again in Son. ii. of the second decade:

So Love . . . . .  
Within my heart thy heavenly shape doth paint.  
—Arber's English Garner, ii. pp. 231 and 234.

Again, Watson, in the Teares of Fancy, has:

My Mistress seeing her faire counterfeite  
So sweetlie framed in my bleeding breast.

—See Arber's Reprint, pp. 201 and 203.

So Astrophel and Stella, xxxii. 13, 14:

But from thy heart . . . . .  
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.  
—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 519.

And the anonymous author of Zepheria:

No! never shall that face, so fair depainted  
Within the love-limned tablet of my heart.

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 72.

In the first line the idea is developed quite simply: his eye=the painter; his heart=the canvas, or "table;" his body=the frame. But in lines 8–12 there seems to me to be some confusion. The eyes of A may be regarded as windows to the heart of A: it is a commonplace that the soul looks out through the eye. But how can the eyes of B serve as windows to the heart of A? At first one is inclined to read:

That hath his windows glazed with *mine* eyes:  
only what follows make this impossible.

61. XXIV. lines 1, 2:

and hath STELL'D

*Thy beauty's form in TABLE of my heart.*

For *stell'd* cf. Lucrece, 1444.

To find a face where all distress is *stell'd*.

The Quarto has *steeld*. For *table* cf. "heart's table" in All's Well, i. 1. 106. Elsewhere *tables*=memorandum-book; e.g. Hamlet, i. 5. 107.

62. XXIV. line 4: *And PERSPECTIVE it is best painter's art*.—That is, the science of perspective. Others think that *perspective* means here, as in Richard II. ii. 2. 18, a peculiar kind of optical glass. This second interpretation would lead up to the idea of the next line, the eye being treated as a telescope through which to look into the heart. Perhaps some quibble is intended on the double meaning.

63. XXIV. line 5: *For THROUGH THE PAINTER must you see his skill*.—Said (1) literally: to see the picture painted in my heart you must look through my eye, the eye being the window of the heart; (2) metaphorically: to appreciate properly a painter's work you should regard it with the eyes of the painter himself.

64. XXIV. line 11: *WINDOWS to my BREAST*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 848:

Behold the *window of my heart*, *mine eye*.

Dekker writes: "The Head is a house built for Reason to dwell in . . . The two Eyes are the glasse windows, at which light dispenses itself into every roome" (Dekker's Prose Works, Huth Library, vol. ii. 224). We

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

often find the eyelid called the window of the eye; e.g. in Venus and Adonis, 482:

Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth;

in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 100: "thy *eyes' windows* fall;" and in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 21, 22:

canopied

Under these *windows*, white and azure, lac'd.

So, to go outside Shakespeare, Sidney writes in Astrophel and Stella, xcix. 5, 6:

With *windows* oft then most my mind doth lie,

Viewing the shape of darkness,

—Arber's English Garner, i. p. 553;

and Diella, xxiv., may be quoted:

When leaden-hearted sleep had shut mine *eyes*,

And close o'er-drawn their *windowlets* of light,

—Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 201.

65. XXV. line 5: *Great PRINCES' FAVOURITES*.—Dowden well compares Much Ado, iii. 1. 9, 10:

like to *favourites*,

Made proud by *princes*.

66. XXV. line 6: *But as the MARIGOLD at the SUN'S EYE*.—Shakespeare is alluding to the garden marigold, whose petals open or close as the sun is shining or not. For similar references cf. The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 105, 106; Lucrece, 397-399; and Cymbeline, ii. 3. 26, 27, where the flower is called *Mary-buds*. It was evidently a favourite with the Elizabethan poets. Day in his Parliament of Bees, Character i. line 6, speaks of "*sun-loving marigolds*." So Chapman in Hero and Leander, Fifth Sestiad, 464, 465:

Now the bright *marigolds* . . .

Phœbus' celestial flower.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 22;

and Middleton in the Spanish Gipsy, iv. 1:

You the *sun* with her must play,

She to you the *marigold*.

—Mermaid ed. of Middleton, p. 421;

and England's Helicon:

The pansy or the *marigold*

Are *Phœbus' paramours*.

—Bullen's ed. p. 33;

and Watson's Teares of Fancy:

The *marigold* so likes the lonely *sun*,

That when he setteth the other hides her face.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 45.

67. XXV. line 8: *For at a FROWN*.—So Cymbeline, iv. 2. 264:

Fear no more the *frown* o' the great.

68. XXV. line 9: *famoused for FIGHT*.—Q. has *worth*, which Theobald first changed to *fight*. If *worth* were retained he proposed to read "*razed forth*" in line 11.

69. XXVI.—This sonnet bears a very curious resemblance to the dedication of Lucrece, a fact which has been taken as an argument that the Sonnets, like Lucrece, were addressed to the Earl of Southampton. Lord Campbell speaks of the poem as "a love-letter, in the language of a vassal doing homage to his liege-lord" (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 101).

70. XXVII.—Always are you present with me; cf. Son. lxi. This (xxvii.) and the following sonnet are evidently written during some journey. With Son. xxviii. compare in part Astrophel and Stella, lxxxix. (Arber's English Garner, i. p. 547).

71. XXVII. line 2: *with TRAVEL tir'd*.—Q. has *travall*; the 1640 ed. *travaille*.

72. XXVII. line 6: *INTEND a zealous pilgrimage to thee*.—*Intend*=pursue; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 200, 201: Caesar through Syria

*Intends* his journey.

73. XXVII. line 11: *Like a JEWEL hung in ghastly NIGHT*.—Referring to the idea that some stones could be seen in the dark; cf. Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 227-229:

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine;

and Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 47, 48. So Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 240:

*Rich jewels* in the dark are soonest spied.

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 33.

74. XXVIII. line 9: *I tell the day*, &c.—Dowden reads: I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright.

75. XXVIII. line 12: *When sparkling stars TWIRE not*.—*Twire*=peep, twinkle. There is no need to alter the reading; for *twire*, cf. Ben Jonson, Sad Shepherd, ii. 1: "Which maids will *twire* at" (Routledge's ed. p. 496).

76. XXVIII. line 14: *grief's LENGTH seem stronger*.—Most editors print "*grief's strength*," and this, no doubt, is the more obvious reading. Still, I think the text of the Quarto makes sense. One aspect of his grief is associated with the day, another with the night. In the day he is struck by the long persistence of his pain, in the night he feels the keenness of a sorrow which even in sleeping hours robs him of rest.

77. XXIX. line 6: *FEATUR'D like him*.—So Much Ado, iii. 1. 60: "how rarely *featur'd*."

78. XXIX. line 12: *SINGS hymns at HEAVEN'S GATE*.—Compare, of course, Cymbeline, ii. 3. 21:

Hark, hark! the *lark* at *heaven's gate* sings.

Lilly, as everyone knows, had already written in his Campaspe, v. 1:

who is't now we heare?

None but the *larks* so shrill and cleare;

How at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,

The morne not waking till she sings.

—Fairholt's Lilly, vii. p. 139.

79. XXX.—The past, with all its sorrows, is forgotten when he thinks of his friend. For *sessions*, in line 1, cf. Othello, iii. 3. 140, where, however, the singular *session* is pretty certainly right. The word occurs in Edward III. ii. 2:

When, to the great Star-chamber o'er our heads,

The universal *sessions* calls to count

This pucking evil.

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 30.

80. XXX. line 5: *Then can I drown an eye, UNUS'D TO FLOW*.—Not unlike Othello, v. 2. 348, 349:

whose subdu'd eyes,

Albeit *unus'd* to the melting mood.

81. XXXI.—Continuing to some extent the idea of the last sonnet. All his dead friends are, as it were, summed up, represented, reproduced in his living friend.

82. XXXI. line 5: *a holy and OBSEQUIOUS tear*.—So Son. cxxv. 9:

No, let me be *obsequious* in thy heart;

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

the sense being *dutiful*. Dowden says *funereal*; for which compare "*obsequious sorrow*" in Hamlet, i. 2. 92. We have *obsequiously* in Richard III. i. 2. 3:

Whilst I awhile *obsequiously* lament.

83. XXXI. line 8: *that hidden in THEE lie*.—For *thee* the Quarto has *there*.

84. XXXII.—From his dead friends he passes to the thought of his own death. If his friend survives he must not forget Shakespeare; he must read these Sonnets, though other poets may then write better. In line 3 "by fortune . . . re-survey" suggests that the poems were not to be published.

85. XXXII. line 10: *grown with THIS GROWING AGE*.—Cf. Son. lxxxii. 3:

Some fresher stamp of the *time-bettering* days;

and xxxviii. 13: "*these curious days*."

86. XXXII. line 14: *Theirs for their style I'll read*, &c.—The line is not unsuggestive of Pope's couplet on Cowley.

87. XXXIII. line 3: *Kissing with golden face*.—For somewhat parallel passages cf. King John, iii. 1. 77-80; and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 391-393. Milton speaks of "the arch-chemic sun" (Paradise Lost, iii. 609).

88. XXXIII. line 12: *The REGION cloud*.—*Region* is used in one other passage as an adjective, Hamlet, ii. 2. 606, "*the region kites*," where the Clarendon Press editors note that Shakespeare uses the word to denote the air generally.

89. XXXIII. line 14: *Suns of the world may STAIN*.—*Stain*=be eclipsed, or grow dim. Used transitively and intransitively; cf. Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 48; and Venus and Adonis, note 7. The word occurs several times in Barnes' Parthenophil and Parthenophe; e.g. Son. i.:

And *stain* in glorious loveliness the fairest;

and Son. iv.:

Nymphs, which in beauty mortal creatures *stain*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. pp. 339, 372.

90. XXXIV. line 4: *in their ROTTEN smoke*.—*Rotten*=damp, vapourish; cf. Lucrece, 778:

With *rotten* damps ravish the morning air.

So Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 1, 2.

91. XXXIV. line 12: *the strong offence's CROSS*.—The Quarto has *losse*, a repetition, no doubt, of line 10. What the real word was could be easily conjectured from Son. xlii. 10-13. Moreover, *bear no cross* occurs (with a quibble) in As You Like It, ii. 4. 12.

92. XXXV. line 8: *EXCUSING THY sins more than THY sins are*.—The Quarto prints each *thy* as *their*. The sense of the line seems to me to be this: making thy sins more excusable than they really are; but *excusing* is curious. Dowden remarks: "Staunton proposes 'more than thy sins bear,' i.e. I bear more sins than thine." Surely there is something wrong: *bear* would naturally mean, "more than thy sins allow."

93. XXXV. line 9: *to thy sensual fault I BRING IN SENSE*.—That is, I make the fault appear sensible, reasonable; in fact, I excuse it. Possibly by *bring in* he may mean,

"bring in as an advocate; sense, which should be your adversary ('thy adverse party'), pleads your cause." I certainly think that *adverse party* refers to *sense* in the previous line, the verse being introduced as a parenthesis, and not to Shakespeare. Malone made the stupid suggestion *bring incense*.

94. XXXVI.—Dwells on the social difference that separates Shakespeare and his friend. It is really a continuation of the previous sonnet, since here he explains and justifies his friend's falling away and absence.

95. XXXVI. lines 9, 10:

I may not EVERMORE acknowledge thee,

Lest my BEWAILED GUILT should do thee shame.

Possibly *evermore* hints at the fact that as his friend grows older they will be more kept apart by the "separable" (=separating) spite" of their lives. The reference in *bewailed guilt* is obscure; perhaps he alludes to the disgrace still attaching to him from his connection with the stage; perhaps the words refer to the incidents in his life of which he speaks in the "dark woman" series of Sonnets.

96. XXXVI. lines 13, 14: *But do not so*, &c.—Repeated in Son. xcvi.

97. XXXVII. line 3: *made LAME by FORTUNE's dearest SPITE*.—Compare "the *spite of fortune*" in Son. xc. 3. *Made lame*, as Qq. in Lear, iv. G. 225, where, however, the Folios read *came to*. As to the question—How was Shakespeare lame?—discussion were dangerous; that way, as Mr. Swinburne has shown, madness lies. Compare Son. lxxxix. 3:

Speak of my *lame*ness, and I straight will halt.

98. XXXVII. line 7: *ENTITLED in THY parts do crown'd sit*.—I think *entitled*=in full legal possession, i.e. having a good title to. The Quarto reads *their*, of which I can make nothing.

99. XXXVIII.—Contrast Son. ciii.; also, in part, Son. lxxxiii.

100. XXXVIII. line 10: *Than those old NINE which rhymers invoke*.—So Sidney writes in Astrophel and Stella, iii.:

Let dainty wits cry on the *sisters nine*.

—Arber's English Garner, i. p. 504.

Compare, too, what Biron says in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 404-410.

101. XXXIX. line 2: *the BETTER PART OF ME*.—So Son. lxxiv. 8:

My spirit is thine, *the better part of me*.

It is like Horace's *animæ dimidium meæ*. To some extent the sonnet is an echo of Son. xxxvi.

102. XXXIX. line 11: *To ENTERTAIN THE TIME*.—*Entertain*=pass; cf. Lucrece, 1361:

The weary *time* she cannot *entertain*.

103. XL.—This and the two following sonnets are connected with the "dark woman" series. "Love's wrong" in line 12 is repeated in "Those pretty wrongs" of Son. xli.

104. XL. line 9: *thy robbery, GENTLE THIEF*.—Compare *sweet thief* in Son. xxxv. 14.

105. XLI. lines 5, 6: *Gentle thou art*, &c.—Compare I.

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

Henry VI. v. 3. 77, 78; Richard III. i. 2. 228, 229; Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 82, 83, where see note. Probably there was some proverb on the subject.

106. XLII. line 12: *a twofold TRUTH*.—*Truth*=allegiance or duty. By *twofold* is meant the duty of the "dark woman" to Shakespeare, and the duty of the friend to Shakespeare.

107. XLII. line 12: *lay on me this CROSS*.—See note on Son. xxxiv. 12.

108. XLIII.—Sonnets xliii. xlv. and xlv. are all written during absence; xlv. is obviously a continuation of xlii.

109. XLIII. line 2: *they view things UNRESPECTED*.—*Unrespected*=seen but not distinguished; cf. Venus and Adonis, 911:

Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting.

110. XLIV. line 1: *If the DULL SUBSTANCE of my FLESH*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 64: "this muddy vesture of decay;" cf. too, Hamlet, i. 2. 129.

111. XLIV. line 8: *As soon as think*.—Is not this awkward? At least it would be simpler if the text stood:

*Soon as he thinks the place where he would be.*

112. XLV. line 1: *The OTHER TWO*.—That is, *elements*. It was an old theory that a man is composed of four elements—earth, water, fire, and air. Shakespeare alludes to it in Julius Caesar, v. 5. 73, 74; Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 10, see note 88 to that play; Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 292; and Henry V. iii. 7. 22, 23, note 190. In the last-mentioned passage and in Antony and Cleopatra, as in this sonnet, air and fire are taken as the type of lightness; so Drayton said of Marlowe:

his raptures were  
All *air* and *fire*, which made his verses clear.

Outside Shakespeare many references might be given; e.g. The White Devil, v. 6:

Whether I resolve to *fire*, *earth*, *water*, *air*,  
Or all the *elements*.

--Webster and Tourneur, in Mermaid ed. p. 118; and Barnes' Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Son. xlv.:

How can I live in mind or body's health,  
When all four *elements* my grief conspire.

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 324.

See Spenser, Son. lv. Globe ed. p. 581; and Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 332.

113. XLVI.—Compare Son. xlii. and Son. xlvii. There is a long note on the legal aspect of this poem in Lord Campbell's Legal Acquirements, pp. 102, 103. As to the antithesis *eye and heart*, it appears to have been a favourite conceit with sonnet-writers. It would take too much space to illustrate this statement by quotation; see, however, Constable's Diana, Son. vii. of Sixth Decade, Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 254; and Watson's Passionate Centurie, pp. 181, 182, and 188 in Arber's Reprint.

114. XLVI. line 10: *A QUEST of thoughts*.—*Quest*=jury, as in Richard III. i. 4. 189; cf. too, an anonymous poem in Tottel's Miscellany:

And if I were the fornicator of the *quest*  
To geue a verdict of her beauty bright.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 215.

So Hamlet, v. 1. 24.

115. XLVI. line 13: *mine EYE'S DUE is thy OUTWARD part*.—Compare what he said in Son. xxiv. 13, 14.

116. XLVII. line 3: *famish'd for a look*.—So Son. lxxxv. 10: "clean starved for a look." Dowden quotes Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 88:

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

117. XLVII. line 6: *And to the painted BANQUET bids my heart*.—Properly *banquet* meant what we should call the dessert after a meal, and not the meal itself; cf. As You Like It, ii. 5. 65: "his *banquet* is prepar'd;" and see the Clarendon Press note on Macbeth, i. 4. 56. The strict use of the word is well illustrated by a passage in Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 3:

"T is strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ;

Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner.

—Tauchnitz ed. of Doubtful Plays, p. 105.

118. XLVII.—Written during travel; so Son. i. li.

119. XLVIII. line 11: *the gentle CLOSURE of my BREAST*.—See note on Venus and Adonis, 782. With line 14 cf. Venus and Adonis, 724.

120. XLIX. line 4: *by adu's'd RESPECTS*.—*Respect* often implies fear of making an error; deliberate calculation of consequences; cf. Lucrece, 275: "*Respect* and reason." The idea of the couplet is, that the time will come for closing the account of their friendship.

121. XLIX. line 12: *the lawful reasons ON THY PART*.—That is, on your side; cf. Son. lxxxviii. 6:

*Upon thy part* I can set down a story.

To make the rhyme with *desert* in line 10 less awkward the Quartos read *desart*.

122. L. lines 5, 6:

The BEAST that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods DULL on.

It is all a metaphor, says the ever-felicitous Mr. Fleay; anyone can see that the "dull bearer" (next sonnet, line 2) is Pegasus. And on this theory who—Oh! who?—would have the heart to comment? For *dully* the Quarto has *duly*; the correction is certain; cf. "dull bearer," "dull flesh," in Son. li.

123. LI. line 7: *MOUNTED on the WIND*.—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 95:

Her worth, being *mounted on the wind*;

and Cymbeline, iii. 4. 37, 38:

whose breath

Rides on the *posting* winds.

So also II. Henry IV. Induction 4.

124. LI. line 11: *Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race*.—I think this is preferable to the reading adopted by the Globe editors:

Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race.

125. LII. line 4: *FOR blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure*.—*For*=for fear of. The sentiment is developed at greater length in Son. cii.; cf. especially line 12:

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

126. LII. line 5: *Therefore are FEASTS, &c.*—The editors compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 57-59:



# NOTES TO SONNETS.

and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, shored like a feast  
And won by rareness such solemnity.

So in Montaigne's essays, The Two and Fortieth Chapter, on Inequality, we read: "*Feasts, banquets, revels . . . rejoice them that but seldom see them . . . the taste of which becometh cloysome and unpleasant to these that daily see and ordinarily have them*" (Stott's reprint, vol. ii. p. 239).

127. LII. line 8: *Or CAPTAIN jewels in the CARCANET.*—*Captain* = chief; cf. Son. lxi. 12, and perhaps Timon of Athens, iii. 5. 49. The *carcanet* was a sort of necklace, apparently a favourite kind of ornament, as it is so often mentioned. Here are some passages where the word occurs. The City Madam, iv. 4:

Your borrow'd hair  
Your carcanets  
That did adorn your neck.

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 449;

The London Prodigal, i. 2: "I bespoke thee, Luce, a *carcanet* of gold" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 299); Hero and Leander, third Festival, 102:

He said, 'See, sister, Hero's *Carquet*.'

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 44.

See Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 4.

128. LII. line 14: *Being had, to triumph, &c.*—Blessed are you who make it possible ("whose worthiness gives scope") that, when you are present I should triumph: when you are absent, I should look forward to seeing you.

129. LIII. line 7: *On HELEN'S CHEEK.*—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 153, 154:

*Helen's cheek*, but not her heart;  
Cleopatra's majesty.

130. LIII. line 9: *and POISON of the year.*—*Poison* is from the Low Latin *fusio*; French *foison*. Shakespeare has the singular in the Tempest, iv. 1. 110:

Earth's increase, *foison* plenty;

also same play, ii. 1. 163: "all *foison*, all abundance;" and the plural in Macbeth, iv. 3. 88:

Scotland hath *foisons* to fill up your will.

Compare a lyric by Drayton in England's Helicon:

Court of seasoned words hath *foison*.

—Bullen's ed. p. 37.

131. LIV. line 5: *The CANKER-BLOOMS.*—See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 14.

132. LIV. line 8: *their masked buds DISCLOSES.*—So Hamlet, i. 3. 39, 40:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be *disclos'd*,

where *buttons* = buds, *F. boutons*.

133. LV. line 9: *and ALL-OBVIOUS enmity.*—*Oblivious* = which causes to be forgotten; in Macbeth, v. 3. 43, it has the other sense, viz. causing to forget: "some sweet *oblivious* antidote." Compare Milton's "*oblivious* pool," Paradise Lost, bk. i. 266. Milton probably remembered the Latin *obliviosus*, as in Horace's "*oblivioso pocula Massico*."

134. LVI. line 8: *with a perpetual DULLNESS.*—Dowden

suggests that *dullness* = drowsiness, in which case we may remember Troilus and Cressida, iv. 2. 4, where sleep is said to *kill* the eyes, though Pope thought that we ought to read *ill*.

135. LVI. line 13: *OR call it winter.*—Q. reads *As. Else* has been proposed.

136. LVII.—I must depend on your wish to be with me or not. The thought is carried on in the following sonnet.

137. LVII. line 5: *the WORLD-WITHOUT-END hour.*—So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 798, 799:

A time, methinks, too short  
To make a *world-without-end* bargain in.

138. LVII. line 13: *that in your WILL.*—*Will* is spelt in the Quarto with a capital W; possibly, therefore, some such pun was intended as we afterwards have in Son. cxxxv. and cxxxvi. *In your Will* would then mean "in the case of your Will" (i.e. Shakespeare); as the text stands the sense must be: whatever your will and pleasure, love can think no ill of it.

139. LVIII. line 6: *Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty.*—The antithesis is between *imprison'd* and *liberty*: your absence is liberty to you, and, as it were, a very prison to me.

140. LVIII. line 7: *tame* to SUFFERANCE.—To *tame* = to the verge of; in which case *sufferance* must = great forbearance, as in the Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 111:

For *sufferance* is the badge of all our tribe.

Or the sense may be, *tame* to endure *sufferance*, i.e. *suffering*; cf. Lear, iii. 6. 113:

But then the mind much *sufferance* doth o'erskip.

141. LVIII. line 13: *though writing so be HELL.*—Compare Son. cxx. 6: "you've pass'd a *hell* of time;" and Lucrece, 1287:

And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*.

142. LIX.—The sonnet stands by itself, unconnected with what precedes and follows. At times there is a suggestion of the language of Son. cvi.

143. LIX. lines: *Since mind at first in character was done!*—That is, since thought was first expressed in writing.

144. LIX. line 11: *Whether we are mended, or WHERE better they.*—The Cambridge editors read:

Whether we are mended, or *whether* better they;

but the Quarto prints the second *whether* as *where*. Either way the word will be a monosyllable, as is so often the case in Elizabethan verse.

145. LIX. line 12: *Or whether revolution be the same.*—Whether time in its course produces the same things, same qualities, same kinds of men, &c.

146. LX.—Returning to the idea developed in Son. liv. and lv., and previously in Son. xvi. xvii. &c., that his verse will confer immortality on his friend—*non omnis morietur*.

147. LX. line 9: *the FLOURISH set on youth.*—For *flourish* = ornament, cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 91. In the next verse *parallets* = lines; so Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 107, 108:

as near as the extremest ends  
Of *parallets*.



## NOTES TO SONNETS.

148. LXI. line 7: *and IDLE HOURS in me*.—Dowden compares the Dedication to Venus and Adonis: "I vow to take advantage of all *idle hours*."

149. LXII. —What of good and deserving there lies in me is you, not myself: not of my own possession, but of your giving. "T is thee, myself [*i.e.* who art myself], that for myself [*i.e.* as if myself] I praise."

150. LXII. line 1: *Sin of SELF-LOVE*.—Compare The Faithful Shepherdess, iv. 4:

Dearer than thou canst love *thyself*, though all  
The *self-love* were within thee that did fall  
With that coy swain that now is made a flower.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. ii. p. 383.

So Son. iii. 8, and, to some extent, Venus and Adonis, 157-160.

151. LXII. line 3: *As I ALL OTHER*.—So Chapman uses *other some* in Hero and Leander, Fifth Sestiad, 357 (Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 85).

152. LXII. line 10: *BEATED and CHOPP'D with tann'd antiquity*.—Collier proposed *beaten*, though *beated* is a quite possible form; and Steevens, *blasted*. Malone suggested *bated* (cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 3. 32), and Dowden remarks: "The word *tann'd* led me to turn to the article 'Leather' in Chambers' Encyclopedia, where I met the following passage: 'Hides or skins intended for dressing purposes . . . have to be submitted to a process called *bating*.'" The coincidence is curious; but *beated* need not be changed. For *chopp'd* Dyce would read *chapp'd*; cf. Julius Caesar, i. 2. 246, "clapp'd their *chapp'd* hands." In Macbeth, i. 3. 44, editors vary between *chappy* and *chopp'd*.

153. LXII. line 14: *PAINTING my AGE with BEAUTY of thy days*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 244:

*Beauty* doth *varnish* age, as if *new-born*.

154. LXIII. —Son. lxiii. takes up the last sonnet: there he was "Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity;" here he contemplates the time when his friend will be "crush'd and *o'erworn*" (cf. Venus and Adonis, 135).

155. LXIII. line 9: *For such a time do I now FORTIFY*.—That is, take measures. Compare Daniel's Delia, Son. 1. 1:

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,  
That *fortify* thy name against old age.

—Arber's English Garner, iii. p. 616.

156. LXIII. line 13: *His beauty shall in these BLACK lines be seen*.—So Son. lxv. 14:

That in *black ink* my love may still shine bright.

Is there possibly a quibble on the idea of dark complexions?

157. LXIV. —This and the following sonnet dwell upon the invincibility of Time. We may note how here, and indeed usually when developing this idea, Shakespeare employs purely conventional imagery—"brass eternal," "gates of steel," just as though he remembered his Horace and Ovid, and were content to echo them.

158. LXIV. line 2: *The rich-proud COST of outworn buried age*.—*Cost*=that on which money is spent; so II. Henry IV. i. 3. 60:

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created *cost*.

159. LXIV. line 5: *When I have seen*.—The editors compare II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 45-51.

160. LXV. line 10: *Shall Time's best jewel from Time's CHEST lie hid?*—That is, the best jewel ever brought forth from Time's chest. Theobald ingeniously proposed *quest*; but compare for the present image Son. iii. 8, 9, and Richard II. i. 1. 180.

161. LXVI. line 1: *Ti'd with all THESE*.—*These* refers to the ills which he proceeds to recount. It has been pointed out that the pessimism of the poem is strongly suggestive of Hamlet's soliloquies. Compare in particular Hamlet, iii. 1. 70-74; we may recollect also Lucrece, 904-910.

162. LXVI. line 9: *And ART made tongue-tied by AUTHORITY*.—"Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?" (Dowden). *Tongue-tied*, as in Son. lxxxv. *Art* in Shakespeare often = the arts.

163. LXVII. line 4: *And LACE itself with his society*.—*Lace*=adorn, as in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 22, 23:

white and azure, *lac'd*

With blue of heaven's own thint;

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 118:

His silver skin *lac'd* with his golden blood.

In Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 8, the sense is not so clear.

164. LXVII. line 6: *And steal DEAD SEEING of his living hue*.—*Dead seeing*=the lifeless semblance of beauty. But might we not read:

And steal, *dead-seeing*, of his living hue?

That is, itself dead seeing, *i.e.* looking dead; *steal* of would = steal part of, or steal from. For seeing Capell conjectured *seeming*. In the next line *indirectly*=wrongfully; so Henry V. ii. 4. 94; and *indirection* in Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 75.

165. LXVIII. line 3: *Before these bastard signs of fair were BORN*.—Q. has *borne*, which Malone retained, in the sense of worn; but line 4 would then be a mere repetition of line 3. Moreover, as Dowden notes, *bastard* suggests the idea of birth.

166. LXVIII. line 5: *Before the golden TRESSES of the DEAD*.—We have the same reference in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 259; and Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 92-96.

167. LXVIII. lines 13, 14: *And him as for a map, &c.*—A variation on the last couplet of the preceding sonnet.

168. LXIX. —In close connection with the last sonnet. There he spoke of his friend's beauty; here and in Son. lxx. he shows how that beauty was bound to arouse envy and scandal.

169. LXIX. line 3: *All TONGUES, the VOICE of SOULS, give thee that DUE*.—So in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 82, and again in Venus and Adonis, 367, the tongue is described as "the engine of her thoughts." For *due* the Quarto has *end*; no doubt an accidental repetition of the *end* in *mend*, line 2.

170. LXIX. line 14: *The SOIL is this*.—*Soil*=blemish, as in Hamlet, i. 3. 15, the sense being: the fault which prevents your odour (keeping up the metaphor of last lines) from matching your show is the fact that you grow

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

common. The Cambridge editors say: "as the verb 'to soil' is not uncommon in Old English, meaning 'to solve,' . . . so the substantive 'soil' may be used in the sense of 'solution.'" Q. has *solye*, and Dyce reads *solue*.

171. LXX. line 2: *FOR SLANDER'S MARK*.—A thought which one meets in various forms. Compare Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 285, 286:

Whose name is it, if she be false or not,  
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot.  
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 16;

and Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 197, 198:  
back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes.

In the same way greatness, we are reminded, is scandal's mark, for

Kings are clouts that every man shoots at.  
—Tamburlaine, part I. ii. 4. 3 (Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 37).

Sophocles had long before said: "Yea, point thine arrow at a noble spirit, and thou shalt not miss" (Ajax, 154, 155). As to the inevitableness of calumny we may remember Hamlet's words, iii. 1. 140.

172. LXX. line 6: *being WOO'D of TIME*.—I think this means, "being tempted by your youth." Compare what is said in line 9:

Thou hast pass'd by the anilush of *young* days.

We may remember, too, Son. xli. 3, 4, especially line 4:  
For still temptation follows where thou art.

Dowden explains it to mean, "being solicited or tempted by the present times." An obvious alteration is "*woo'd oft-time*." Staunton proposed "*woo'd of crime*." No change, however, is necessary.

173. LXX. line 12: *To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd*.—I borrow Professor Dowden's note. "Professor Hales writes to me: Surely a reference here to the Faerie Queene, end of bk. vi. Calidore ties up the Blatent Beast; after a time he breaks his iron chain, 'and got into the world at liberty again; i.e. is evermore enlarged.'"

174. LXXI.—Forget me when I am dead. We may contrast Son. xxxiii. and lxxiv.

175. LXXI. line 2: *the swirly SULLEN BELL*.—So II. Henry IV. i. 1. 102:

Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*.

Cf., too, "*sullen dirges*" in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. SS.

176. LXXI. line 10: *COMPOUNDED am WITH CLAY*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 116: "*compound me with forgotten dust*;" and Hamlet's "*dead and turn'd to clay*" (v. 1. 230).

177. LXXII. line 5: *sOME VIRTUOUS LIE*.—Did Shakespeare know of Plato's *γενναῖον ψῆδος* or Horace's *splendide mendax*? Webster in the Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2, has:

I must now accuse you  
Of such a feign'd crime as Tasso calls  
*Magnanima menzogna*, a noble lie.  
—Webster and Tournear in Mermaid ed. p. 181.

178. LXXII. line 13: *For I am sham'd by THAT WHICH I BRING FORTH*.—These sonnets or his plays?

179. LXXIII.—Carrying on from Son. lxxi. and lxxii. the idea of his own death. For the metaphor worked out in

the first lines the editors compare Cymbeline, iii. 3. 60-64; and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 263-266.

180. LXXIII. line 4: *Bare RUT'D choirs*.—The right reading was first given in the edition of 1640. The Quarto has *ru'ed quiers*.

181. LXXIII. lines 7, 8:  
*black NIGHT*  
DEATH'S SECOND SELF.

Sleep is the "ape of death" in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 31; the "brother to death" in Daniel's Delia, Son. xlix. (Arber's English Garner, vol. iii. p. 616); the "brother of quiet death" in Griffin's Fidesa, Son. xv. (Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 598); "death's twin-brother" in Tennyson's In Memoriam, canto lxxviii.; and in Sir Thomas Browne's treatise on Dreams.

182. LXXIV. lines 1, 2:  
*when that FELL ARREST*  
*Without all BAIL*

Dowden aptly refers to Hamlet, v. 2. 347, 348:  
this *fell* sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his *arrest*.

*Without all bail* is said in allusion to the legal phrase *without bail and mainprize*=a summary form of arrest. Cf. the English Traveller, iv. 4:

But speak, runs it  
Both *without bail and main prize*.  
—Heywood's Plays in Mermaid Series, p. 215.

183. LXXIV. lines 10, 11:  
*The PREY of WORMS, my body being dead;*  
*The coward conquest of a WRETCH'S KNIFE.*

So Son. lxxi. 3, 4:  
*fled*  
From this vile world, with *viled* worms to dwell.

On line 11 Dowden has a curious note: "Does Shakespeare merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe's death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to the dissection of dead bodies? Or is it 'confounding age's cruel knife' of lxxii. 1. 10?" Surely the last alternative is the only feasible one. Cf. in addition to Son. lxxii. Son. c. 13, 14:

Give my love fame faster than *Time* wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked *knife*.

All through we have these purely conventional touches.

184. LXXIV. lines 13, 14: *The worth of that, &c.*—The good element in the body is that which it (the body) contains; what it contains is the spirit, and his verse is that spirit.

185. LXXV. line 13.—*Thus do I PINE and SURFEIT day by day*.—So Venus and Adonis, 602:  
Do *surfeit* by the eye and *pine* the maw;

Where, however, *pine* is transitive.

186. LXXVI.—If what I write is always the same the reason is clear: I always write about you. Compare Son. cv. and ciii.

187. LXXVI. line 4: *To new-found methods, &c.*—A refer-  
105

# NOTES TO SONNETS.

ence to contemporary poets. Dowden compares Astrophel and Stella, 3:

Let dainty wits crie on the Sisters nine.

Ennobling *new-found* tropes with problemes old,  
Or with strange similies enrich each line.

188. LXXVI. line 7: *doth almost TELL*.—The Quarto has *fel*.

189. LXXVI. line 11: *So all my best is DRESSING old words new*.—Compare Son. exxiii. 4: "*dressings of a former sight*;" where the sense, as here, is reproductions.

190. LXXVII.—Apparently the sonnet was written to accompany the present of a manuscript volume from Shakespeare to his friend. As I understand the poem, the writer says three things: 1. Look in your glass and you will see how your beauty fades; 2. Look at your dial and you will realize how time flies; 3. Write your thoughts from time to time in the "vacant leaves" (or "waste blanks") of this volume, and then, reading over what you have written, you will realize the change which has gone on in your own nature and character; you will "take a new acquaintance" of your mind. Thus you will appreciate the double change, outward and inward, that has taken place in yourself.

191. LXXVII. line 4: *And of this book THIS LEARNING mayst thou taste*.—That is, the learning that time flies. I cannot understand Dowden's idea that the line may be "suggested by the fact that Shakspeare is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you learning; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them." Why "*this learning*"?

192. LXXVII. line 6: *OFMOUTHED GRATES*.—So "*mouthed wounds*" in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 97.

193. LXXVII. line 10: *Commit to these waste BLANKS*.—Theobald corrected the Quarto, which had *blacks*.

194. LXXVIII. line 3: *hath GOT MY USE*.—That is, caught my tricks of style; or perhaps, imitated my habit of writing poems to you.

195. LXXVIII. line 9: *that which I COMPILE*.—*Compile* = compose, write; so Son. lxxxv. 2, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 52. Compare Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 128, 129.

And some, their violent passions to assuage,

Compile sharp satires.

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 10.

The Steel Glass is described on the title-page as "*A Satyre Compiled by George Gascoigne Esquiere*" (Arber's Reprint, p. 41); and Watson uses the word in the same sense (Watson's poems, Arber's ed. p. 36). *Arts* in line 12 means learning, scholarship; cf. Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 2, and *arts-man* in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 85.

196. LXXX.—A continuation practically of Son. lxxviii. and lxxxix.; he is jealous of the rival poet. As to this "better spirit," see Introduction, p. 64.

197. LXXX. line 7: *My saucy bark, &c.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 34–42.

198. LXXX. line 11: *Or, being WRECK'D*.—Q. has *verackt*.

199. LXXXI. line 12: *the BREATHERS of THIS WORLD*.—*This world* must = this present age. For *breather* cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 24.

200. LXXXI. line 14: *even IN THE MOUTHS OF MEN*.—This is like Ennius' "*Volito vivus per ora virum*."

201. LXXXII. line 3: *The DEDICATED WORDS which writers use*.—The sense is, you may without doing wrong read over the dedications of writers who address their books to you. Such pieces of flattery as are here hinted at Shakespeare refers to in Timon of Athens, i. 1. 19, 20:

You're rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

202. LXXXII. line 8: *the TIME-BETTERING days*.—Compare "*this growing age*" in Son. xxxii. 10; and Pericles, Prologue to act i. 11, 12:

these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe.

203. LXXXII. line 11: *truly SYMPATHIZ'D*.—Perhaps sympathetically expressed; or, answered, replied to; cf. Lucrece, 1112, 1113:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
When with like semblance it is *sympathiz'd*.

So Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 52.

204. LXXXII. lines 13, 14: *And their gross painting, &c.*—For the rhyme in this couplet Dowden compares Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 226, 227.

205. LXXXIII. line 1: *I never saw that you did PAINTING need*.—Repeating, obviously, the last couplet of the preceding sonnet—"And their gross painting," &c. Son. lxxxiv. lxxxv. lxxxvi. all turn upon the same idea—that Shakespeare will leave it to others to praise his friend.

206. LXXXIII. lines 11, 12: *For I impair not, &c.*—See Son. ci.; and with the expression "would give life, and bring a tomb" compare Son. xvii. 1–4.

207. LXXXIV. lines 3, 4:

the STORE

Which should EXAMPLE where your equal grew.

Referring to the idea that his friend should marry and so in his children hand on a proof and sign of his own beauty. For store see Son. xiv. 12. *Example* as in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 55:

I will *example* it.

208. LXXXIV. line 11: *And such a COUNTERPART shall FAME his wit*.—*Counterpart* = exact reproduction. *Fame* = make famous; cf. *infamelize* in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 634; and Marvel, Appleton House:

From that best bed the hero came  
Whom France and Poland yet does *fame*.

—Works, iii. p. 207.

209. LXXXIV. line 14: *Being FOND ON praise*.—There is no need to change to the more usual *fond of*; cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 266:

More *fond* on her than she upon her love.

210. LXXXV. lines 3, 4:

RESERVE THEIR CHARACTER with GOLDEN QUILL,  
And PRECIOUS phrase by all the Muses FIL'D.

What *reserve their character* means I do not know. According to Malone, *reserve* = preserve, which does not help us much. Can the sense be "become immortal"? as though that which is well written can never lose its freshness, must always be of the same value and interest. Dowden suggests *deserve*, i.e. they deserve to be written.

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

*Golden quill* occurs in Spenser, Son. lxxxiv. Globe ed. p. 585. *Precious* may be said with some suggestion of scorn; Love's Labour's Lost is a study of "preciousness" (Euphuism) of style. *Filed*=polished; worked up with that *linen labor* which Horace recommends. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. i. 11; and the Passionate Pilgrim, 306. Many instances outside Shakespeare might be given; here are some:

Thy *filed* wordes

Yat from thy mouth did flow.

—Barnabe Googe's Sonettes, Arber's Reprint, p. 99;

Love's Metamorphosis, i. 2: "It is not your faire faces . . . nor your *filed* speeches" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 219; and again, vol. i. p. 182); "polished wordes, or *filed* speeches" (Stubbes Anatomy, part I. p. 23); well-torned and true-*filed* lines (Ben Jonson, Verses on Shakespeare).

211. LXXXVI.—For the references in this sonnet see Introduction, p. 402.

212. LXXXVI. line 4: *Making their TOMB the WOMB wherein they grew*.—So Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 9, 10:

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb.

For the same idea cf. the following passages:—Lucretius, v. 260:

Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum;

Spenser—Ruines of Time:

The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,

Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid;

and Milton, Paradise Lost, ii. 910, 911:

this wild abyss,

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

213. LXXXVI. line 13: *FILL'D up his line*—*Fill'd* is clearly in antithesis to *lack'd*: When his Verse was "graced" (Son. lxxviii. 12) by you, I was left out, was without inspiration. *Filed* is a pointless change.

214. LXXXVII.—This and the six following sonnets all dwell upon the estrangement which has grown up between Shakespeare and his friend. We may note the verbal links that connect the poems.

215. LXXXVII. line 4: *My BONDS in thee are all DETERMINATE*.—*Bonds* = claims on. Shakespeare uses his favourite legal language. For *determinate* see note on *determination* in Son. xiii. 6; and cf. Richard II. i. 3. 150, 151:

The fly-slow hours shall not *determinate*

The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

216. LXXXVIII. line 3: *Upon thy side against myself I'll fight*.—Compare Son. cxlix. 1, 2:

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,

When I, *against myself*, with thee partake?

The present sonnet sounds like an echo of Son. xlix.; here he does exactly what he there promised to do:

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,

Against that time do I ensconce me here

Within the knowledge of mine own desert,

And this my hand *against myself* uprear,

To guard the lawful reasons on thy part.

*Desert* there = demerit, i.e. the *mine own weakness* of this sonnet. Note also Son. xxxv.

217. LXXXIX. line 6: *To SET A FORM*.—That is, make definite and decided; or perhaps it = cause to appear decent and becoming, i.e. gloss over.

218. LXXXIX. line 8: *I will acquaintance STRANGLE, and look STRANGE*.—*Strangle* = extinguish, as in Macbeth, ii. 4. 7. *Strange* = distant: to *look strange* on a person was to pass by without recognizing him; in our phrase, to "cut" him. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. i. 295:

Why look you *strange* on me? You know me well;

so Son. cx. 6; xlix. 5 ("strangely pass"); Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 102; and Othello, iii. 3. 12.

219. XC.—If you mean to turn away from me, do so now when all the world frowns on me. Line 1, "Then hate me when thou wilt," takes up the last line of lxxxix.: "whom thou dost hate."

220. XC. line 6: *in the REARWARD of a conquer'd woe*.—That is, at the end of a woe which I have conquered. *Rearward* as in Much Ado, iv. 1. 128.

221. XC. line 7: *Give not a WINDY night a RAINY morrow*.—Referring to the fact that wind generally precedes rain; see Troilus and Cressida, note 246; and cf. Lucrece, 1788-1790, and III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 85, 86.

222. XCI. line 3: *though NEW-FANGLED ill*.—Compare Sir John Davies' Orchestra, st. 16:

First known and used in this *new-fangled* age;

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 27;

and Spenser:

The schooles they fill with *fond new-fangleness*.

—Globe ed. p. 501.

It was a favourite word with Stubbes; see the Anatomy, Furnivall's ed. pp. 31, 365, 366; see, too, As You Like It, note 137.

223. XCI. line 10: *RICHER than wealth. PROUDER than garments' cost*.—Dowden refers to Cymbeline, iii. 3. 23, 24:

*Richer* than doing nothing for a bauble [baube?],

*Prouder* than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

224. XCII.—This is an expansion of Son. xci. The emphatic words are *humour* and *inconstant*. You may, says Shakespeare, take all from me and so ruin me; but I shall not be at the mercy of your caprices, because the first act of disloyalty on your part will kill me. So long as you are true, so long I live; be false, and I die straightway. The first line, "steal thyself away," echoes the last couplet of the last sonnet:

thou mayst *take*

*All this away*.

225. XCII. line 13: *But what's so BLESSED-FAIR that fears no blot?*—This is not unsuggestive of Othello, iii. 3. 138-141. In Othello, too, we have (iv. 2. 68) the compound *lovely-fair*; see, however, note 211 to that play.

226. XCIII. line 7, 8: *In many's looks, &c.*—A favourite idea with Shakespeare; cf. Macbeth, i. 4. 11, 12:

There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face;

and i. 7. 33:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Contrast Lucrece, 1396:

The face of either cipher'd either's heart.

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

Euripides had long before said in the *Medea*, 516-520, that spurious gold all can tell, but on the body of the evil man no stamp is set whereby to know him.

227. XCIII. line 13: *EVE'S apple*.—Q. reads *Eaves* in italics.

228. XCIV. —From those who are cold, self-centred, self-contained, we expect the highest perfection. They set up a lofty standard and must abide by it. True to their ideal, they win the greater praise; untrue, their fall is the greater (line 14):

*Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.*

229. XCIV. line 8: *Others but STEWARDS*.—*Stewards*, and so responsible; not *lords and owners*, having absolute possession.

230. XCV. line 10: *Though to itself it only LIVE and DIE*.—Compare Son. liv. 10, 11:

*They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves.*

In line 12 Sidney Walker suggested *barrest*, quite needlessly.

231. XCIV. line 14: *Lilies that fester*, &c.—This line occurs in the doubtful play *Edward III.* ii. 2. (near the end), Tauchnitz ed. p. 24. Myself, I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare had a hand in the composition of *Edward III.* (first printed in 1596), and the passage in which the line comes is one of the most Shakespearean parts of the play.

*Fester*=rot. The rhyme in the *complet* occurred in Son. lxxix. lines 10 and 12. Dowden compares with the whole sonnet Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 390-404.

232. XCV. —Sonnet xcv. partially reverses the idea of previous sonnet. You are so fair that frailty in you ceases to be foul. Beauty covers up your sins. Only do not rely too much on your privilege; do not abuse your seeming immunity from blame. Lines 13 and 14 give the warning. The next sonnet continues the subject of his friend's errors.

233. XCV. line 12: *And all things TURN TO FAIR that eyes can see*.—He had previously said:

*Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows.*

—Sonnet xl. 13.

234. XCVI. line 3: *are loved of MORE and LESS*.—That is, great and small. Dowden compares *I. Henry IV.* iv. 3. 68:

*The more and less came in with cap and knee.*

235. XCVI. lines 13, 14: *But do not so*, &c.—Compare Son. xxxvi. 13, 14.

236. XCVII. —Written after an absence which has made the summer as winter to him. The metaphor is carried on in the next sonnet. *Winter* in line 1 reminds us of Son. lvi. 13.

237. XCVIII. line 7: *any SUMMER'S STORY*.—*Summer's story*=a gay fiction, as Malone quaintly phrases it. He neatly parallels the passage by *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 12-14:

*If't be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance.*

238. XCVIII. line 9: *the LILY'S white*.—So Collier; *lillies* in Q.

239. XCIX. —Taking up the last verse of last sonnet:

As with your shadow I with these did play:

This curious type of flower sonnet was a favourite Elizabethan conceit. Compare Constable's *Diana* (1594 or earlier), First Decade, Son. 9:

My Lady's presence makes the Roses red,  
Because to see her lips they blush for shame.  
The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became;  
And her white hands in them this envy bred.  
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spread;  
Because the sun's and her power is the same.  
The Violet of purple colour came,  
Dyed in the blood she made my heart to shed.  
In brief. All flowers from her their Virtue take;  
From her sweet breath, their sweet smells do proceed.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 233.

So again, Spenser, *Amoretti*, 64, Globe edition of Works, p. 582. The following, too, from a song by Thomas Campion, is worth giving:

There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heavenly paradise is that place  
Wherein all pleasant fruits doth flow.

—Ballet's Lyrics (1587), p. 156.

240. XCIX. line 1: *The forward VIOLET thus did I chide*.—Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 935, 936:

his health and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, *smell to the violet*.

241. XCIX. line 3: *The PURPLE pride*.—*Purple* is used by the poets in the vaguest way. *Purpureus* simply expressed extreme brightness of colour; so Horace applies it to a swan—*purpureis ales aloribus*. In *Venus and Adonis*, line 1, the sun is *purple-coloured*; and in line 1054 of the same poem *Adonis'* wound sheds "*purple tears*." For "*purple tears*," indeed, compare *III. Henry VI.* v. 6. 64; and for "*purpled hands*," *King John.* ii. 1. 322, and *Julius Caesar.* iii. 1. 158. Gray, I suppose, was thinking of the classical use of the epithet when he spoke of "*the purple light of love*."

242. XCIX. line 8: *The ROSES fearfully*, &c.—Note *Lucece*, 477-479:

The colour in thy face,  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace.

The daring employment in this sonnet of the "pathetic fallacy" reminds one a little of the famous song in "*Maud*," with those stanzas which Ruskin criticises so severely.

243. C. —He resumes the Sonnets after an interval, perhaps, of play-writing.

244. C. line 3: *Spend'st thou thy FURY*.—*Fury*=inspiration, or poetic enthusiasm. Compare *Sir John Davies' Orchestra*, 131:

And in my mind such sacred *fury* move;

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 50;

and *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 229:

What zeal, what *fury* hath inspir'd thee now?

and *Othello*, iii. 4. 72:

In her prophetic *fury* saw'd the work.

The *fury poetica* was a favourite burlesque character; see *The Returne from Parnassus*, Arber's Reprint, p. 13, and *Randolph's Conceited Peddler*, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i.



## NOTES TO SONNETS.

p. 48. In Son. xvii. 11 we had "a poet's *rage*" in the same sense, and then we might have quoted from Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 416, 417:

Yet I have a trick  
Of the old *rage*.

245. c. line 9: *RESTY Muse*.—Compare Astrophel and Stella, lxxx. 12:

And no spur can his *resty* race renew.  
—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 543.

So probably in the same sense of torpid, Cymbeline, iii. 6. 34, 35:

when *resty* sloth  
Finds the down-pillow hard.

Dowden quotes *resty-stiff* from Edward III. iii. 3. p. 44. Tauchnitz ed.; and Dyce refers to Cole's Latin and English Dictionary: "*Resty, piger, lentus*."

246. c. line 11: *be a SATIRE to decay*.—That is, mock decay. *Satire* is explained to = *satirist*, for which we are referred to The Poetaster, v. 1:

The honest *satyr* hath the happiest soul.  
—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 534.

247. c. l.—Subject the same. "O truant Muse" repeats "Where art thou, Muse?" of last sonnet.

248. c. line 3: *BOTH TRUTH and BEAUTY*.—Love inspires my Muse; and with my Muse does it rest to make his beauty and truth immortal. Compare Son. xiv. 11:

As *truth and beauty* shall together thrive;

and line 14:

Thy end is *truth's and beauty's* doom and date.

So Son. liv. 1, 2:

O, how much more doth *beauty* beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which *truth* doth give!

and The Phoenix and the Turtle, 62-64:

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;  
*Truth and beauty* buried be.

249. c. l. lines 7, 8:

As *Philomel* in summer's FRONT doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of *riper days*.

Dowden compares The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 3: "Peering in *April's front*." The idea of the passage is partially the same as that in Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 104-108.

250. c. l. line 12: *And sweets grown common lose their dear delight*.—Compare Son. lii. 3, 4:

The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

In the previous line (11) "*wild music*" reminds us of Milton's "warbling his woodnotes *wild*."

251. c. l. —If my verse is lame, the fault lies with the subject, to which none could do justice. Compare Son. lxxxiii., especially the last six lines.

252. c. l. line 1: *what POVERTY*.—So Son. lxxxiv. 5:  
Lean *penury* within that pen doth dwell.

253. c. l. line 10: *To MAR the subject that before was WELL*.—Dowden compares Lear, i. 4. 309:

Striving to better, oft we *mar* what's *well*;

and King John, iv. 2. 28, 29.

254. c. l. —To the eyes of true love beauty never passes:

the loved object remains the same. The idea is expressed again in Son. cviii. 9-14.

255. c. l. line 3: *THREE winters cold*.—A time reference, which does not, however, help very much in evolving the history of the Sonnets. Dyce reads *three winters' cold*.

256. c. l. line 10: *STEAL from his figure*.—Compare Son. lxxvii. 7: "thy dial's shady *stealth*." The "hourly dial" is mentioned in Lucrece, 327.

257. c. l. —Compare Son. lxxvi. and cviii.

258. c. l. line 9: *FAIR, KIND, and TRUE*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 53-57:

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
And therefore, like herself, *wise, fair, and true*,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

So Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 109, 110:

the moral of my wit  
Is "*plain and true*;" there's all the reach of it.

259. c. l. lines 10, 11:

VARYING to other words;  
And in this CHANGE is my INVENTION spent.

Compare Son. lxxvi. 2:

So far from *variation* or quick *change*.

*Change*, as in The Two Gentlemen, iv. 2. 69: "Hark, what fine *change* is in the music;" and *invention* as in the Dedication to Venus and Adonis, "the first heir of my *invention*." The sense of the lines is clear; all I can do is to express *fair, kind, and true* in different ways; the subject must always be the same.

260. c. l. —All attempts in the past to describe beauty are but faint anticipations, prefigurings, of your beauty.

261. c. l. line 3: *And beauty making beautiful, &c.*—That is, beauty as the subject which enabled these poets of old to write beautifully.

262. c. l. line 9: *So all their praises are but PROPHECIES*.—Dowden well compares Constable's Diana:

Miracle of the world, I never will deny  
That former poets praise the beauty of their days;  
But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,  
And all those poets did of thee but prophecy.

263. c. l. line 12: *They had not SKILL enough*.—Q. has still, an impossible reading, as it seems to me.

264. c. l. lines 1, 2:

nor the PROPHETIC SOUL

Of the wide world dreaming on THINGS TO COME.

*Prophetic soul* (cf. Hamlet, i. 5. 40) echoes the *prophecies* of the last sonnet, line 9. *Things to come* is the best of the proposed emendations of Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 4, 5.

265. c. l. lines 5-8: *The mortal MOON, &c.*—This sounds like a contemporary reference, and Mr. Gerald Massey explains it as an allusion to the death of Elizabeth and the release of Southampton from the Tower. I believe that the lines do contain some reference; only the clue to it has been lost. We may compare for much the same language Venus and Adonis, 509, 510.



## NOTES TO SONNETS.

266. CVII. line 10: *and death to me SUBSCRIBES*.—*Subscribes*=yields, as in Lear, i. 2. 24; and again in iii. 7. 65, a well-known crux.

267. CVII. line 14: *When TYRANTS' CRESTS and TOMBS of BRASS*.—The line has a flavour in it of the *regum apices* and Horace's *monumentum ære perennius*. Compare the "gilded monuments" in iv. 1.

268. CVIII.—I can say nothing in your praise which I have not said before; yet these things which I have repeated so often can never seem old to me, because love which inspires them is ever fresh, and to true love the object loved must always remain young and beautiful as it was at first. The theme with which he closes the sonnet reminds us of xv. 13, 14:

And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

And again, civ. 1-3:

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, &c.

269. CVIII. line 3: *what NEW to register*.—The Quarto has *now*. *New* is pretty certainly right. We gain nothing by Sidney Walker's

What's *now* to speak, what *new* to register.

270. CVIII. line 9: *in LOVE'S FRESH CASE*.—I believe this only means, in the case of love which is ever fresh. Love is the emphatic word: in the case of love time and change do not count. *Fresh* is added to strengthen the idea of love's abiding vigour.

271. CIX. line 5: *if I have RANG'D*.—*Ranged*=gone away or astray; so Tennyson, in Memoriam, canto xxi.: "her little ones have ranged."

272. CIX. line 7: *Just to the time*, &c.—At the right time and—half-quibblingly—not altered with the time, *i.e.* by absence.

273. CIX. line 11: *be STAIN'D*.—Staunton needlessly proposed *strain'd*. For *blood*=passion, in line 10, cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 74.

274. CIX. lines 13, 14:

For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, MY ROSE.

That is, you apart, excepted, I count the world nothing. With my *rose* cf. "beauty's *rose*" in Son. i. 2. So Othello, v. 2. 13-16.

275. CX.—This and the following sonnet are generally regarded as a reference by Shakespeare to his actor's life. See what is said on the subject in Troilus and Cressida, note 67.

276. CX. line 3: *GOR'D mine own thoughts*.—*Gor'd*=done violence to; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 228.

277. CX. line 4: *Made old offences of affections new*.—Dowden says: "Entered into new friendships and loves, which were transgressions against my old love." I do not altogether see how this sense can be got out of the English, though it agrees well with line 11. May it not mean: prostituted my love—a love so new, so unknown to other men, so rare—to the old hackneyed purposes and commonplaces of the stage, made capital out of my emotions, turned my passion to account, sold cheap what is most dear? All this being done in his capacity as actor.

278. CXI. line 1: *WITH Fortune chide*.—Q. has *wish*.

279. CXI. line 10: *Potions of EISEL*.—So Hamlet, v. i. 209: "Woo't drink up *eisel*?" Nares quotes from Skelton:

He drank *eisel* and gall  
To redeeme us withal.

See Dyer's Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 275; and Hunter's Illustrations, ii. p. 233.

280. CXII.—Your praise or blame is for me the sole standard of right and wrong. *Pity* in line 1 repeats the *pity* in cxl. 14.

281. CXII. line 10: *my ADDER'S SENSE*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 127.

282. CXII. line 13: *in my purpose BREED*.—*Bred*=firmly established or harboured. Cf. Son. cviii. 13:

Finding the first conceit of love there *bred*.

283. CXII. line 14: *ARE dead*.—Q. has *y'are*, and some editors read *they're*. I have followed the Globe ed.

284. CXIII.—Though away you are present to me in everything: cxix. is a continuation.

285. CXIII. line 6: *which it doth LATCH*.—So Macbeth, iv. 3. 195:

Where hearing should not *latch* them.

In Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 36, *latch*=smear.

286. CXIII. line 14: *maketh MINE UNTRUE*.—So the Quarto; but it is very strange. *Untrue* must be a substantive, with the sense, perhaps, *error*. Various proposals have been made; myself, I should like to read *eyne*.

287. CXIV. lines 4-6: *your love taught it this alchemy*, &c.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 232-234:

Things base and vile . . .  
Love can transpoze to form and dignity:  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

288. CXIV. line 9: *'Tis FLATTERY in my SEEING*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 328:

Mine eye too great a *flatterer* for my mind.

289. CXIV. line 12: *doth prepare the CUP*.—Alluding to the tasters to princes. See King John, note 303. Drayton writes:

Golden cups do harbour poison.  
—England's Helicon, Bullen's ed. p. 37.

290. CXV. lines 11, 12:

*o'er INCERTAINTY,*

CROWNING the present.

Compare cvii. 7:

*Uncertainties* now crown themselves assur'd.

291. CXVI. line 4: *with the REMOVER to REMOVE*.—*Remove*=fall away, be faithless:

Happy the heart that thinks of no *removes*.  
—Song in Bullen's Lyrics (1887), p. 26.

Compare, too, Son. xxv. 13, 14:

Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,  
Where I may not *remove* nor be *remov'd*.

292. CXVI. line 5: *an EVER-FIXED mark*.—So Othello, v. 2. 268:

And very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail;  
and Coriolanus, v. 3. 74:  
Like a great *sea-mark*, standing every flaw.

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

293. CXVI. line 7: *It is the STAR*.—Referring to the northern star. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 4. 59; and Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 60-62. So The Faithful Shepherdess, i. 2:

that fair star  
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. vol. ii. p. 339.

294. CXVI. line 8: *Whose worth's unknown*, &c.—A difficult and much-discussed line. Dowden says: "The passage seems to mean, 'As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies.'" This is not very satisfactory; but I am afraid I cannot suggest anything better. Perhaps the difficulty comes in this way, that we do not quite know how an Elizabethan regarded the stars. Popular astronomy may have held that the northern star was materially as rich in wealth as this earth. Suppose now that we take *worth* literally; the sense might be this: The height, *altitude*, of the star is known; but who can tell what riches it contains? The outward is visible to us; the inward is hidden. So, too, with love. We can gain a rough estimate and idea of its extent; we can measure it from the outward. But the real essence and worth of the passion is incalculable, unknown, just as the worth of the star is unknown. In either case we see little more than the outside, the surface.

295. CXVI. line 9: *TIME'S FOOL*.—Dowden compares I. Henry IV. v. 4. 81: "*life time's fool*."

296. CXVI. line 12: *But BEARS IT out even to the EDGE of doom*.—Compare All's Well, iii. 3. 5, 6. *It* is redundant, just as in an expression like "*carry it*," cf. Othello, i. 1. 66, 67:

What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can *carry 't* thus!

297. CXVII. line 3: *FORGOT upon your dearest love TO CALL*.—Compare Son. ci.:

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd? &c.

298. CXVII. lines 5, 6:

*frequent been with UNKNOWN MINDS,  
And given to TIME.*

Line 5 illustrates Dowden's interpretation of ex. 4. *Time* = the time, society; see Son. xvi. 10. Staunton, who seems to have had a mania for making needless emendations, proposed "*to them*."

299. CXVII. line 9: *BOOK both my wilfulness*.—*Book* = register, as in Henry V. iv. 7. 76, if, that is to say, we adopt Dyce's reading in the latter passage.

300. CXVII. line 11: *within the LEVEL*.—*Level* = aim; cf. A Lover's Complaint, 309:

That not a heart which in his *level* came.

301. CXVII. lines 13, 14:

*I did strive to PROVE  
The constancy and virtue of your love.*

Contrast ex. 10, 11:

Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On *newer proof*, to try an older friend.

302. CXVIII. line 2: *With EAGER compounds*.—*Eager* =

bitter, sharp, the French *aigre*. It is used twice in Hamlet in the same sense; cf. i. 4. 2: "*a nipping and an eager air*;" and i. 5. 69: "*like eager droppings into milk*."

303. CXVIII. line 6: *did I FRAME my feeding*.—*Frame* = suit, adapt. So the Passionate Pilgrim, 323:

And to her will *frame* all thy ways;

and III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 185:

And *frame* my face to all occasions.

304. CXIX.—Carrying on idea of previous sonnet, with the same metaphor, "*potions*," "*fever*," &c.

305. CXIX. line 10: *That better is by EVIL still MADE BETTER*.—Repeating the "*by ill be cured*" of cxviii. 12.

306. CXIX. line 14: *And gain by ILL*.—The Quarto has *ills*; but I think the singular is required; cf. "*O benefit of ill*" in line 9.

307. CXX.—Remembering how much I suffered when you were untrue, I might have divined how much you would suffer by my disloyalty, and that thought should have given me reason to pause. Still the fact that you did trespass once must be an excuse for me now. We are quits.

308. CXX. line 9: *O, that OUR NIGHT OF WOE*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 481:

The *night of sorrow* now is turn'd to day.

Staunton proposed *sour*.

309. CXX. line 11: *And soon to you, &c.*—Sidney Walker would print the line thus:

And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd.

I don't think the change is necessary.

310. CXXI. line 1: *than VILE ESTEEMED*.—Dyce and some other editors read *vile-esteem'd*.

311. CXXI. line 3: *And the just PLEASURE lost*.—Should we not read *and the just pleasure's lost*? the sense being: We lose that pleasure which seems vile ("is so deem'd") to others, but is not felt to be so by us.

312. CXXI. line 6: *Give SALUTATION to my sportive BLOOD*.—So Henry VIII. ii. 3. 103: "*If this salute my blood a jot*." I owe the reference to Dowden.

313. CXXI. line 9: *I AM THAT I AM*.—We may remember Iago's "*I am not what I am*" (Othello, i. 1. 65).

314. CXXI. line 11: *themselves be BEVEL*.—*Bevel* = slanting or crooked: a builder's term.

315. CXXII.—He has received some tables (memorandum-books) from his friend and has given them away. Here he apologizes for having done so: the true tables on which you are written down are my heart and brain: what others should I need?

316. CXXII. line 1: *Thy gift, thy TABLES*.—For *tables* see Troilus and Cressida, note 262.

317. CXXIII.—He takes up the idea of forgetfulness suggested in last line of last sonnet: he will be true in spite of time. The poem is full of conventional metaphor.

318. CXXIII. line 7: *And rather make THEM born to our desire*.—*Them* = "what thou dost foist upon us;" the sense being, "you foist upon us things which really are old and

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

hackneyed, but which we imagine to be new—"born to our desire"—created just to please us.

319. CXXIV. lines 3, 4: *As subject to Time's love, &c.*—"My love might be subject to Time's hate, and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to Time's love, and so gathered as a flower" (Dowden).

320. CXXIV. line 7: *THRALLED DISCONTENT*.—Does this refer to the affected "melancholy" of which Jaques speaks? See note 126 on *As You Like It*; and cf. Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 2: "My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*: is it not most gentlemanlike to be melancholy?" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 101).

321. CXXIV. line 12: *nor GROWS with heat*.—Steevens would read *gloves*.

322. CXXVI.—This poem is generally regarded as the *envoy*, the conclusion of the series addressed to Shakespeare's friend. The editor of the Quarto evidently thought that a couplet was missing, as he left a space for the—apparently—absent lines 13, 14.

323. CXXVI. line 2: *his SICKLE, HOUR*.—There must be some corruption of the text. Unfortunately no emendation—*sickle hoar, fickle hour, sickle-hour*—is at all satisfactory.

324. CXXVI. line 14: *And her QUIETUS is to render thee*.—For *quietus* see Hamlet, iii. 1. 75. Sometimes we find the full expression *quietus est*.

325. CXXVII.—Introducing the "Dark Woman" series of Sonnets.

326. CXXVII. line 1: *BLACK was not counted FAIR*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 14.

327. CXXVII. line 3: *beauty's SUCCESSIVE heir*.—See Titus Andronicus, note 1.

328. CXXVII. line 9: *my mistress' BROWS are raven black*.—Q. has *eyes*, which, I think, must be wrong. I have followed the Globe editors. Walker proposed *hairs*.

329. CXXVII. line 10: *Her EYES so suited, and they mourners seem*.—It is worth noting that in the old prose History of Dr. Faustus Helen is described as having "most amorous *cole black eyes*;" and Helen, as we know from Marlowe, was taken as a perfect type of beauty. Sidney complains (Astrophel and Stella, vii. 1, 2):

When Nature made her chief work—*Stella's eyes*;  
In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright?

—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 566.

*Suited*=clad, as in cxxxii. 12; and Lear, iv. 7. 6. Dyce reads as they. For the conceit in the line cf. cxxxii. 1-3.

330. CXXVII. line 11: *not born FAIR*.—The use of cosmetics in dyeing hair, and such like devices, are continually referred to; see, for instance, Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses, part I. pp. 67-69; and Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. pp. 238, 239. Perhaps these customs were introduced from Italy. Coryat in his Crudities has much to tell us concerning the ways of the Venetian ladies: "All the women of Venice every Saturday in the afternoon doe use to annoint their haire with oyle, or some other drugs, to the end to make it looke faire, that is whitish. For that colour is most affected of the Venetian Dames and Ladies." He describes

the process, which included drying in the sun (vol. ii. pp. 37, 38).

331. CXXVIII. line 1: *thou, my MUSIC*.—Compare Son. viii. 1: "*Musick* to hear."

332. CXXIX.—As a study of lust contrasted with love this sonnet may be compared with Lucrece, 687-743, and the single stanza in Venus and Adonis, 799-804. It is a commonplace of criticism that Shakespeare's Sonnets almost suffer as works of art from this plethora of meaning; they are, in Trench's phrase, "so double-shotted with thought." I suppose there is nowhere in the plays and poems a more striking instance of compression than this sonnet affords. Every line is packed with passion. It may be noticed that the poem seems to be rather out of place; linked in no way with the preceding and following sonnets.

333. CXXIX. line 4: *Savage, extreme, rude, CRUEL*.—Compare Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 290, 300:

*Love is not full of pity, as men say,  
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.*

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 35.

334. CXXIX. line 10: *HAD, HAVING, and in quest TO HAVE*.—The sense is clear; the grammar less so. For similar compressions cf. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 263:

*He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;*

and Hamlet, i. 2. 158:

*It is not nor it cannot come to good.*

335. CXXIX. lines 11, 12:

*A bliss in proof,—and PROV'D, A VERY WOE;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.*

The Quarto has *proud* and *very woe*. The sentiment of the couplet is an obvious one; cf. Lucrece, 211, 212:

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy;

and lines 367, 368:

The sweets we wish for turn to leathed sours  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

336. CXXX.—A description of his mistress in the conventional style of Elizabethan idealism. For a close parallel we may turn to Fideissa, Son. xxxix.—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 610; and for a good contrast to Watson's Teares of Fancy—Arber's Reprint, p. 43. We find such passages of highly-wrought description in Spenser, Sidney, Lodge; indeed, *passim* in the sonnet literature of the time.

337. CXXX. line 4: *If HAIRS be WIRES*.—Why do Elizabethan writers always compare hair with wire? It is not a particularly happy image: yet it occurs over and over again. Here are some instances: Spenser's Epithalamion:

Her long loose yellow *locks* lyke golden *wyre*.

—Globe ed. p. 589;

Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Son. xiii.:

Her *hair* disorder'd, brown and crisp'd *wiry*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 346;

England's Helicon, song:

Her tresses are like *wires* of beaten gold.

—Bullen's ed. p. 83;

Diella, iii.:

Her *hair* exceeds gold forced in smallest *wire*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. vii. p. 190;

# NOTES TO SONNETS.

Hero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 290, 291:

her tresses were of *wire*,

Knit like a net.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 68;

Peele's Praise of Chastity:

Whose ticing *hair*, like nets of golden *wire*,

Enchains thy heart.

—Dyce's Greenes Peele, p. 602.

Was it something in the Elizabethan *coiffure* which suggested the comparison? The hair may have been stiffened until it really looked like wire.

338. CXXX. line 14: *As any she belied with FALSE COMPARE*.—Compare Son. xxi. 1-8.

339. CXXXI. line 3: *to my DEAR DOTING heart*.—Dyce reads *dear-doting*.

340. CXXXII. lines 1-4: *Thine eyes I love*, &c.—Compare Son. cxxvii. Much the same conceit occurs in Astrophel and Stella, vii. 11-14 (Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 506).

341. CXXXII. line 2: *thy HEART TORMENTS*.—Q. has *heart torment*; and it has been suggested that we should place a comma after *heart*, and refer *torment* to *eyes* in the previous line.

342. CXXXII. line 6: *the GRAY cheeks of the east*.—See note on Titus Andronicus, ii. 2. 1.

343. CXXXIII.—A fresh idea. The "dark woman" has taken his friend from him. Connected with xl. xli. xlii.?

344. CXXXIII. line 5: *Me from myself*, &c.—Compare The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 172, 173. *My next self* in line 6 is repeated in *that other mine* in cxxiv. 3.

345. CXXXIII. line 9: *Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward*.—We have this idea several times; cf. Son. xxii. 6, 7:

*my heart,*

*Which in thy breast doth live*, as thine in me;

Son. cix. 3, 4:

As easy might I from myself depart

As from my soul, *which in thy breast doth lie*;

and Richard III. i. 2. 204:

Even so *thy breast* encloseth *my poor heart*.

Compare too Barnes Parthenophil and Parthenophe, xvi.:

Yet this delights, and makes me triumph much,

*That mine Heart, in her body lies imprisoned*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 349.

346. CXXXIII. line 13: *being pent in thee*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 184.

347. CXXXIV.—The verbal links with the last sonnet are clear: "he is thine" echoes "perforce am thine;" and "that other mine" repeats "my next self."

348. CXXXIV. line 9: *The statute of thy beauty*, &c.—You will put the statute into execution and claim the letter of your bond, like a very Shylock. *Statute*="security or obligation for money" (Malone).

349. CXXXV.—Here, and in the next sonnet, we have elaborate quibbles, such as were common enough in Shakespeare's time. Sidney plays upon the word *Rich* in exactly the same way; see Astrophel and Stella, xxxvii. (Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 521). In line 2 "*Will to boot*" refers to his friend; "*Will in overplus*"=Shakespeare him-

VOL. XIV.

self. In the first line *Will* ought, I believe, to be written "will"=desire, in antithesis to "wish." Possibly, however, the husband of the "dark woman" was a Will.

350. CXXXV. line 13: *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill*.—So the Quarto; but I can make no sense of the text. Of the emendations, two are noticeable: "Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill" (Dowden); and "no fair beseechers skill"=avail, i.e. against Shakespeare. The latter is Mr. W. M. Rossetti's proposal.

351. CXXXVI. line 8: *Among a number ONE is RECKON'D NONE*.—So Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 255: "*One is no number*;" and Fifth Sestiad, 330, "*for one no number is*" (Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. pp. 15 and 84). Compare, too, Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 32, 33, and note.

352. CXXXVI. line 10: *in thy STORE's account*.—Q. has *stores*; but everywhere else the word occurs in the singular.

353. CXXXVI. line 12: *a SOMETHING SWEET to thee*.—Query: *a something, sweet, to thee*, as Dyce reads.

354. CXXXVI. lines 13, 14: *Make but my name thy love*, &c.—Dowden says: "Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, i.e. all desire." Is this right? I should have thought the sense was: "Let your love be named *Will* (i.e. his friend), and then in loving him you must indirectly love me, since my name too is *Will*."

355. CXXXVII. line 6: *Be ANCHOR'D in the bay*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 31-33; and Cymbeline, v. 5. 333.

356. CXXXVII. lines 9, 10:

*a SEVERAL plot*

*Which my heart knows the WIDE WORLD's common place*.

*Several*=belonging to a private owner. Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 223, where (as here) a quibble is intended:

*My lips are no common, though several they be*.

A *several* was an inclosed field, as opposed to public land = a common. *Wide world*, as in Son. cvii. 2.

357. CXXXVIII.—See the Passionate Pilgrim, poem 1.

358. CXXXIX. line 6: *forbear to GLANCE thine EYE aside*.—Compare cxi. 14: "Bear thine eyes straight."

359. CXXXIX. line 14: *KILL ME OUTRIGHT with looks*, &c.—So Constable, Diana, Son. v. of the Fourth Decade, 7-9:

Dear! if all other favour you shall grudge,

Do speedy execution with your eye!

With one sole look, you leave in me no soul.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 245.

Dowden compares Astrophel and Stella, xlviii. 13, 14:

Dear killer, spare not thy sweet cruel shot;

A kind of grace it is, to slay with speed.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 527.

360. CXL. line 3: *Lest SORROW LEND me WORDS*.—We may remember Macbeth, iv. 3. 209, 210:

*the grief that does not speak*

*Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break*.

"True grief is dumb," says a character in Old Fortunatus, ii. 2 (Mermaid edition of Dekker, p. 332); and Seneca long before had written:

*Curæ leves loquuntur, majores stupent,*

## NOTES TO SONNETS.

a line which is quoted in the *Returne from Parnassus* (Arber's Reprint, p. 20); also in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, i. 4 (Webster & Tourneur in the *Mermuid Series*, p. 362).

361. CXLL line 1: *I do not LOVE thee WITH mine EYES.*—We may remember the song in the *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 63-66:

Tell me where is fancy bred,

It is engender'd in the eyes.

So Lilly in *Love's Metamorphosis*, i. 1: "in the blood is he (love) begot, by the *frailte fires of the eye*" (Fairholt's Lilly, ii. 215).

362. CXLI. line 9: *But my FIVE WITS nor my five senses can.*—See note 269 on Lear.

363. CXLL lines 11, 12: *Who leaves unsay'd, &c.*—"My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart" (Dowden).

364. CXLI. line 14: *she that makes me SIN.*—Echoed in the next sonnet, lines 1, 2: "Love is my sin," &c.

365. CXLII. line 4: *And thou shalt find IT merits not re-proving.*—In Dowden the line stands:

And thou shalt find ITS merits not reproving.

A misprint? If an emendation, surely rather strange.

366. CXLII. lines 6, 7:

profan'd their SCARLET ORNAMENTS

And SEAL'D false BONDS.

Compare Constable's *Diana*, Son. vi. of the Fourth Decade, line 9:

Your tips, in scarlet clad, my judges be,

—Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 243.

Dowden quotes Edward III. ii. 1. 10:

His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments.

"Ruby-colour'd portal" is said of Adonis's mouth, *Venus and Adonis*, 451. For the metaphor of *sealing*, see *Troilus and Cressida*, note 179.

367. CXLII. line 8: *Robb'd others' BEDS' REVENUES.*—Q. has *beds revenues*. *Bed-revenues* is a possible reading.

368. CXLIIL line 13: *have thy WILL.*—That is, his friend; scarcely Shakespeare himself.

369. CXLIV.—This is the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim*; the variations in the text are not very noticeable.

370. CXLIV. line 2: *do SUGGEST me still.*—*Suggest*=tempt, as often in Shakespeare; cf. *Othello*, ii. 3. 358:

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

So Richard II. iii. 4. 75, 76; and *suggestion* in *Macbeth*, i. 3. 184.

371. CXLIV. line 6: *from my SIDE.*—The Quarto has *sight*; the metre requires *side*, which occurs in the other version.

372. CXLIV. line 8: *WOONG his purity.*—Compare xli. 6, 7.

373. CXLV.—The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse; its genuineness has been doubted.

374. CXLV. line 13: *from hate away she THREW.*—That is, she robbed "I hate" of its element of hate by adding "not you." Combined with "not you" it lost its sting.

114

This seems to me an entirely satisfactory explanation, and the couplet may be paralleled by *Lucrece*, 1534-1537. Stevens suggested *few for three*.

375. CXLVI.—Loss to the body is gain to the soul. Let the body pine and perish that the soul may reap the advantage. Death can claim as his prey the body alone; in destroying the body the soul wins a victory over death.

376. CXLVI. line 2: *PRESS'D BY these rebel powers that thee ARRAY.*—In the Quarto the line stands thus:

My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.

Obviously the line is corrupt; as obviously, I think, the corruption came in this way—that the printer repeated the last words of line 1, leaving out the real beginning of line 2. We must supply a word; what that word should be depends rather on the sense which we give to *array*. I think that *array* must=clothe; the body is the vesture which incloses the soul; and the soul says, with Saint Paul, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" Taking *array* thus, we may accept Dowden's *press'd by* or Furnival's *hemn'd with*—there is not much to choose between them—and refer the participle to the *soul*. Dr. Ingely, however, argues that *array*=abuse, afflict, a perfectly feasible interpretation, though Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the word in this sense. If we follow Dr. Ingely, then we may read, as he does, *leagu'd with*, and refer the participle to the *earth* in line 1. Myself, I prefer the first of our alternatives.

377. CXLVI. line 11: *Buy TERMS divine in selling HOURS of dross.*—*Hours of dross* (i.e. sensual pleasure?) waste the body, and destruction of the body should be the ultimate end and aim of the soul. Here, as in cli. 7-9, the soul is the ruler who checks or allows the self-indulgence of the body. I think *terms*=condition, as though it were the terms of some bargain and compact between soul and body. Others, however, take it "in the legal and academic sense. Long periods of time, opposed to hours" (Sidney Walker).

378. CXLVII.—The metaphor is much the same as in cxviii. and cxix.

379. CXLVII. line 9: *PAST CURE I am, now reason is PAST CARE.*—Said obviously in allusion to the proverb, *Past cure, past care*, which, as the editors note, occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 28. Perhaps, too, the latter part of the line is meant to imply that reason has ceased to care for him.

380. CXLVII. line 10: *with evermore UNREST.*—A beautiful word, found in *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 2. 31, and Richard III. iv. 4. 29. Tennyson somewhere speaks of "the wild unrest that lives in woe."

381. CXLVII. lines 13, 14: *For I have sworn thee fair, &c.*—Compare Son. clii. 13. The couplet forms a link with the next sonnet, which in turn reminds us of cxxxvii.

382. CXLVIII. line 8: *all men's*; NO.—Lettsom suggested:

Love's eye is not so true as all men's no;  
thinking that a pun on *eye*=*ay* was intended.

383. CXLIX. line 4: *all TYRANT.*—Malone suggested *truant*; but cf. cxxxi. 1: "Thou art as *tyrannous*." *All tyrant*=complete tyrant.



## NOTES TO SONNETS.

384. CXLIX. line 14: *and* I AM BLIND.—Recurring to the last couplet of cxlviii.:

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me *blind*,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

385. CL. line 2: *With INSUFFICIENCY*.—So “*thy worst*” in line 8; “*thy unworthiness*” in line 13; and “*thy defect*” in cxlix. 11. Each refers to the “dark woman’s” lack of beauty as judged by the conventional standard.

386. CL. line 5: *this BECOMING of things ill*.—That is, the faculty of making things ill look well. Compare Son. xl. 13, and xcv. 11, 12; also Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 243, 244:

*Become* themselves in her, vilest things

387. COL. line 3: *Then, gentle CHEATER*.—There is no reason to think that *cheater* does not here bear its ordinary sense of *rogue*. Staunton, however, takes it to mean *eschearer*.

388. CLI. lines 7-10: *My soul doth tell, &c.*—Not unsuggestive of cxlvi. 8-14.

389. CLII. line 2: TWICE, *forsworn*.—That is, to her husband and to Shakespeare.

390. CLII. line 11: *And, to ENLIGHTEN thee, gave eyes to blindness.*—Dowden says: “to see thee in the brightness of imagination . . . I made myself blind.” Probably this is right; but may not *enlighten* be quibblingly used in the sense “make light,” i.e. fair of complexion? Compare line 13. In that case *gave eyes to blindness* would = caused myself to see awry.

391. CLII. line 13: *more perjur'd I*.—Q. has *eye*.

392. CLIII.—This and the following sonnet may be considered together, *cliv.* being obviously a variation on *cliii.*

Professor Dowden says: "Herr Hertzberg has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. (The source in question is a poem in the Anthology, which Dowden prints, continuing): 'The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. . . . How Shakspeare became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin: 'Selecta Epigrammata, Basel, 1529;' and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.' Then follows a literal version of the original lines, which I venture to 'convey': 'Here 'neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, 'Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals' hearts.' But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros) draw from thence for their bath."

393. CLIII. line 8: *a SOVEREIGN cure*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 916:

'Gainst venom'd sores the only *sovereign* plaster;

Coriolanus, ii. 1. 127: "the most *sovereign* prescription in Galen;" and The Faithful Shepherdess, v. 5:

Satyr, bring him to the bower:  
We will try the *sovereign* power  
Of other waters.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. vol. ii, p. 402.

394. CLIV. line 1: *The little LOVE-GOD*.—So Much Ado, ii. 1. 403: "for we are the only *love-gods*."

395. CLIV. line 5: *The fairest* VOTARY.—Shakespeare elsewhere prefers the form *votareess* (*rotress*); e.g. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 123 and 163.





A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.  
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.  
THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.



# A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

## INTRODUCTION.

A Lover's Complaint was first published in 1609, at the end of the Sonnets. There is no evidence by which to determine the date of its composition; I scarcely think, however, that it can have come very early, the style of the poem being, to my mind, much more difficult and involved than that of Venus and Adonis or Lucrece. Indeed, the sense at times is really obscure, perhaps, though, through corruption of the text; lines 240-242, for instance, can hardly have come down to us just as Shakespeare wrote them. The merits of the poem speak for themselves. It is a beautiful piece of narrative verse which makes us wish once more that Shakespeare had given the world a larger body of such poetry, instead, say, of wrestling into shape the formless chaos of Henry VI. parts i. ii. and iii. Titus Andronicus, too, with its midsummer madness of bloodthirsty melodrama, could have been spared, if a second Lover's Complaint had been the substitute. Very noticeable in the present poem is the effortless ease of the narra-

tive. The poet's muse does not soar to the empyrean, essaying "things unattempted yet." She wings the middle air with a sustained flight that never falters. It is the same great faculty of telling a story that makes Venus and Adonis and Lucrece such perfect specimens of the narrator's act. Beautiful, too, is the elaboration and preciousness (almost) of the style in the purely descriptive passages, as where the deserted Ariadne describes the faithless Theseus; while throughout the poem, under the fanciful language, beats just a sufficiency of passion and emotion. Among the old commentators none speaks with more sympathy of A Lover's Complaint than Malone; and he makes, I think, rather a happy criticism when he says that the poem reads like a challenge to Spenser on his own ground. A Lover's Complaint has a distinctly Spenserian flavour; it has much of Spenser's stately pathos, and sense of physical beauty, and exquisite verbal melody; and, Spenserian or not, it is wholly charming.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded<sup>1</sup>  
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,  
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.  
Upon her head a platted hive<sup>2</sup> of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
The carcass of a beauty spent and done: 11  
Time hath not scythed all that youth begun,

Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin<sup>3</sup> to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters.  
Laundering<sup>4</sup> the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted<sup>5</sup> in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe, 20  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;

<sup>1</sup> *Re-worded*, re-echoed.

<sup>2</sup> *Hive*, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive.

<sup>3</sup> *Napkin*, handkerchief.

<sup>4</sup> *Laundering*, wetting.

<sup>5</sup> *Pelleted*, formed into small balls.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied  
To th' orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;      30  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd<sup>1</sup> hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet<sup>2</sup> still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund<sup>3</sup> she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;



Like usury, applying wet to wet,      40  
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk feat<sup>4</sup> and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive<sup>5</sup> eyes,      50  
And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear;  
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle<sup>6</sup> knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—      60  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,  
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know  
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained but,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.      70

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:

<sup>1</sup> Sheav'd, of straw.

<sup>2</sup> Fillet, band.

<sup>3</sup> Maund, basket.

<sup>4</sup> Feat (adverb), neatly.

<sup>5</sup> Fluxive, flowing with tears.

<sup>6</sup> Ruffle, noise, brawls.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;  
For on his visage was in little drawn 90  
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.<sup>1</sup>

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;  
His phoenix<sup>2</sup> down began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless<sup>3</sup> skin,  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:  
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free; 100  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
His rudeness so with his auth'oriz'd youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop  
he makes!'

And controversy hence a question takes, 110  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:<sup>4</sup>

All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication<sup>5</sup> prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain 120  
In personal duty, following where he haunted:  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;  
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them  
Than the truegouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress' of his heart. 142  
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:  
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil<sup>6</sup>  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

<sup>1</sup> *Sawn*, sown; or perhaps, seen.

<sup>2</sup> *Phoenix*, i.e. matchless.

<sup>3</sup> *Termless*, indescribable; cf. *phraseless* in line 225.

<sup>4</sup> *Case*, ornaments, dress.

<sup>5</sup> *Replication*, repartee.

<sup>6</sup> *Foil*=setting.



## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof;<sup>1</sup>  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; 170  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;  
Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul-adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity.  
And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; 180  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
Love made them not: with acture<sup>2</sup> they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
They sought their shame that so their shame did  
find;  
And so much less of shame in me remains, 188  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,<sup>3</sup>  
Or any of my leasures ever charm'd:  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent  
me,  
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,<sup>4</sup>  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality. 210

"The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invis'd<sup>5</sup> properties did tend;  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
The heaven-hu'd sapphire, and the opal blend  
With objects manifold: each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd<sup>6</sup> and subdu'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender; 222  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless<sup>7</sup> hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise:  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes 230  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,  
A sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love. 238

"But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,—  
Playing the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained qvies?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:  
The accident which brought me to her eye

<sup>1</sup> Upon others' proof, i.e. because of what other people have experienced.

<sup>2</sup> With acture, the sense is: those may do the deeds of love who are void of love.

<sup>3</sup> Teen, pain.

<sup>4</sup> Impleach'd, entwined.

<sup>5</sup> Invis'd—invisible.

<sup>6</sup> Pensiv'd, pensive.

<sup>7</sup> Phraseless, that baffles description.

# A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
Religious love put out Religion's eye: 250  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

"How mighty, then, you are, O, hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congest,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,  
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, 261  
Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place:  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame! 270  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
The aloes<sup>1</sup> of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;  
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth." 280

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!

But with the inundation of the eyes 290  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O cleft<sup>3</sup> effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,<sup>4</sup>  
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears:  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore. 301

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels,<sup>5</sup> all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swoounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,<sup>6</sup>  
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make 321  
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that fore'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy<sup>7</sup> lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,<sup>8</sup>  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!" 329

<sup>3</sup> Cleft=double, twofold.

<sup>4</sup> Daff'd, put off.

<sup>5</sup> Cautels, deceit.

<sup>6</sup> Luxury=lust.

<sup>7</sup> Spongy=soft as a sponge, pliable.

<sup>8</sup> Seeming ow'd, i.e. which he seemed to possess.

<sup>1</sup> Aloes, bitterness.

<sup>2</sup> Dismount, lower.

## NOTES TO A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

1. Line 7: *sorrow's WIND AND RAIN*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 153, 154: "we cannot call her *winds and waters* sighs and tears; they are greater storms."

2. Line 12: *Time hath not SOYTHED*.—Q. has *sithed*.

3. Line 14: *Some beauty peep'd through LATTICE of sear'd AGE*.—Compare Sonnet iii. 11, 12:

So thou through *windowes of thine age* shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time;

and Cymbeline, ii. 4. 33, 34:

let her beauty  
Look through a casement.

4. Line 18: *had PELLETED in tears*.—So Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 165:

By the discandyng of this *pelleted* storm.

5. Line 31: *SHEAV'D hat*.—Q. has *sheu'd*; the ed of 1640 *sheu'd*. Sewell in his first edition printed *sheav'd*; in the second, *shav'd*.

6 Line 37: *BEADED jet*.—So Sewell; the Quarto has *bedded*.

7. Lines 38-40: *Which one by one, &c.*—Compare III. Henry VI. v. 4. 8, 9; As You Like It, ii. 1. 42-49; and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 138, 139.

8. Line 45: *many a RING of POSTED gold*.—See As You Like It, note 95.

9. Line 48: *With SLEIDED silk*.—That is, raw, untwisted silk. Compare Pericles, iv. Prologue, 21:

Be't when she weav'd the *sleided* silk.

In Troilus, v. 1. 35, the Folio has *sleyd*, but I adopted the *sleive* (= *sleave*) of the Quarto. See note 287 to that play.

10. Line 49: *Enswath'd, and SEAL'D*.—Steevens reminds us that "anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the seals of letters, to connect them more closely."

11. Line 51: *often CAN to tear*.—So Malone. Q. has *gaue to teare*.

12. Line 58: *that the RUFFLE knew*.—For the verb *ruffle* see Titus Andronicus, i. 313, with note 21.

13. Line 72: *THE INJURY of many a blasting HOUR*.—Compare "injuriously-shifting Time" in Lucrece, 930; and "Time's injurious hand" in Sonnet xliii. 2.

14. Line 74: *Not age, but SORROW, &c.*—Compare (with Malone) Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 89:

These griefs, these woes, these *sorrows* make me old.

15. Line 112: *his MANAGE*.—Q. has *his manna'dge*.

16. Line 118: *CAME for additions*.—So Sewell; Q. has *can*, and Sewell (2nd ed.) read:

Can for additions get their purpose trim.

17. Lines 153, 154:

Of this false JEWEL,                    the FOIL

So Richard II. i. 3. 205-267:

thy weary steps  
Esteem as *foil*, wherein thou art to set  
The precious *jewel* of thy home-return.

18. Line 173: *Knew VOWS were ever brokers*.—Steevens reminds us of Hamlet, i. 3. 127:

Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *brokers*.

19. Line 182: *nor never WOO*.—Q. has *Woe*; the change is adopted by the Cambridge editors.

20. Line 215: *and the OPAL BLEND*.—This stone is referred to in one other passage in Shakespeare—Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 77: "thy mind is a very *opal*;" see note 128 to that play.

21. Line 218: *Lo, all these TROPHIES of affections hot*.—Compare Sonnet xxxi. 9, 10:

Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the *trophies* of my lovers gone.

22. Line 225: *that PHRASELESS hand*.—Compare "his *speechless* hand" in Coriolanus, v. 1. 67.

23. Line 228: *HALLOW'D with sighs*.—Sewell's alteration of the Quarto, which has *hollowed*.

24. Line 236: *by spirits of richest COAT*.—That is, by nobles, *coat* introducing the idea of heraldry; cf. Lucrece, 205:

And be an eye-sore in my golden *coat*.

25. Lines 239-241: *But, O my sweet, &c.*—I have retained, with the Globe edition, what is substantially the reading of the Quarto; but I feel pretty sure that the text is in some way corrupt, and the sense unrecoverable. None of the emendations seem to me worth chronicling: each reader must read the riddle after his own fashion. One thing seems to me clear, that the second *playing* is a repetition of the first (or *vice versa*), through the printer's mistake.

26. Line 250: *RELIGIOUS LOVE*.—Compare Sonnet xxxi. 6: "dear-religious love."

27. Line 254: *The broken BOSOMS that to me belong*.—For *bosom* = heart, the seat of the affections, cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 27:

This man hath witch'd the *bosom* of my child.

28. Line 261: *AY, DIETED in grace*.—Q. has *I dieted*; the change is due to Capell.

29. Line 271: *Love's arms are peace*.—It is not easy to see what this means, and emendations have been numerous. Capell proposed *are proof*; Steevens, *Love aims at peace*; Dyce, *Love arms our peace*; Lettsom, *Love charms*.

30. Line 303: *Applied to CAUTELS*.—*Cautels* = deceits; cf. Hamlet, i. 3. 15, 16:

no soil nor *cautel* doth besmirch

The virtue of his will.

31. Line 305: *Or SOUNOUNG paleness*.—So most editors; Q. has *sounding*.

32. Line 309: *which in his LEVEL came*.—*Level* = aim, reach; cf. Sonnet cxvii. 11:

Bring me within the *level* of your frown;

and Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 5, 6:

out of the blank

And *level* of my brain.

33. Line 314: *in heart-wish'd LUXURY*.—For *luxury* = lust, see Troilus and Cressida, note 208.

34. Line 315: *He PREACH'D PURE MAID*.—The form of the expression reminds us of King John, ii. 462: "he speaks plain cannon,—fire;" and Othello, ii. 3. 281.

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

## INTRODUCTION.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* was first printed in 1599, the title being as follows: "THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | By W. Shakespeare. | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard | 1599. |."

In the middle of sheet C is a second title: "SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke." The volume was a collection of poems made by the unscrupulous piratical publisher William Jaggard; it contained some genuine sonnets and verses by Shakespeare, with others by Marlowe, Richard Barnfield, Griffin, and unknown writers. In 1612 the *Pilgrim* was republished, with a fuller title: THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | or *Certaine Amorous Sonnets, | betweene Venus and Adonis, | newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare* | The third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first | from *Paris to Hellen*, and | *Hellen answers backe* | againe to *Paris*. | Printed by W. Jaggard. | 1612.

This edition, it will be noticed, is described as the "third;" but no other between 1599 and 1612 is extant. The two additional poems of which the title-page speaks were by Heywood, and in the postscript to the *Apology for Actors* (1612) he comments on the piracy: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [his *Troia Britannica*, published in 1609], by taking the two epistles of *Paris to Hellen*, and *Hellen to Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himself right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publishd them, so the author, I know, much offended with M Jag-

gard [it should be W Jaggard], that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxv). Touched by this appeal, the publisher cancelled the first title-page and substituted a second one, leaving out Shakespeare's name; and, curiously enough, the Bodleian copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (which belonged to Malone) has the two title-pages, probably through some inadvertence on the part of the printer. See the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. ix., Introduction, p. xvi.

We saw that the volume was a mere miscellany of verses; I venture to borrow Professor Dowden's classification of its contents:—

- "Poems I. and II. Shakspeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).
- III. Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. sc. 3. 60-73).
- IV. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- V. From *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. sc. 2).
- VI. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- VII. (?) Shakspeare's.
- VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.
- IX. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- X. Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin, in whose *Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde*, 1596, it had appeared with various readings (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- XII. Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XIII. Probably by the same writer as x.
- XIV.-XV.<sup>1</sup> Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XVI. Certainly not Shakspeare's.
- XVII. Dumain's poem to Kate in *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. 3. 101-120).
- XVIII. From Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597.
- XIX. (?) Possibly not Shakspeare's.
- XX. By Marlowe (given here imperfectly), *Love's*

<sup>1</sup> Usually printed in error as two poems.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Answer (also defective here) is attributed to Sir W. Raleigh.

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from his *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598."

I may add that poems xvii. xviii. xx. (with the Shepherd's Reply in full), and xxi. are all printed in England's *Helicon*; see Bullen's ed. pp. 74-77, and pp. 229-231. Poem xxi., first published in Weelkes's *Madrigals*, Mr. Bullen (Introduction, p. xxi) would assign to Richard Barnfield. For some remarks upon Barnfield's undoubted share of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, the reader should turn to the Introduction to Grosart's edition of the poet. Mr. Saintsbury—*History of Elizabethan Literature*, p. 117—hints that the "As it fell upon a day" is un-

commonly unlike anything else that the author of *The Affectionate Shepherd* managed to write.

With regard to poem xxi. and the imperfectly-given reply, it may be worth while to quote the passage in which Isaac Walton refers to them: "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 't was a handsome milk-maid; she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

### I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

### II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That like two spirits do suggest me still;  
My better angel is a man right fair,  
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell;

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

### III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 29  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove;  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

### IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green.  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:  
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

### V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to  
love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant  
prove;  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like  
osiers bow'd.  
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live that art can com-  
prehend.



If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee  
commend:  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without  
wonder;  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his  
dreadful thunder,  
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

### VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing tarriance for Adonis made  
Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spleen, fire, heat.

Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye.  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.  
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:  
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

### VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;  
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:  
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her.  
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.  
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!



## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;  
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;  
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether? 101  
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

### VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 116  
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
When as himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
One knight loves both, and both in three remain.

### IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove, 119  
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:  
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."  
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone. 120

### X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely<sup>1</sup> shaded!  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

<sup>1</sup> *Timely*, untimely.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why I craved nothing of thee still: 140  
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

### XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.  
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-  
braced me."  
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;  
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced  
me."  
As if the boy should use like loving charms: 150  
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:  
And as she fetch'd breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

### XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short: 161  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

### XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly; 170  
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;  
A brittle glass that's broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.  
And as goods lost are sold<sup>2</sup> or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

<sup>2</sup> *Sold*, seldom.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,  
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost. 180

### XIV.—XV.<sup>1</sup>

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:  
She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descant<sup>2</sup> on the doubts of my decay.

"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"

Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile, 189

'T may be, again to make me wander thither:

"Wander," a word for shadows like myself,

As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,

And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; 201  
Heart bath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;

Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;

For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;

Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack<sup>3</sup> night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow. 210

## SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

### [XVI.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that  
eye could see,

Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love  
did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant  
knight:

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite

Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain  
That nothing could be used to turn them both to  
gain, 220

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded  
with disdain:

Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the  
day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid  
away:

Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;  
For now my song is ended.

### XVII.

On a day, alack the day!

Love, whose month was ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air: 230

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,

"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alas! my hand hath sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:

Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 240

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiope were;

<sup>1</sup> The last three stanzas are usually printed and numbered inaccurately as forming a separate poem.

<sup>2</sup> Descant, comment.

VOL. XIV.

<sup>3</sup> Pack, begone.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love."

### [XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not,  
All is amiss:  
Love's denying,  
Faith's defying, 250  
Heart's renying,

Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is placed without remove.  
One silly cross  
Wrought all my loss:  
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!  
For now I see 260  
Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
All fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me,  
Living in thrall:  
Heart is bleeding,  
All help needing,  
O cruel speeding,  
Fraughted with gall. 270

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
My sighs so deep  
Procure to weep,

In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How sighs resound  
Through heartless ground.

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
fight! 280

Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth their dye;  
Herds stand weeping,  
Flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs back peeping  
Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
All our merry meetings on the plains, 290  
All our evening sport from us is fled,  
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
Farewell, sweet lass,  
Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my  
moan:

Poor Corydon  
Must live alone:

Other help for him I see that there is none.

### XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, 300  
Let reason rule things worthy blame.  
As well as fancy's<sup>1</sup> partial might:  
Take counsel of some wiser head.  
Neither too young nor yet unweid.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—  
A cripple soon can find a halt;—  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well.  
And set thy person forth to sell. 310

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will clear<sup>2</sup> ere night:  
And then too late she will repent  
That thus dissembled her delight:  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say,— 320  
"Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble-true; 330

<sup>1</sup> *Fancy's*, love's.

<sup>2</sup> *Clear*, grow clear; used intransitively.

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew:

When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys<sup>1</sup> that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for naught? 340

Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin, and never for to saint:  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
When time with age shall them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;  
For if my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick<sup>2</sup> to round me i' the ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long: 350  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## [XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 360

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue, 370  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

## XXI.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone: 380  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn.  
Lean'd her breast up-till<sup>3</sup> a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity:  
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;  
"Tereu, tereu," by and by;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarcely I could from tears refrain;  
For her griefs, so lively shown, 390  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee:  
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:  
King Pandion, he is dead;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me. 400  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want. 410  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
"Pity but he were a king;"  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment:

<sup>1</sup> Toys = whims.

<sup>2</sup> Stick, hesitate.

<sup>3</sup> Up-till = on.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown;  
They that fawn'd on him before  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need:

420

If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

430

## NOTES TO THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

1. Line 43: *Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook*, &c.—Suggested, perhaps, by Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, bk. x. lines 556-559.

2. Line 52: *her FIGURED proffer*.—Collier proposed *sugar'd*; *figure*="to indicate not directly, but by signs" (Schmidt).

3. Line 74: *A longing TARRIANCE for Adonis made*.—*Tarriance* occurs once in the plays, in *The Two Gentlemen*, ii. 7. 90:

I am impatient of my *tarriance*.

4. Line 107: *DOWLAND to thee is dear*.—John Dowland (1593-1625, but the dates are not quite certain), "a cheerful person," says Fuller, "passing his days in lawful merriment," was the most famous of Elizabethan and Jacobean musicians. He published in 1597 *The First Book of Songs or Aires of four parts, with Tableture for the Lute*, and a *Second Book of Songs or Aires* in 1600, while he was composer at the Danish court. His *Third and Last Book* appeared in 1603, and a *Pilgrime's Solace* in 1612. Very frequent in dramatic literature are the allusions to his *Lachryme*, or *Seven Teares* figured in seven passionate Pavans (1605); amongst many such references note the following:—*The Maid of Honour*, i. 1:

Such music as will make your worships dance  
To the doleful tune of *Lachryme*.

—Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 254:

*The Picture*, v. 3:

Tuned to the note of *Lachryme*. Ibid. p. 313;

*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. 8:

No, good George, let's ha' *Lachryme*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Maidmaid* ed. i. p. 422.

In *The Returne from Parnassus*, v. 2, a character says:

Have you neuer a song of Maister *Dowlands* making?

There is a good account of Dowland by Mr. Barclay Squire in the *National Dictionary of Biography*; see, too, the introduction to Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, pp. ix. x.

5. Line 121: *a STEEP-UP hill*.—First hyphenated by Sewall; cf. *Sonnet* vii. 5.

6. Lines 131, 132: *Sweet rose, fair flower*, &c.—See note on *Venus and Adonis*, 1114, with the quotation from *Milton*.

*Vade* is a weakened form of *fade* (Skeat). Cotgrave has: "*Couleur passe*. A vaded or unperfect colour, such as that of Box wood is."

7. Line 133: *Bright ORIENT pearl*.—For Shakespeare's use of *orient*, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 236.

8. Lines 151-156: "*Even thus*," &c.—In Griffin's *Fidessa* these lines are represented by the following verses:

But he a wayward boy refused her offer,  
And ran away, the beauteous Queene neglecting;  
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,  
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.  
O that I had my mistres at that bay,  
To kisse and clippe me til I ranne away!

See the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. ix. p. 663.

9. Lines 165-167: *Age, I do ABHOR THEE*, &c.—No doubt Dekker was thinking of this when he wrote: "Sweet purse, I kiss thee; Fortune, I adore thee; Care, I despise thee; Death, I defy thee" (*Old Fortunatus*, i. 1, end of scene).

10. Line 167: *I do DEFY thee*.—*Defy*=reject, despise; so *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 63:

I do *defy* thy conjurations.

11. Line 179: *blemish'd ONCE'S FOR EVER lost*.—So most editors. The 1599 and 1612 edd. have *once, for ever*. A natural suggestion is *once, for ever's*.

12. Line 200: *DARK DISMAL-DREAMING night*.—So Malone and most editors. The edd. of 1599, 1612, read *darke dreaming* night, where it seems clear from the measure of the verse that some word has dropped out.

13. Line 207: *seems a moon*.—This is Steevens' conjecture. The edd. 1599, 1612, have *houre*, an obvious repetition of the previous line.

14. Line 211: *It was*, &c.—Compare for the opening, *As You Like It*, v. 3. 17:

*It was* a lover and his lass.

15. Line 238: *from thy THORN*.—So Malone, from the version in England's *Helicon*; see Bullen's Reprint, p. 74. The edd. 1599, 1612, have *thorne*.

16. Lines 245-298.—The old editions arrange the poem in three stanzas, each of twelve lines. The verses as printed in the editions of 1599 and 1612, in Weelkes's *Madrigals* and England's *Helicon*, are full of unimportant verbal variations, which I forbear to chronicle. Mr. Bullen thinks that the poem was written by Richard Barnfield; see introduction to his reprint of England's *Helicon*, p. xxi.

17. Line 271: *can sound NO DEAL*.—In Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 245, we have:

To weep with them that weep doth ease *some deal*.

*Deal*, of course, is the German *theil*.

## NOTES TO THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM:

18. Line 300: *And STALL'D the DEER, &c.*—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 111, 112:

when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected *deer* before thee.

19. Line 302: *As well as FANCY'S PARTIAL MIGHT.*—The edd. 1599, 1612, have *fancy (party all might)*; the 1640 ed. differs from them only in reading *partly*. The Cambridge editors print *fancy, partial wight*; the Globe edition marks the line as corrupt. It has always seemed to me that *fancy's partial might* would suit the context, and this I have ventured to adopt.

20. Line 306: *Smooth not thy tongue with FILED talk.*—For *filed* = polished, see Sonnet lxxxv. 4.

21. Line 340: *A WOMAN'S NAY doth stand for NAUGHT.*—There was a proverb (see Thiselton Dyer, Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 432) "*Maids say nay, and take it,*" to which Heywood alludes in his *Wisewoman of Hogsdon*, i. 2:

Come, come, I know thou art a *maid*; say *nay*, and *take* them.  
—Heywood's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 260.

Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 55, 56; and the

following couplet from a poem in Bullen's Elizabethan Lyrics, p. 129:

Women's words have double sense:  
Stand away!—a simple fence.

22. Line 349: *to ROUND me t' the ear.*—Schmidt explains *round* = to whisper; but can it not mean "strike me on the ear?" The sense requires some such interpretation, and we still talk of *rounding* on a person, i.e. turning sharply on him. Various emendations have been hazarded, to little purpose.

23. Line 353.—See Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 1. 15–26. Mr. Bullen, in his edition of Marlowe, remarks: "This delightful pastoral song was first published, without the fourth and sixth stanzas, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It appeared complete in England's Helicon, 1600, with Marlowe's name subscribed. By quoting it in the *Complete Angler*, 1653, Isaac Walton has made it known to a world of readers" (vol. iii. p. 283). The different versions of the immortal lyric are rife with variant readings (of no particular importance), for which the curious reader must consult Mr. Bullen's collation of the texts (Marlowe, vol. iii. pp. 283–285).

## THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.

The Phoenix and the Turtle first appeared in 1601 as one of the additional poems to Chester's Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint. The poem was signed with Shakespeare's name. Attempts have been made, quite uselessly of course, to explain the alle-

gory; no clue to the events hinted at has survived. Chester's Love's Martyr, described as an extremely rare volume by the Cambridge editors (see vol. ix. Introduction, p. xviii.), has been reprinted by the New Shakspeare Society.

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precursor of the fiend,  
Angur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing.  
Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

10

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

20

Here the anthem doth commence:—  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Line 2: *On the sole ARABIAN tree.*—See As You Like It, note 145.

Line 15: *the DEATH-DIVINING SWAN.*—See note 237 Othello.



## THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

30

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

40

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together,  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

134

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

50

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—

'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

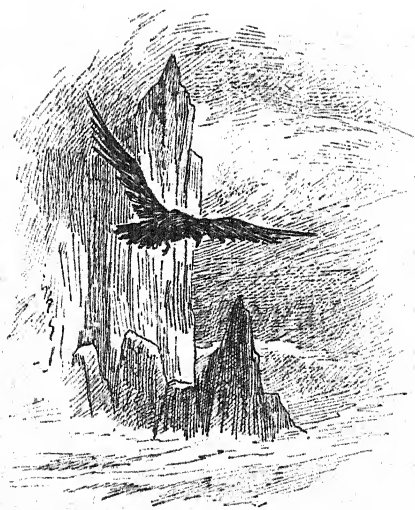
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Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair:

For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

67

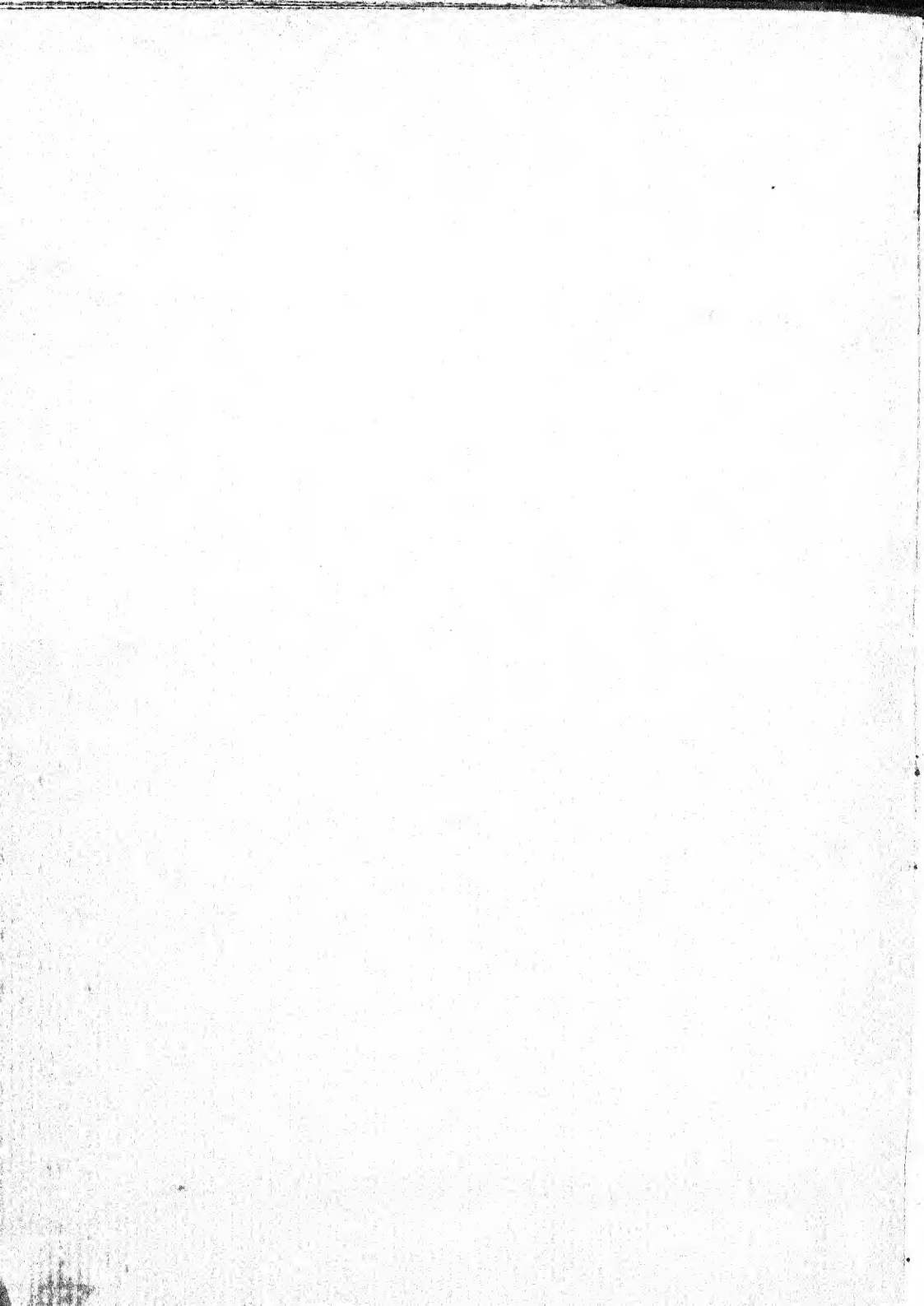


# SHAKESPEARE-LAND

BY

W. JEROME HARRISON, F.G.S.

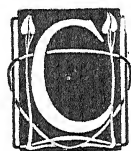
AUTHOR OF "A PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY OF WARWICKSHIRE"  
"BIBLIOGRAPHY OF STONEHENGE" ETC.



## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE-LAND

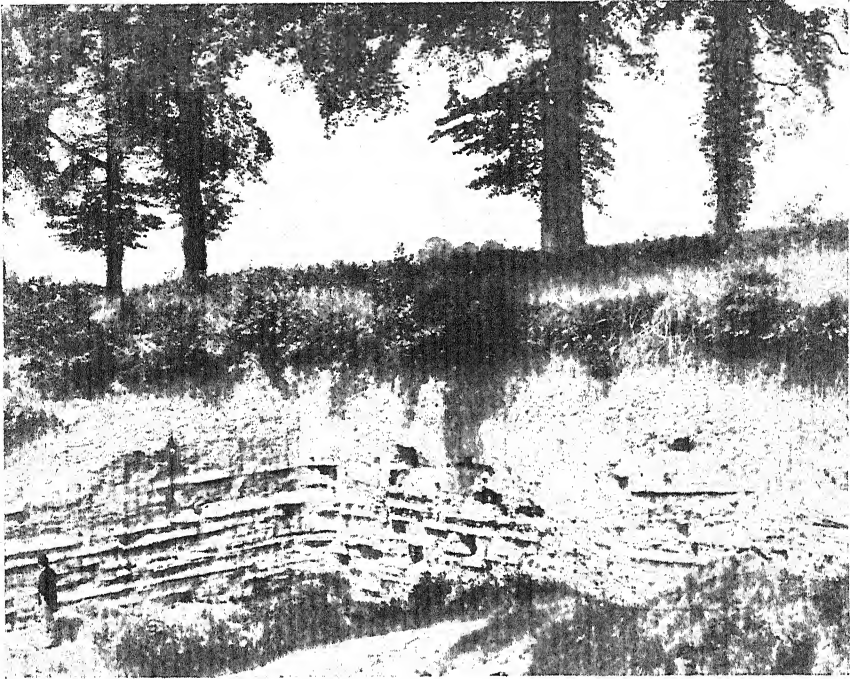
"Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,  
His spirit breathes amid his native skies."—*John Sterling*, 1839.



CAN it be a mere coincidence that the same English county should have produced the highest name in literature of either sex — Shakespeare, and "George Eliot"? Although environment is but one of the factors in the development of genius, yet it is doubtless a powerful one; and to trace its influence adds increased zest to the pleasure with which we visit and study the localities in which those whom the world has learnt to admire and to revere were born and bred.

In the pages which follow we shall endeavour to give some account of the sweet Midland region in which our Shakespeare grew up to man's estate; and which he loved so well that he left the pomp of London and of the Court while still at the zenith of his fame, in order to spend as much as possible of the latter part of his life within its pleasant borders.

**Extent and Position of the "Shakespeare Country".**  
—In connection with Shakespeare the county of Warwick has usually received the whole of the credit which is given to the district wherein a great man has been born. But the town of Stratford is situated in the extreme south-west corner of the county, and a walk of ten minutes from the poet's birth-place will bring anyone across the foot-bridge over the Avon and into Gloucestershire. Portions of Worcestershire, too, are



LOWER-LIAS LIMESTONE QUARRY NEAR BINTON

1

close at hand; and the title (given by the bard's contemporaries) of "Swan of Avon" would seem perhaps more suitable than that of "Warwickshire Lad", bestowed on him by Garrick at the Stratford festival of 1764.

That exquisite river—the Warwickshire Avon—is indeed the distinguishing feature of the district. Rising near Naseby, in Northamptonshire, it joins the Severn at Tewkesbury after a sinuous course from north-east to south-west of about 100 miles. We may distinguish Shakespeare-Land as occupying a central tract, of which the Avon, running diagonally from Rugby to Evesham for 36 miles, is the leading physical feature.

**The Woodland or "Arden".**—On the north-west side of the Avon is the wooded region formerly known as the "Woodland", or "Wooland", which formed part of the famous Forest of Arden. In Saxon and Norman times trees covered

the whole region from the Severn to the Trent; but great inroads were made upon the timber, first in connection with the salt industry of Worcestershire, and afterwards for use in the Staffordshire mines and iron-works. Large clearances were effected which offered desirable building-sites for the forest-dwellers, and in this Arden region Shakespeare would doubtless often visit the city of Coventry, with such towns and villages as Alcester, Henley-in-Arden, Hampton-in-Arden, Knowle, Rowington, Meriden, Wootton Wawen, &c., occupying the open spaces in a tract of woodland lying parallel to the Avon and about 15 miles in width.

**The Cultivated Fields, or "Feldon", or Field Land.**—On the south-east side of the River Avon we find a fertile "champain" or field country, known to Camden and his predecessors as the "Feldon", a region of orchards and grass-lands, with corn-fields, about 10 miles in width, and



HOLLIES IN SUTTON PARK: [A Relic of the Forest of Arden]



containing such towns and villages as Leamington, Offchurch, Southam, Chesterton, Kington, Brailes, Marston, Pebworth, &c.

Lastly, standing upon the very banks of the Avon, we have Rugby, Stoneleigh, Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, Charlecote, Stratford, Luddington, Bidford, Offenham, and Evesham.

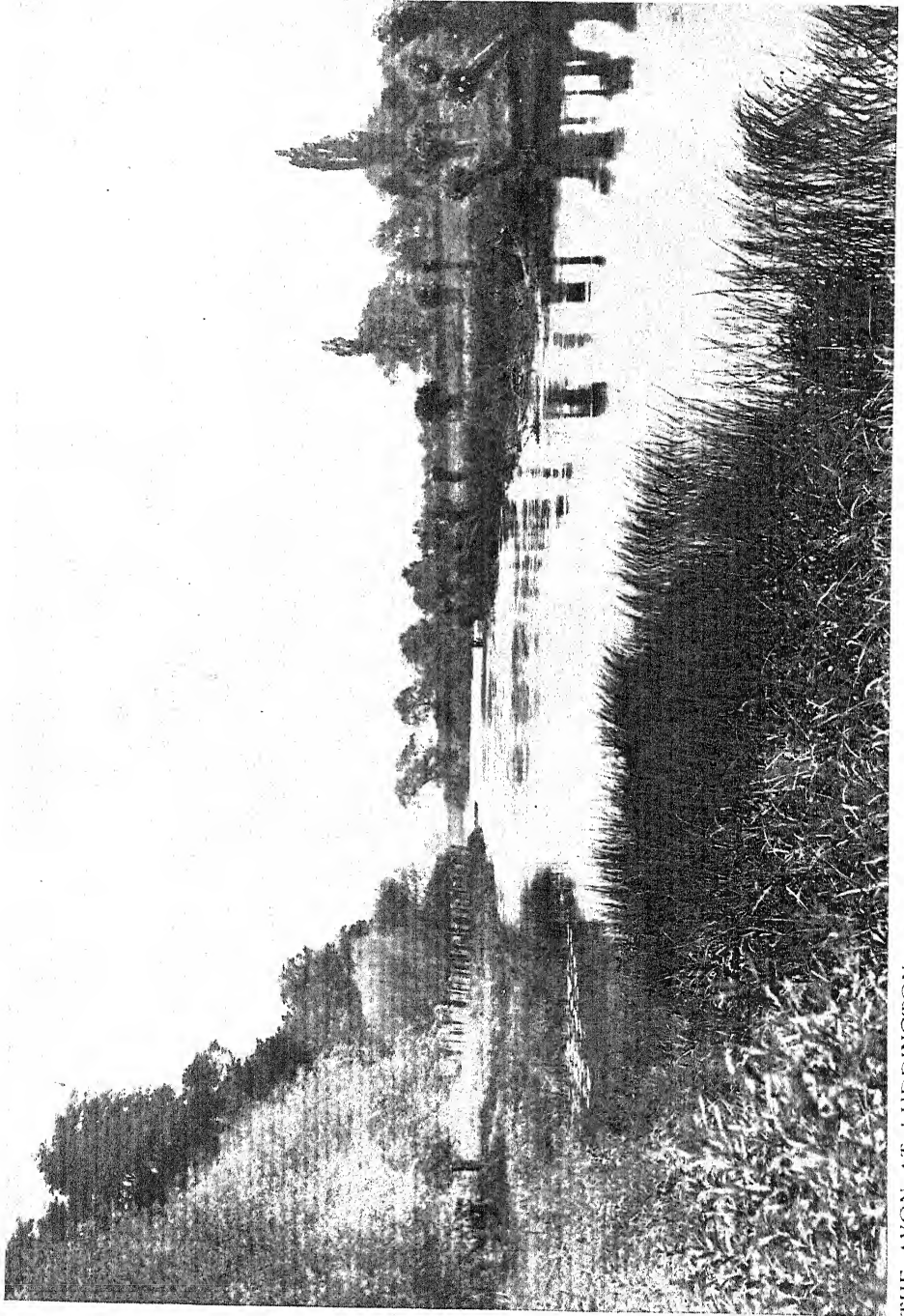
Thus our youthful poet's "kingdom", with every corner of which he doubtless made himself familiar in the roaming days of his boyhood, occupies an area of about 36 miles by 25 miles, including some 900 square miles.

**Geology and Botany.**—A glance at a geological map shows that the Avon roughly divides the red marls and sandstones of the Triassic Formation on the north-west (the "Arden" area) from the clays and limestones of the Lias to the south-east ("Feldon" district). The limestones of the Lias are largely worked at Wilmcote, Harbury, and round Rugby, and the thin-bedded stone has been frequently used in the construction of local churches, houses, and walls (fig. 1).

All these rocks are more or less soft and easily weathered, and thus the country is of low relief, having swelling outlines and low elevations which hardly deserve the name of hills. Stratford-on-Avon is but 110 feet above sea-level.

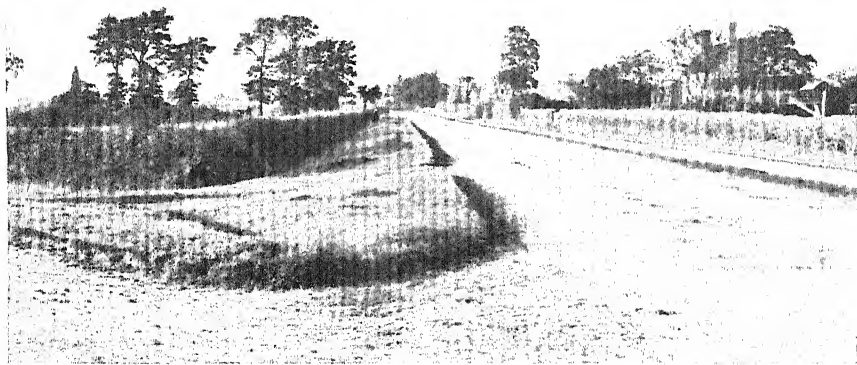
The plants of Shakespeare Land have been most carefully enumerated by Mr. J. E. Bagnall in his *Flora of Warwickshire*. The county contains altogether 852 species of wild flowering-plants, or more than one-half of the total number (1425) known in Great Britain. The plants peculiar to bogs and heaths are conspicuous by their absence; but generally speaking the county is still well wooded. In Sutton Park, north of Birmingham, we have a tract of land which has never known cultivation, and here such rarities as the Grass of Parnassus, the Black Crowberry, the Cranberry, and the Whortleberry still linger.

Among the rivers the soft-flowing Avon easily takes the first place for the richness of its vegetation. In summer its surface is here and there completely covered with the small



THE AVON AT LUDDINGTON

white flowers of the Water Crowfoot; forests of bulrushes crowd its banks; and the Yellow Water-Lily, the Bitter-Cress, and the Water Meadow-Grass grow profusely. The grand oaks of Stoneleigh Park, and the hollies which flourish so wonderfully on the barren pebble-beds of Sutton Park (fig. 2), live in one's memory; but fine elms, chestnuts, and limes are to be seen almost everywhere. The south and



THE RYKNIELD STREET NEAR STUDLEY

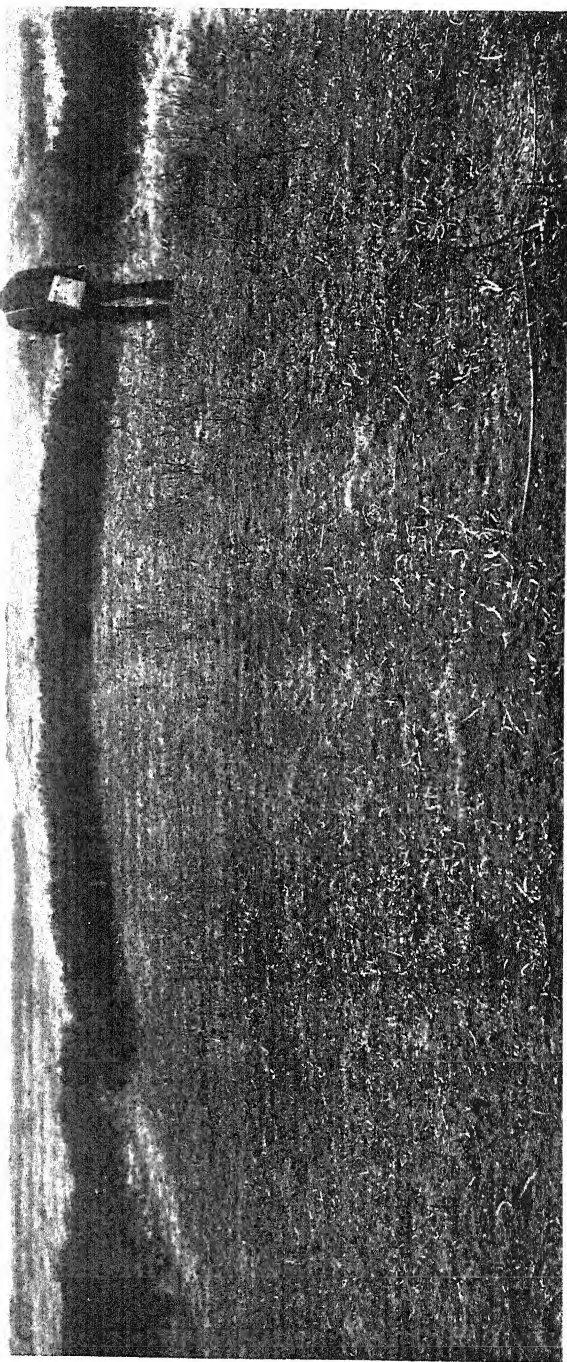
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south-east of Warwickshire is, however, distinctly richer in vegetation than the north and north-west.

The courses of the rivers are marked out by the rows of willows which grow along their banks (fig. 3); and the acuteness with which our Shakespeare must have noted the natural phenomena of his country-side is shown by a reference in *Hamlet* (act iv, sc. 7):

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his *hoar* leaves in the glassy stream".

To a casual observer the leaves of the willow seem to be of an



THE RYKFIELD STREET IN SUTTON PARK

ordinary green colour, but a careful examination shows that the *under sides* of the leaves are whitish, and it is, of course, this lower side which we see reflected in the water.

**The Three Roman Roads of Warwickshire.**—The Roman roads of Shakespeare-Land are three in number. They form a triangle, practically enclosing Warwickshire on the north-east, the west, and the south-east. The famous Watling Street, running from London to Chester, forms much of the county boundary on the north-east side, from near Rugby by Atherstone to Wilnecote. The Fosse-Way runs across the Feldon, at a distance of about 4 miles east of and parallel to the Avon, entering the county near Shipston-on-Stour, and intersecting the Watling Street at High Cross (Venous). The third or north-western boundary road is best named the “Ryknield Street” (fig. 4), to distinguish it from the “Icknield Street” of the South of England. Entering Warwickshire at Bidford, it passes northwards through Alcester and the west side of Birmingham (where a portion of it is still called the “Icknield” Street): it is also perfectly visible, its course as clear as the day it was made (except, of course, that it is grass-grown), on the western side of Sutton Park, near the Royal Oak Inn (fig. 5).

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## CHAPTER II

### THE HOMES OF SHAKESPEARE'S ANCESTORS

#### I—THE SHAKESPEARES

"Shakespeare, a wool-comber, poacher, or whatever else at Stratford in Warwickshire, who happened to write books! The finest human figure, as I apprehend, that Nature has hitherto seen fit to make of our widely diffused Teutonic clay. Saxon, Norman, Celt, or Sarmat, I find no human soul so beautiful, these fifteen hundred known years:—our supreme modern European man."—*Thomas Carlyle*, 1839.



SHAKESPEARE'S parents appear each of them to have descended from a long line of local or Warwickshire "antecessors". Great difficulty is experienced in tracing the genealogy of any but the very highest in the land before the sixteenth century. Parish registers—upon which we mainly rely for the records of births, deaths, and marriages—were first instituted by the direction of Henry VIII's minister, Thomas Cromwell, in 1538, and were not generally adopted until some twenty or thirty years later.

**Ancestors on the "Spear" side.**—The researches of G. R. French, of Mrs. Stopes, and others, have traced "Shakespeares" in England as far back as 1260; though the name does not appear in Warwickshire until 1359. The origin of this surname is obvious, and it may well be that it was bestowed on some hardy man-at-arms for his skill in the management of his spear during the border warfare which was so incessantly waged on the Scottish frontier in the





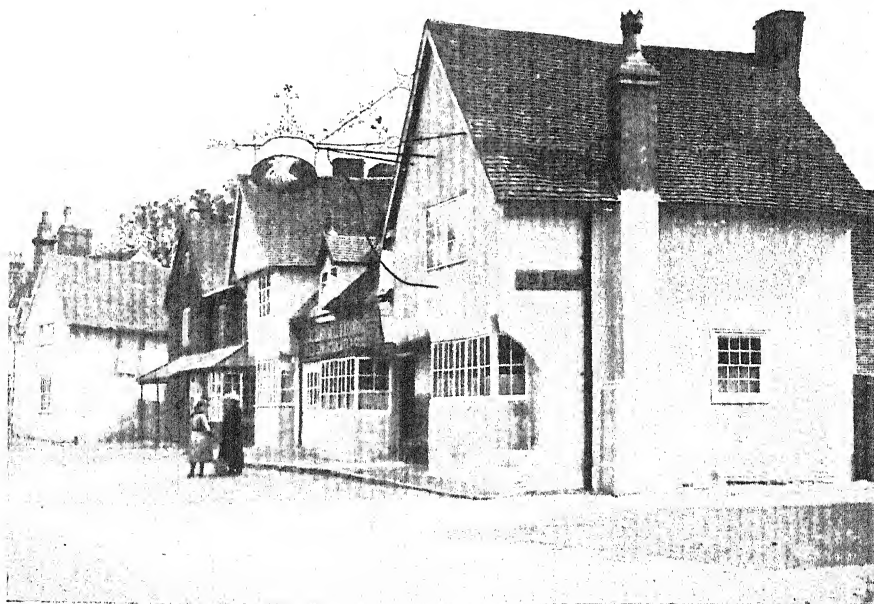
CHURCH AND GUILD-HOUSE, KNOWLE

Middle Ages. At all events we find one "Henry Shakespere" dwelling near Penrith in 1349, and Allan and William Shakespeare in 1398, while the will of John Shakespere of Doncaster (Yorkshire), dated 1458, which is preserved among the York Records, may mark a connecting-link with the Midlands. The first Warwickshire record of the name is rather unfortunate, as it is that of "Thomas Shakespere, felon", of Coventry, for whose goods the bailiffs of that city had to account in 1359. The family must have spread rapidly in the county, for in the first half of the sixteenth century the name occurs in at least sixteen Warwickshire towns and villages, and especially at Knowle, at Rowington, and at Warwick.

**The Guild of Knowle.**—The "Guilds" which were so popular in England from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, were societies or combinations which included all

classes, and which had for their objects the protection and advancement of the interests of their members both in this world and hereafter. They partook of the nature of our friendly, sick, and burial societies; prayers for the dead were a great feature; frequent "feasts" were arranged—the origin of our modern public dinners; and during their latter years (they were suppressed, and their property confiscated, by Henry VIII at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries) many of them had assumed some of the duties which we now associate with a town council or corporation.

Among all the guilds one of the most powerful was that of St. Anne, at Knowle, a village 14 miles due north of Stratford-on-Avon [Knowle station on the Great Western Railway, 10 miles south-east of Birmingham]. This guild in the year 1500 had 3000 members, including the first



THE SWAN INN, KNOWLE

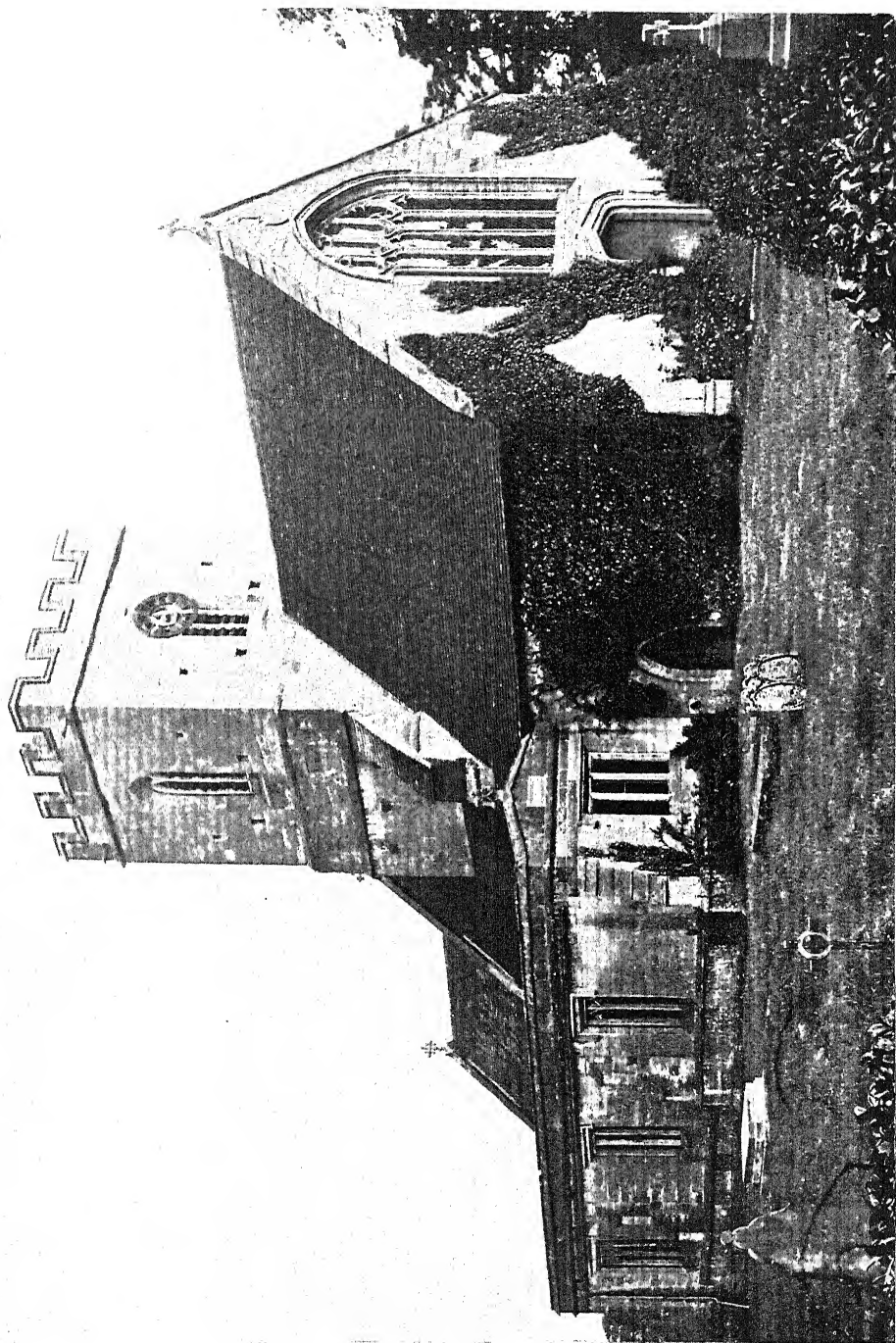
people of the county, and with nine entries of the name "Shakespeare". Its register, on vellum, is now in the Birmingham Reference Library, and it has been admirably edited by Mr. W. B. Bickley.

The Guild-House or Hall still stands (fig. 6) opposite the west end of the church of Knowle. It is a half-timbered fifteenth-century building, now converted into a shop and dwelling-house. The church of Knowle is a good specimen of Perpendicular architecture, embattled, with tower at the west end. It possesses a fine rood-screen.

The Swan Inn at Knowle (fig. 7) has good iron-work in its sign, and is a type of the old-fashioned hostels which are so rapidly disappearing before modern rebuilding and "improvements".

**The Village and Hall of Rowington.**—The pleasant village of Rowington lies on the east side of the Great Western Railway, just half-way between Lapworth and Hatton stations (2 miles to either). Its church (fig. 8), dedicated to St. Lawrence, has a central embattled tower, with a nave that is remarkable in that it is continued to the east of the tower. The present very uncommon plan of the building appears to be the result of a fourteenth-century enlargement of the original small Norman edifice. The early registers of Rowington are lost, but there are sixty-two entries of "Shakespeares" from 1616 to 1697, and the Guild Register of Knowle mentions "Thomas Chacsper" and "Johannis Shakespeyre" of Rowington in 1476.

On Rowington Green stands "Shakespeare Hall", a gabled, half-timbered house, said to have been the residence of Thomas Shakespeare, one of the poet's uncles, and it is locally believed that *As You Like It* was written in the little room over the porch. Certain it is that at the time of his death William Shakespeare was possessed of a copyhold belonging to the manor of Rowington, but we know that he only acquired it in 1602.



ROWINGTON CHURCH FROM THE NORTH-WEST

**Baddesley Clinton and the Church of the Expiation.**—Baddesley Clinton, one of the most romantic, secluded, and beautiful spots in Shakespeare-Land, lies just a mile due east of Lapworth station (Great Western Railway). Its moated Hall is an exquisite example of a fortified manor-house of the fifteenth century. It contains much fine woodwork, and the heraldic devices in the windows are very noteworthy. The brick bridge by which the moat is now crossed was built in the reign of Queen Anne to replace an old drawbridge. The moat is 8 or 9 feet deep, but underneath it there is a secret passage intended to afford a means of escape in time of siege. From the Saxon Badde the manor here passed to the Norman knight De Clinton. In Henry VI's reign it was acquired by one John Brome, a lawyer of Warwick, who, in 1468, received a mortal wound in a London church-porch from an adversary, one John Herthill, who suffered under a similar grievance to John Shakespeare's, *i.e.* Brome refused to return a manor to its owner upon the receipt of its mortgage-money. In his will Brome writes: "I do forgive my son Thomas, who, when he sawe me runne through in ye Whitefriars Church-porch, laughed and smiled att itt". Thomas dying without heirs, Nicholas Brome—John's second son—succeeded his father at Baddesley, and avenged him by lying in wait for and killing Herthill near Barford Bridge. This Nicholas seems to have been a man of violent passions, for a few years later he slew his own chaplain, "finding"—as Dugdale tells us—"the priest in the parlour chokking his wife under the chin". For this crime Brome had to do penance by rebuilding the towers of the churches of Packwood and of Baddesley Clinton. Nicholas Brome's daughter and heiress, Constantia, married Sir E. Ferrers in 1497, and then for twelve generations the Ferrers succeeded one another at Baddesley as heirs male, the last being Marmion Edward Ferrers, who died in 1884.

The Church of St. James, at Baddesley (fig. 9), is but a stone's-throw from the hall. It consists of a nave and chancel, with embattled western tower, mostly the work of Nicholas Brome between 1496 and 1508. There are some interesting old tombstones in the churchyard; and in Hay Wood—a bit of the old forest of Arden,—east of the church,



THE CHURCH, BADDESLEY CLINTON

9

the Lily-of-the-Valley flowers profusely in the spring. But this is a strict botanical secret.

**Wroxall and its Abbey.**—From Baddesley Clinton it is just a mile walk eastwards to Wroxall. The abbey which stood here owed its foundation to a miracle! In the twelfth century Hugh de Hatton was taken prisoner while fighting in the Holy Land. On his promise to found a Benedictine priory for nuns, he was transported—fettters and all—by St. Leonard in an instant to the woods near Wroxall. Unlike many people, he carried out his vow, and some relics of his priory—the refectory, the chapter-house, &c.—are still to be



seen adjoining the present modern house, which was built by Mr. James Dugdale in 1864.

The Church of St. Leonard is situated in front of the mansion. It is a stone building of the fourteenth century, with a seventeenth-century brick tower. It contains some good carved seats and stained glass. The village stocks still stand opposite to the entrance to the park.

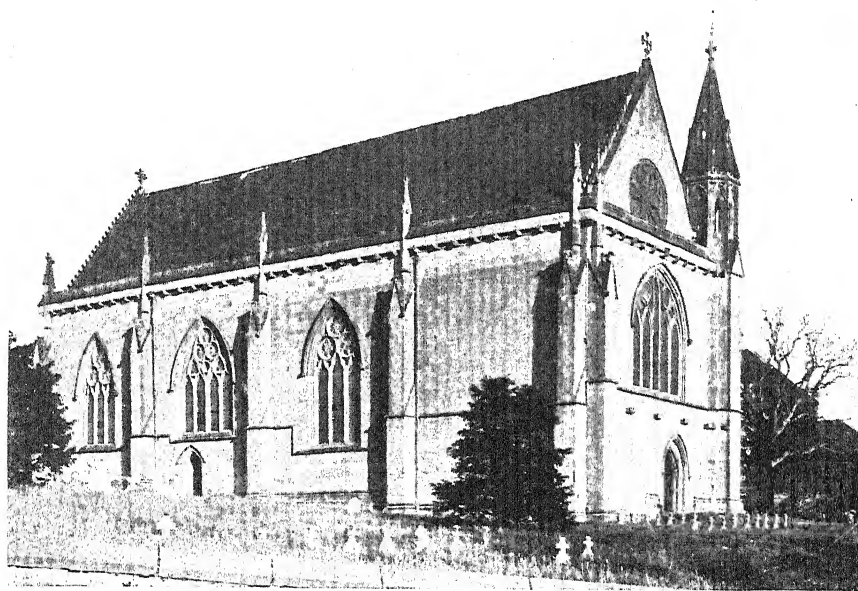
The Knowle register gives Richard Schakespeire, and his wife Margaret, as living in Wroxall in 1464; and Mr. Yeatman finds in the Court Rolls of Wroxall mention of an Elizabeth Shakspere as early as 1418. In 1504 the prayers of the Knowle Guild are asked "for the soul of Isabella Shakespeare, formerly prioress of Wroxall". The parish registers only begin at 1586.

**The Church and Hall of the Knights Templars at Temple Balsall.**—Temple Balsall lies between Knowle and Berkswell (2 miles from either). The Church of St. Mary is an Early Decorated edifice of most beautiful and uncommon type (fig. 10). In the reign of Henry III, Roger de Moubray gave the lordship of Balsall to the military-religious order of the Knights Templars, and they erected a structure to serve both as their hall and church. The interior is without either aisles or galleries, and is one noble and lofty space, measuring 104 feet by 30 feet, and rising eastwards in four steps. There are large east and west windows; and a fine "wheel window", also, at the west end.

After the Templars were suppressed, in 1307, their estate here passed through several hands—including those of Katharine Parr and Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Finally it was given to found a hospital for poor women, which now stands east of the church. To the south-west of the church a barn includes part of what was once the refectory of the Templars. The little River Blythe runs close at hand, amid pastoral scenery which is very delightful.

**The Birthplace of Shakespeare's Father (Snitter-**

field).—The village of Snitterfield is 4 miles north of Stratford, and 3 miles east of Bearley station (Great Western Railway). Arriving here some twenty years ago, equipped with camera and on Shakespearean study intent, we enquired of the old landlady of the Bell Inn as to what notable things were to be seen. "Well, sir," the worthy dame replied, "there's our new billiard-room"—at which we fled!



THE CHURCH, TEMPLE BALSALL

10

As usual, it is best to make first for the church. The history of an English village usually centres in and gathers round its church. Its architecture, materials, additions, and restorations: the wood-work, iron-work, furniture, windows, church-chest, bells, and font; the parish registers; sometimes the subsidiary buildings attached to the sacred edifice itself; the churchyard—often containing remarkable trees and interesting tombstones; and the adjoining residence for the parson—all combine to reveal to the understanding eye an epitome



CHURCH PORCH, SNITTERFIELD

11

of the history of the district, for, it may be, the preceding five or six centuries. And all honour to those who are in charge of these surpassingly interesting memorials of bygone England—to the clergy, with their humble helpers the parish-clerks, the sextons, and others. Not only do they feel a pride in, and love for, the sacred building itself, which leads them to guard it sedulously, but they are ever willing to act as guides to visitors, and to render them every possible aid and information.

Snitterfield Church has a Decorated nave, aisles, and chancel, with a Perpendicular tower and clere-story (fig. 11). The four-

teenth-century font is good, and there is much ancient carved wood-work. The double yew-tree and the three grand limes in the churchyard should be noticed; and also the three silver birches on the vicarage lawn, planted by the three daughters (and therefore now called the "Three Ladies") of the Rev. Richard Jago—a well-known poet,—who was vicar here from 1761 to 1781. Richard Shakespeare (the poet's grandfather) and Henry Shakespeare (his uncle) both farmed land here. The farm of "Ingon" and the enclosures called "Burman's Field" and "Red Hill" are associated with their names in ancient legal documents.

## CHAPTER III

### THE HOMES OF SHAKESPEARE'S ANCESTORS (*Continued*)

#### II—THE ARDENS

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,  
Warble his native woodnotes wild."

—*John Milton*, 1645.



**SHAKESPEARE'S** Ancestry on the "Spindle" side.—Shakespeare's father (John) married Mary Arden in 1557. She was the youngest (and apparently the favourite) daughter of Robert Arden, "husbandman", of Wilmcote, a village 3 miles north-west of Stratford. This Robert Arden was the son of a Thomas Arden, and one of the great questions in the ancestry of Shakespeare is as to whether this Thomas was, or was not, the second son of Walter Arden of Park Hall. Although, perhaps, it cannot be proved in a way which would satisfy a court of justice, it must be admitted that there is a fair probability of such being the case. But the Ardens rank among the most ancient families in England, tracing their pedigree through sixteen generations, from Walter Arden to Ailwin, the Saxon sheriff of Warwickshire, and including great names and high connections. It must indeed have been a source of legitimate pleasure to William Shakespeare to hear—as he unquestionably would do even at his mother's knee—the story of the high achievements of his "antecessors".

**Aston Church and the Ardens.**—Aston is now a northern suburb of Birmingham. The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul has a very good fifteenth-century tower and spire, but the rest of the edifice was rebuilt in 1891. The famous Arden Tomb stands on the north side of the chancel, next to the organ chamber. It has recumbent figures of



THE ARDEN COTTAGE, WILMCOTE

a knight and his lady, the former in plate-armour of the time of Richard II—perhaps Sir. T. Arden of Nechells. The Erdington Chapel, with the tombs of that ancient family, is on the opposite or south side of the chancel; and there is also a brass to Thomas Holte (died 1545).

Aston Hall stands near the church. It was built of red brick by Sir Thomas Holte in 1618–1635, and is now used as a Free Public Museum for the city of Birmingham. Among the objects shown is a horologe which professes to be “Shakespeare’s clock”.

**Wilmcote and Mary Arden.**—The cottage, or rather substantial farmhouse, which is believed to have been the birthplace and early home of the mother of Shakespeare, stands but five minutes' walk from Wilmcote station (Great Western Railway). It is a two-storied half-timbered house with dormer-windows (fig. 12); inside, the great wooden



ASTON CANTLOW CHURCH

13

beams of the framework are worth seeing. But the most picturesque part is at the back, where an old dove-cot "composes" exceedingly well with a lofty cart-shelter and other farm-buildings. The church of St. Andrew is quite modern. The exact position of the land here known as "Asbies", which was left to Mary Arden by her father, cannot now be traced.

**Aston Cantlow: where Shakespeare's Parents were Married.**—Wilmcote had no church in Mary Arden's days, and as the village is in the parish of Aston Cantlow, her





COURT-LEET HOUSE. ASTON CANTLOW

11

marriage with John Shakespeare doubtless took place there. Aston Cantlow is "Estone Cantilupe"—"Estone" because east of Alcester, and "Cantilupe" from the Norman family who owned the manor in the thirteenth century. Of many beautiful villages in this district, Aston Cantlow is remarkable for its "old-world" appearance, and for its rustic and unspoilt cottagers. Artists who know of this sequestered spot for the most part keep the knowledge to themselves—but it certainly is among the gems of "Shakespeare-Land".

The grand old church of St. John the Baptist at Aston Cantlow (fig. 13) is Early English in its architecture (late thirteenth century), and has some good fifteenth-century wood-work and a font. Close at hand stands the inn at which local tradition says John Shakespeare's party held the wedding breakfast; and exactly opposite is the very picturesque Court-Leet House (fig. 14).

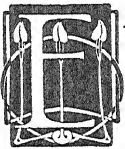
## CHAPTER IV

### SHAKESPEARE'S NATIVE TOWN OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

IN MEMORY OF OUR FAMOUS SHAKESPEARE

. . . . .  
"Who wrote his lines with a sunbeam,  
More durable than Time or Fate  
. . . . .

"Where thy honoured bones do lie  
(As Statius once to Maro's urn),  
Thither every year will I  
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn."  
—*Samuel Sheppard*, 1651.



**EARLY History of Stratford-upon-Avon.**—In the early times, when bridges were few or non-existent, the shallow places where rivers of any size could alone be safely crossed were sought out with care, and were usually marked by lines of stakes. The roads naturally made for these "fords", and villages and towns grew up around them.

A ford over the Avon at the spot where Stratford now stands was doubtless known and used in Celtic and in Saxon times. As to when the first bridges over the Avon here—poor wooden structures—were built, we have no record. There is a fair indication of a Roman cross-road running from Stratford to Alcester, and in later times the main or "mail" road from London through Oxford to Birmingham and beyond crossed—as it now crosses—the Avon at this point.

The first record of Stratford-on-Avon occurs in Early Saxon times, when there is mention of a monastery here (probably on the site of the present church) belonging to the Bishops of Worcester. And from *Domesday Book* we know that a church existed at the time of the Norman Conquest. But of this monastery and early church no traces now remain.

**The Three Bridges at Stratford.**—The wooden foot-bridge south of the church has been rebuilt again and again upon the old foundations; while the adjoining Lucy's mill stands similarly on the spot where there was a mill long before the Conquest. *Domesday Book* writes it down:—"a mill yielding ten shillings per annum and a thousand eels" to the then Bishop of Worcester.

The Clopton Bridge is a fine stone structure of fourteen arches (with five smaller arches under the causeway at the west end). It was built by a local man, Sir Hugh Clopton (Lord Mayor of London), in the reign of Henry VII, to replace what Leland describes, about 1540, as "a poor bridge of timber, and no causeway to come to it, whereby many poor folks refused to come to Stratford when the river was up, or, coming thither, stood in jeopardy of life".

A third bridge, of red brick, was built in 1826 a little below the Clopton Bridge to carry a since-disused tramway to Shipston-on-Stour.

**The Guild Chapel.**—Almost equalling the parish church in point of age and of antiquarian interest, the Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John the Baptist stands at the corner of Chapel Lane and Church Street (fig. 15). The chancel dates back to the fourteenth century, but the rest of the building was rebuilt by Sir Hugh Clopton about the year 1500. In 1804 it was found that the walls of the interior were covered with frescoes, including such subjects as the Day of Judgment, the Murder of Thomas à Becket, &c. These were carefully copied (and published by Mr. Thomas Fisher in 1836), and they were then whitewashed



GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND GUILD CHAPEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

over again in the same year (fig. 16). The north porch is an admirable example of late fifteenth-century architecture.

**The Guild Hall.**—Extending southwards from the Guild Chapel, along Church Street, is a long, low, and narrow half-timbered edifice, whose windows on one side look into Church Street and on the other into the Grammar School yard. This

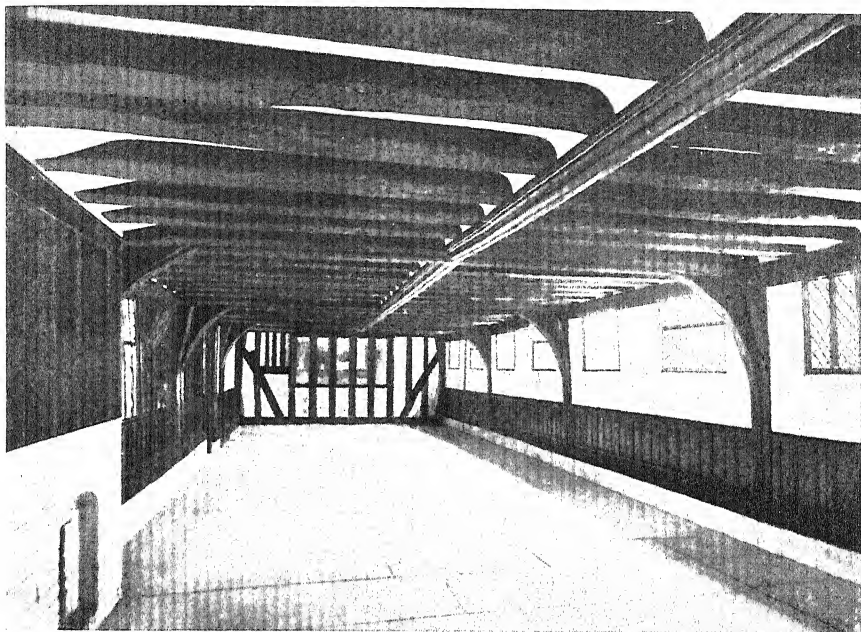


FRESCO IN GUILD CHAPEL

is the hall of the ancient Guild or Fraternity of the Holy Cross. A hall appears to have been built on this site in 1296 by Robert de Stratford, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and a great lover and benefactor of his native town; but the present structure is probably not older than the end of the fifteenth century.

The Guild of Stratford was not less important than that of Knowle (see page 12), and had become practically the govern-

ing body of the town of Stratford, so that its dissolution in 1547, by order of Edward VI, led to complete local confusion. As a result, a part of the property of the guild was restored in 1553, and a local body, consisting of a bailiff with fourteen aldermen, was established by royal charter to perform the



INTERIOR OF GUILD HALL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

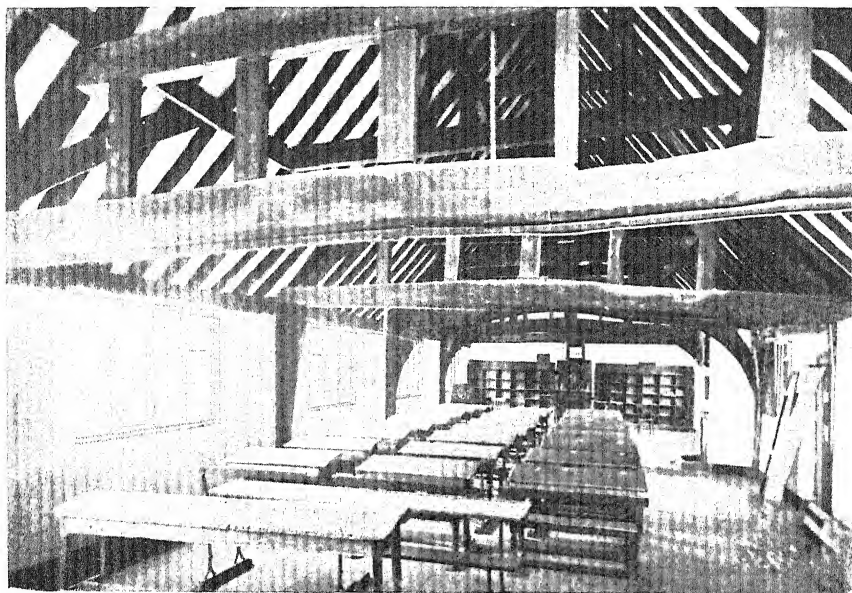
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work of a town council. This body met in the Guild Hall (fig. 17) until the erection of the present Town-hall in 1768.

**The Grammar School of King Edward VI.**—One of the functions of the Stratford Guild was the education of the children of its members; and, to aid in this good work, Thomas Joliffe (a priest of the guild) gave some land in 1482, so that he is usually considered as the original “founder” of the present Grammar School. The endowment was confiscated when the guild was suppressed in 1547, but was restored by Edward VI in 1553. The school occupies rooms over and at



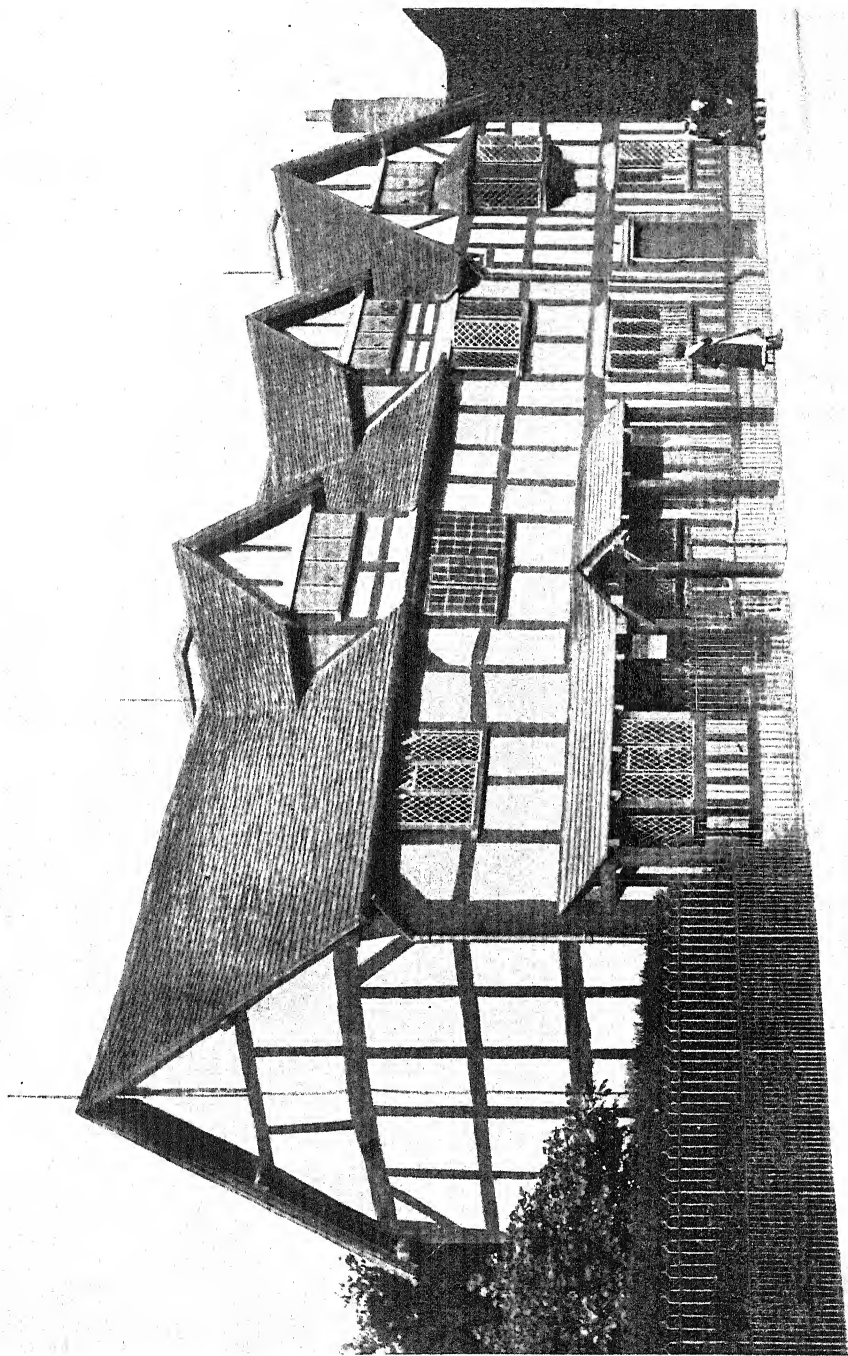
the back of the Guild Hall (fig. 15). It was open free to the children of all citizens of Stratford who were not less than seven years of age, and who were able to read. Without doubt it was here that William Shakespeare learned his "small Latin and less Greek"; and he probably spent seven years (1571-1577) at the school, leaving, it is believed, at the



OLD LATIN ROOM IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

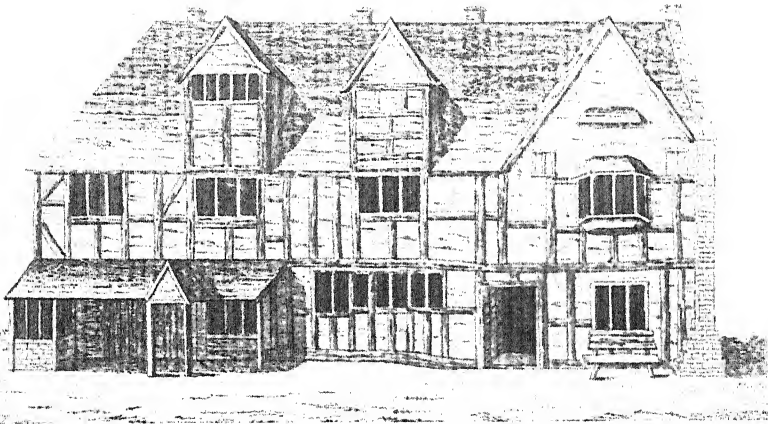
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early age of fourteen in order to assist his father, whose affairs were beginning to be in an embarrassed state. The Old Latin Room (fig. 18) stands over the Guild Hall, and has a fine timber roof with immense tie-beams. At its lower end a desk, traditionally known as "Shakespeare's", used to stand; but it has been removed to the Birthplace. The masters of the school during Shakespeare's time were Walter Roche, B.A. (1570-1572), Thomas Hunt (1572-1577), and Thomas Jenkins, M.A. (1577-1578). The boys attended service in the adjoining Guild Chapel, and sometimes that building was also used as



a school-room, which may have produced the well-known reference in *Twelfth Night* (act iii, sc. 2): "Cross-gartered? Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church".

**The House in which William Shakespeare was Born.**—That the poet's father, John Shakespeare, lived in Henley Street in 1552 is proved by the corporation record of his being in that year fined twelpence for having a



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE (from an engraving, 1769)

20

dirt-heap of undue proportions in front of a house there. And that this house was the one standing on the north side of the street, and now known as the "Birthplace" (fig. 19), may be taken as practically certain. In 1556 John Shakespeare purchased the adjoining house on the east side, and used it in his business as a wool-shop; and in 1575 he purchased from one Edmund Hall, for £40, the Birthplace itself (previously he had only rented it). When the elder Shakespeare died, in 1601, the two Henley Street houses became the property of his famous son. From him they passed first to his elder daughter, Susannah, and then to his grand-daughter, Elizabeth,



THE LIVING-ROOM, SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

Lady Barnard (died 1669). Lady Barnard (the last of the direct line of Shakespeare's descendants) bequeathed this property to her cousin, Thomas Hart, and it remained in the Hart family until 1806, when it was sold to Thomas Court for £210 to clear a mortgage.

Finally, in 1847-1848, the property was purchased by national subscription for £3000. In 1857 the whole was skilfully restored to as nearly as could be judged its original condition, assistance being derived from old illustrations, such as that in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1769 (fig. 20), and it is now vested—together with New Place and Anne Hathaway's Cottage—in a body of national trustees.

**Interior of the Birthplace.**—The early home of William Shakespeare underwent many alterations both inside and out during the time which has elapsed since its erection in the first half of the sixteenth century. The eastern part—the wool-shop,—as early as 1603 became an inn, under the title of the Maidenhead (later the “Swan and Maidenhead”); while for a time (1786-1792) the western house, or Birthplace proper, was turned into a butcher's shop.

At the present day some thirty thousand persons annually, gathered from almost every nation under the sun, pay willingly their “nimble sixpences”, and enter the ground-floor room, with its broken-stone floor, which a century ago was the “butcher's shop”, and two centuries earlier still the “living-room” of the Shakespeare family (fig. 21).

The kitchen, with its mantel-piece of solid oak, is at the back of the living-room. It has a cellar underneath, and two small rooms—the pantry and the wash-house—behind. A narrow staircase leads from the kitchen up into the front bedroom—the room in which the immortal poet was born (fig. 22). Its walls and ceiling are covered with the pencilled names of thousands of visitors. The custodian of a century ago kept no “visitors' book”, but invited one and all to leave their signatures where they would—and the names of Sir Walter Scott,





of Washington Irving, and of others can still be seen. The custodian in question was a woman of vigorous mind, and on receiving notice to quit, she revenged herself by giving the room a "much-needed" coat of whitewash before vacating the premises! Fortunately she did not know or remember enough of the art to mix any size with her whitewash, so that it all dropped off again in a year or so!

The bed-room behind the birth-room contains a portrait of no great value (probably an eighteenth-century copy of the bust in the church). The attics are not shown to visitors, and some rooms on the west side of the house are reserved as store-rooms for the corporation records, and as a committee-room.

**The Museum (formerly the Wool-Shop).—**From the Birthplace we pass through a door leading from the living-room into the adjoining house, which was first John Shakespeare's shop and afterwards an inn. It now contains many interesting objects, such as a desk said to have been the one used by William Shakespeare while at the Grammar School; the "Ely House" portrait; many valuable deeds, letters, and other documents, including the only letter in existence addressed to the poet—a request from his townsman, Richard Quynney, for the loan of £30, &c.

Shakespeare's house has been fortunate in its later custodians. We have a specially pleasant remembrance of the Misses Chattaway, and although their favourite remark when passing the copy of the poet's bust which stood in the living-room—"Plenty of room *there* for the mighty brain"—was made by one or other of them many hundreds of times yearly, it was always uttered with an earnestness and conviction which could not fail to impress the hearer.

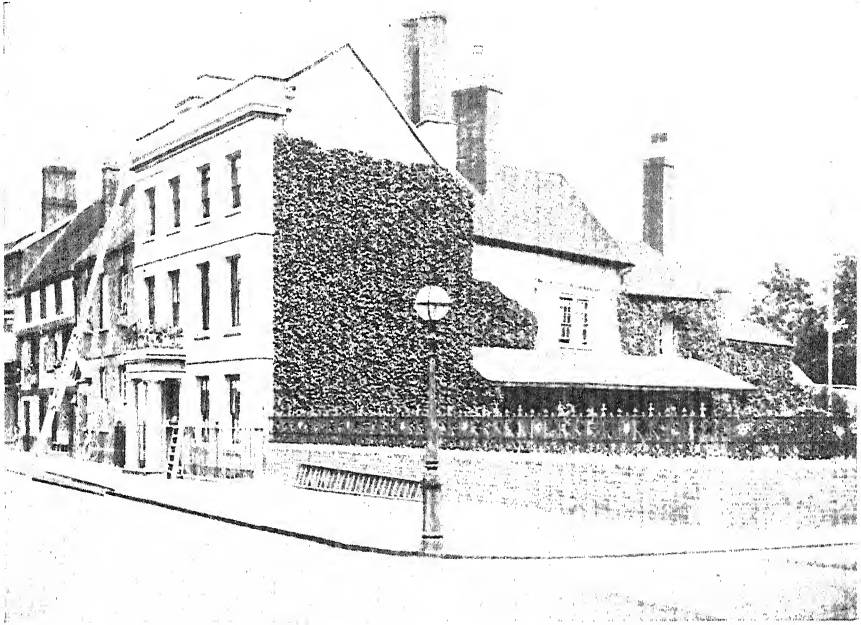
The garden at the back of the house contains many trees and flowers which are mentioned in Shakespeare's works; and also the stone base of the old Market Cross. It extends to Guild Street, part of the main road from London and Oxford to Birmingham.

**A Peep at John Shakespeare: the Plume MSS.**—Of the “wool-shop” and of John Shakespeare a pleasant gleam of light has recently come to us across the centuries. Dr. A. Clark has discovered in the MSS. of Archdeacon Plume (born 1630, died 1704), now preserved at Maldon in Essex, an anecdote which Plume states he had in or about the year 1660 from Admiral Sir John Mennes (born 1599, died 1671). “He [Will Shakespeare] was a glover’s son. Sir John Mennes saw once his old father in his shop—a merry-cheeked old man, that said: ‘Will was a good honest fellow, but he darest have crakt a jesst with him att any time’.”

**New Place—Shakespeare’s Home.**—We know neither the precise time of nor the exact reasons which led to Shakespeare’s migration from Stratford-upon-Avon to London. We may conjecture that 1586 was the most probable year; and as for reasons, the depression of his father’s business, and his own quarrel with Sir Thomas Lucy over an invasion of the latter’s real or supposed rights in Fulbroke deer-park (not to mention the births, early in the year 1585, of twin children, Hamnet and Susannah), seem quite sufficient to account for the departure of one who must already have had some consciousness of his own great powers, and some desire to test them in a wider sphere than that afforded by a little country town numbering only some 1400 inhabitants.

And the date of his first return to his native town is as uncertain as the year of his departure. Surely he would be present at the burial of his only son—“1596, August 11, Hamnet, filius William Shakspere”,—and we seem to have an echo of this visit in the draft of a grant of arms to John Shakespeare which exists at the Herald’s College, and is dated 20th October, 1596.

William Shakespeare’s ambitions were always centred in Stratford-on-Avon. To found a family there—a family equipped with that mark of gentle descent, a coat of arms,—this was his great desire. To achieve this object nothing was more



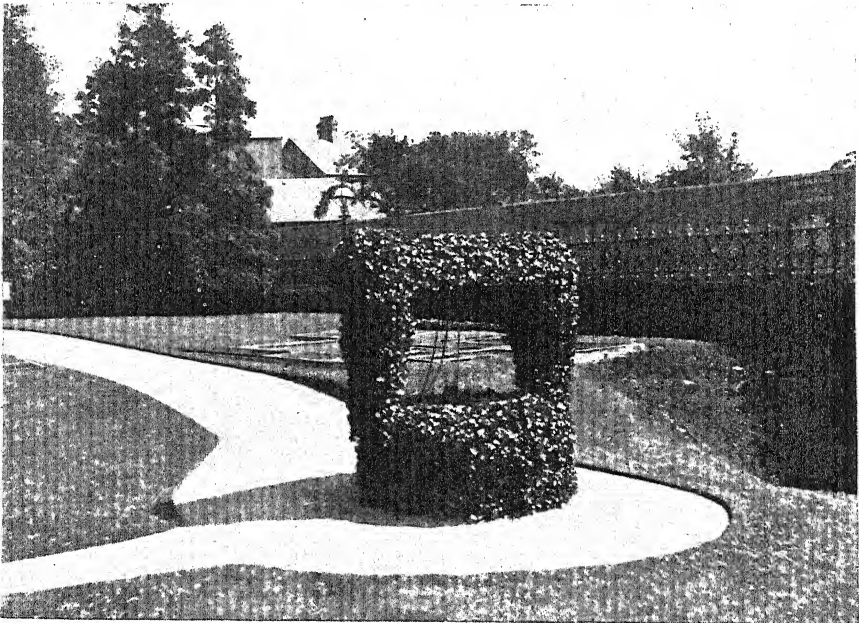
THE SITE OF NEW PLACE

23

desirable than the possession of a good house—the best in the little town if possible,—and this desire was realized in 1597 by the purchase from one William Underhill of an edifice known as the Great House, which had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII, and which stood at the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane, with a good garden and an orchard behind it. This house was out of repair, and the poet paid for it but £60, but he must have had to expend a large sum in making it habitable, and he then rechristened it “New Place” (fig. 23). It was for the purchase of this house that Shakespeare is believed to have received a very handsome present (Rowe, writing in 1709, says £1000) from his patron, the Earl of Southampton. The main front of New Place faced westward to Chapel Street. Here Shakespeare took up his abode permanently upon his retirement from the stage about 1611, and here he died on

the 23rd April, 1616. New Place then came into the possession of Susanna Hall, who entertained Queen Henrietta Maria here for three days in July, 1643. After passing through various hands, and being partly rebuilt by another Sir Hugh Clopton in 1702, it was purchased by the Rev. Francis Gastrell in 1753, who did not at all appreciate the great traditions connected with his new abode. First he roused the wrath of the people of Stratford by cutting down a mulberry-tree which grew close to the back of the house (a tree supposed to have been planted by Shakespeare in 1609), on the plea that visitors bothered him by asking to see it; and finally he pulled the house down on another pretext in 1759, and left the town.

The site of New Place was acquired by public subscription in 1861. Excavations have since revealed the old foundations, and these, with the ivy-covered well (fig. 24), are all that now remain. The whole has been converted into a pleasant public



OLD WELL AT NEW PLACE

garden, in the larger division of which are two mulberry-trees, descendants of the one planted by Shakespeare. This garden is certainly one of the most restful spots in Stratford.

**The Falcon Inn.**—On the other side of Chapel Street, opposite to New Place, stands the Falcon Inn, traditionally associated with the “merry meeting” of Shakespeare with Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson, at which the poet is said to have “drank too hard and contracted a feavour” which resulted in his death. But it can be shown that the “Falcon” did not become a hostelry until about 1654, and the cause of the death of the owner of New Place is to be sought rather in the poisonous emanations which must have proceeded from the foul ditch that then ran down Chapel Lane, just beneath his windows.

## CHAPTER V

### "SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH": THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

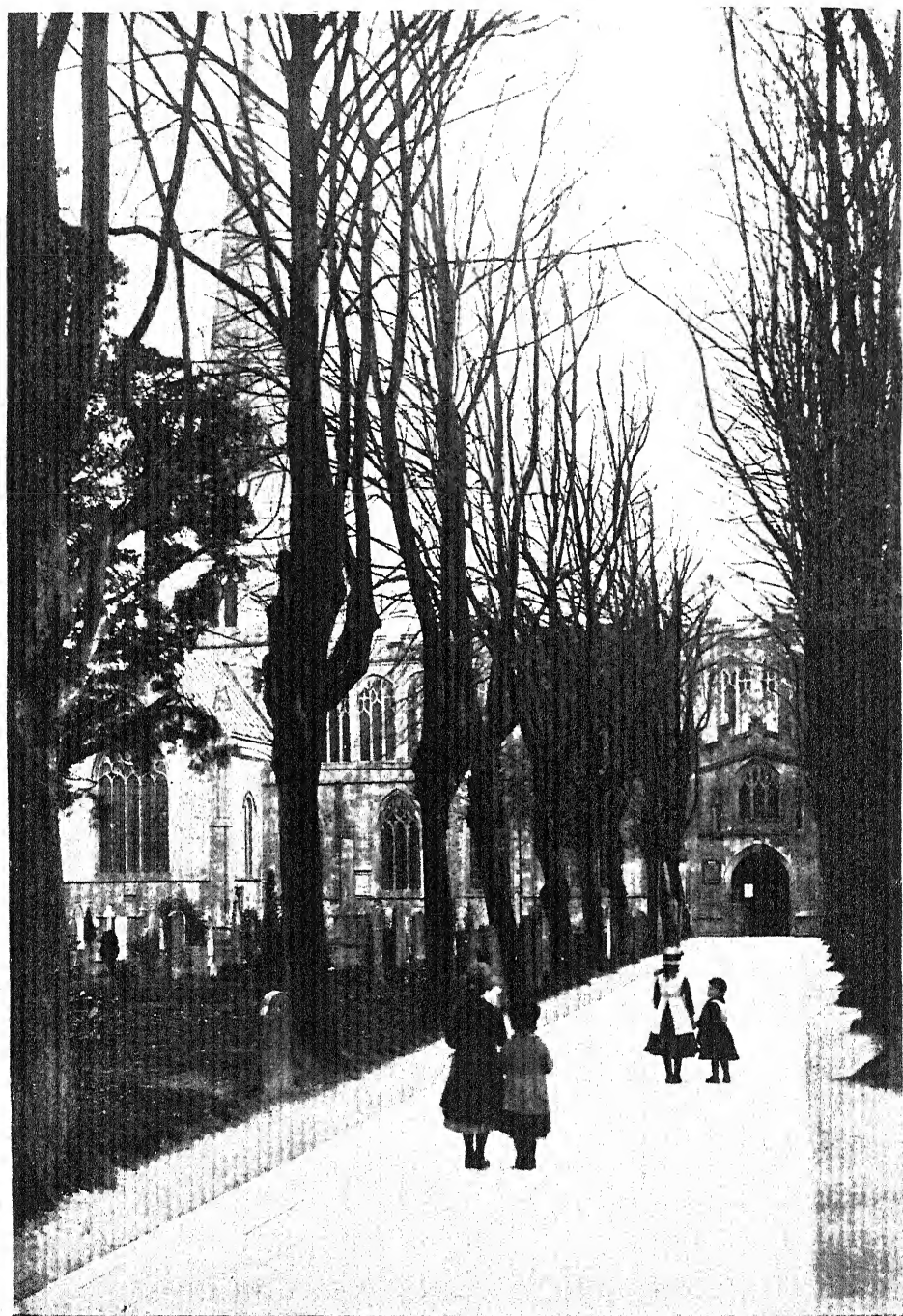
" . . . Here the bard divine,  
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles enclose,  
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows  
Above the embowering shade,  
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,  
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;  
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe."  
—*Thomas Warton, 1777.*



**THE Parish Church of Stratford.**—This beautiful edifice stands on the south side of Stratford, well apart from the noise and bustle of the little town. A lovely avenue of lime-trees (fig. 25) leads from the "Old Town" gate of the churchyard to the fine north porch, which constitutes the principal entrance to the church. This porch dates from about the year 1500, and its inner door still bears a much older "sanctuary knocker", which once offered a safe refuge to the criminal who could take hold of it before his pursuers seized him. The outside of the west wall of the porch bears several indentations, which are probably bullet marks, and record, it may be, the execution of some unfortunate prisoner during the Civil Wars.

**Exterior of Holy Trinity.**—It will be well to examine first the exterior of the church, and from the north porch we





CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

walk along the north side of the building. The path is lined with early tombstones, some bearing the quaint heads of cherubs; but although we know that many of Shakespeare's kith and kin—his parents, his four sisters, and three of his brothers—lie here, yet there is no record of their places of interment. The old charnel-house, the thought of which so displeased the poet, projected from the east end of the north wall of the chancel, but



THE CHURCHYARD OF HOLY TRINITY

26

it was pulled down in the year 1801. Passing round the east end, we find another tombstone-lined walk leading round the south side of the church, and in the south wall of the chancel we note the priest's door. The path leads us to the west end, where the fine old oak doors are seen to be surmounted by a window of the same date (fifteenth century) as the north porch. This window is based on, and includes, three canopied niches, but the statues which these doubtless once contained have been destroyed.

Returning to the east end of Holy Trinity, we find a



HOLY TRINITY: THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST

27

walled river-side walk looking down upon the Avon, which flows placidly at our feet. This walk is lined by lofty elms, whose upper branches afford homes for a colony of rooks (fig. 26). This is a peaceful spot; and, seated between the church and the river, thinking of the gentle spirit whose dust lies close at hand, and to whom this scene must have been specially familiar, we wonder what he would think of the fame which has accrued to his memory during the three centuries which have passed since he too watched the Avon glide by. To his reputation as an author Shakespeare seems, while living, to have attached little or no value, but on what a pinnacle has it placed him since his death!

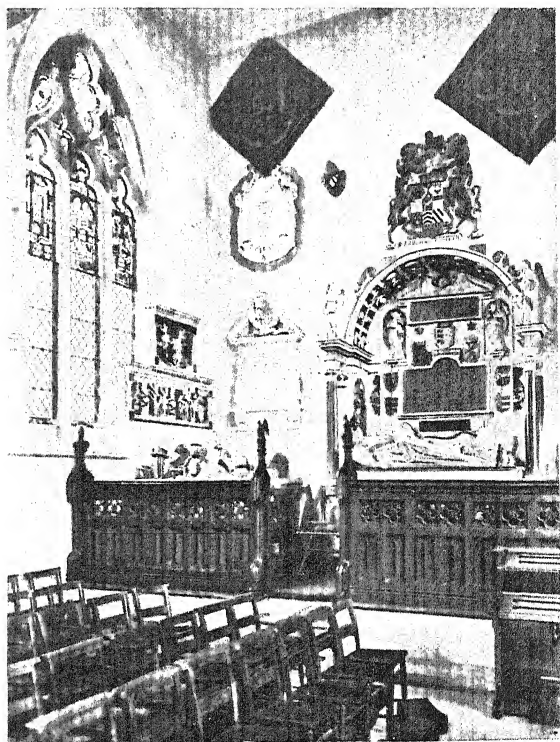
**The Interior of Holy Trinity.**—Entering by the north porch, we at once note the cruciform arrangement of the edifice. The nave, with its lofty clerestory (fig. 27), has north and south aisles, and at the eastern end of each aisle

there is a chapel. That at the east end of the south aisle was dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket; but the corresponding chapel at the east end of the north aisle—the Clopton chapel—was, and is, much more important (fig. 28), containing as it does the tombs of the principal local family—the Cloptons of Clopton House. The old font in which Shakespeare was baptized stands in the south aisle (fig. 29), and the parish registers containing the all-important entries referring to his baptism and burial are placed at the west end of the north aisle.

Leaving the nave and entering the central square which forms the base of the tower, we note the north and south transepts, and then pass through the fifteenth-century rood-screen into the chancel (fig. 30). The old oak seats of the choir-stalls bear some curiously-carved "misereres", one of which is shown in fig. 31.

### The Shakespeare Graves.

Advancing eastwards to the altar rails, we find beyond them a row of stone slabs upon the floor, which mark the graves of those who — with their families — had a legal right to be buried here, not by reason of any particular virtues which they might possess, but because they



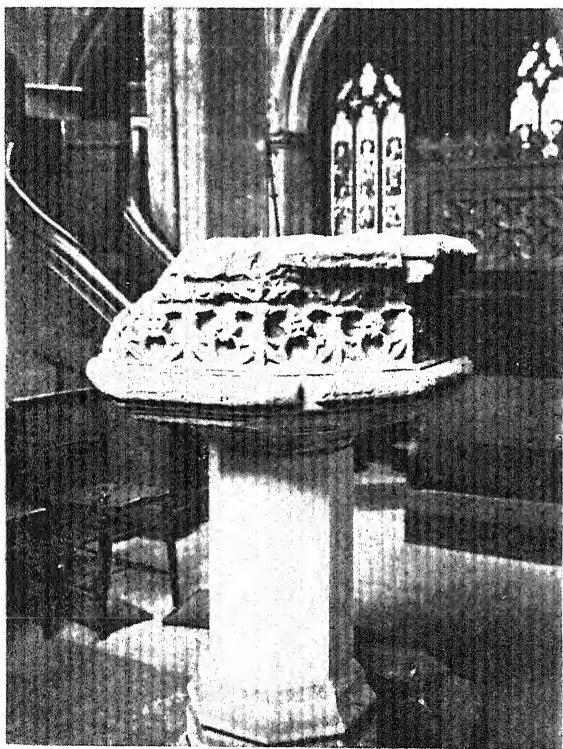
THE CLOPTON CHAPEL

were the owners of the parish tithes—a position which was attained by Shakespeare in 1605, when he purchased a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe for the sum of £440.

Next to the north wall of the chancel lies the poet's wife, Anne Hathaway, who died in 1623, at the age of sixty-seven; then comes her husband's stone, bearing the world-famous inscription:

“Good frend for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enloased heare;  
Blest be ye man yt. spares thes stones  
And curst be he yt. moves my bones”

The best proof of the merit of this composition lies in its effi-



cacy. The writer's bones have lain undisturbed for three centuries, and although we are told that his wife and his daughter “did earnestly desire to be buried in the same grave” with him, yet the fear of the curse laid by the mighty mind has so prevailed that no sexton has ever dared to meddle with our Shakespeare's place of interment.

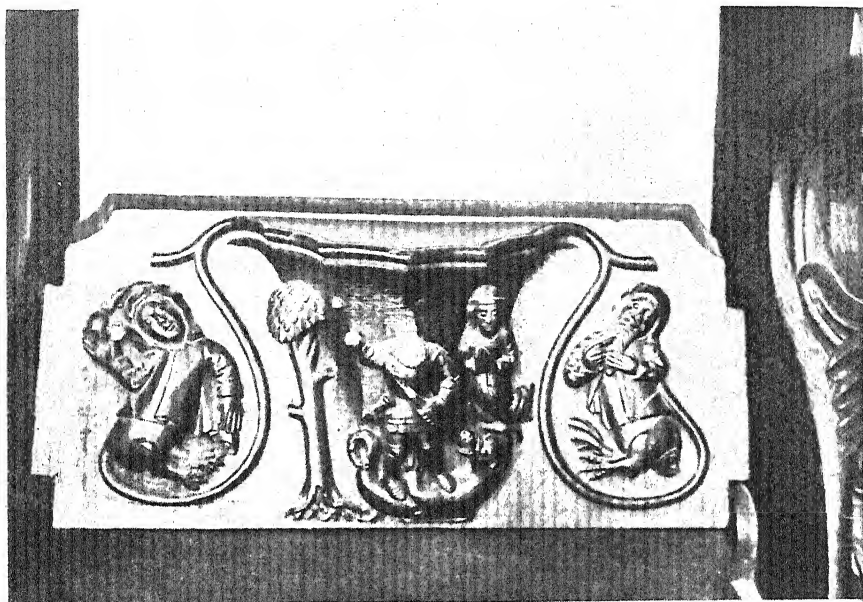
Next to Shakespeare lies Thomas Nash (died 1647),





THE CHANCEL, CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY





A MISERERE, HOLY TRINITY

31

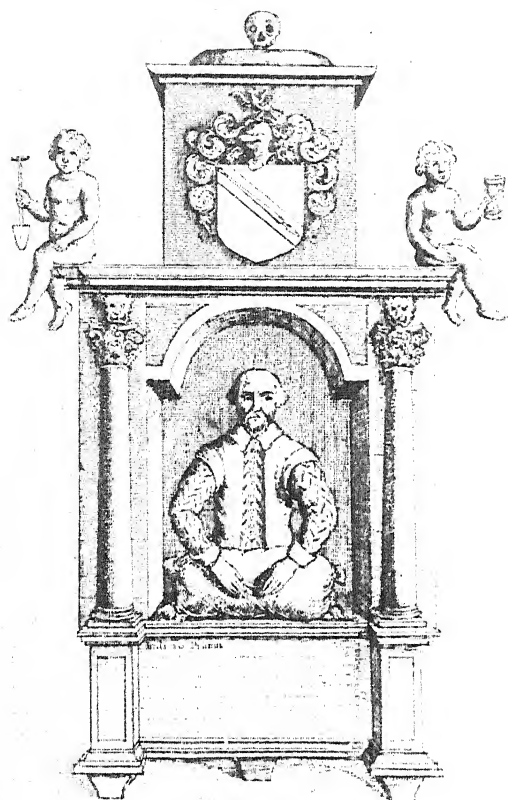
who married Elizabeth, the poet's granddaughter: and then follow the slabs of Dr. John Hall (died 1635), and of his wife Susanna, Shakespeare's elder daughter, who died in 1649. The remainder of the space to the south wall of the chancel is occupied by the graves of two members of the Watts family, who were, like Shakespeare, lay proprietors of the tithes.

**Shakespeare's Monument.**—On the north wall of the chancel, almost directly above the place of his interment, stands Shakespeare's monument, consisting of a bust (fig. 32) carved out of limestone by Gerard Johnson, the Dutch "tombe-maker" of Southwark. This bust is enclosed by columns of black marble, which support an entablature bearing the family arms, on each side of which a cherub is seated. An inscription is placed below. Dugdale's engraving of the monument (probably executed about 1636) in his great work, the *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, published in 1656, shows important discrepancies with its present state;

but these are probably due to the careless and incorrect drawing from which Dugdale's artist worked (fig. 33), similar errors as regards other monuments occurring in the same book. The bust has a somewhat unnatural appearance as seen from the floor of the chancel, and this may be due to



SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT, CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY



SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT (from an old engraving) 33

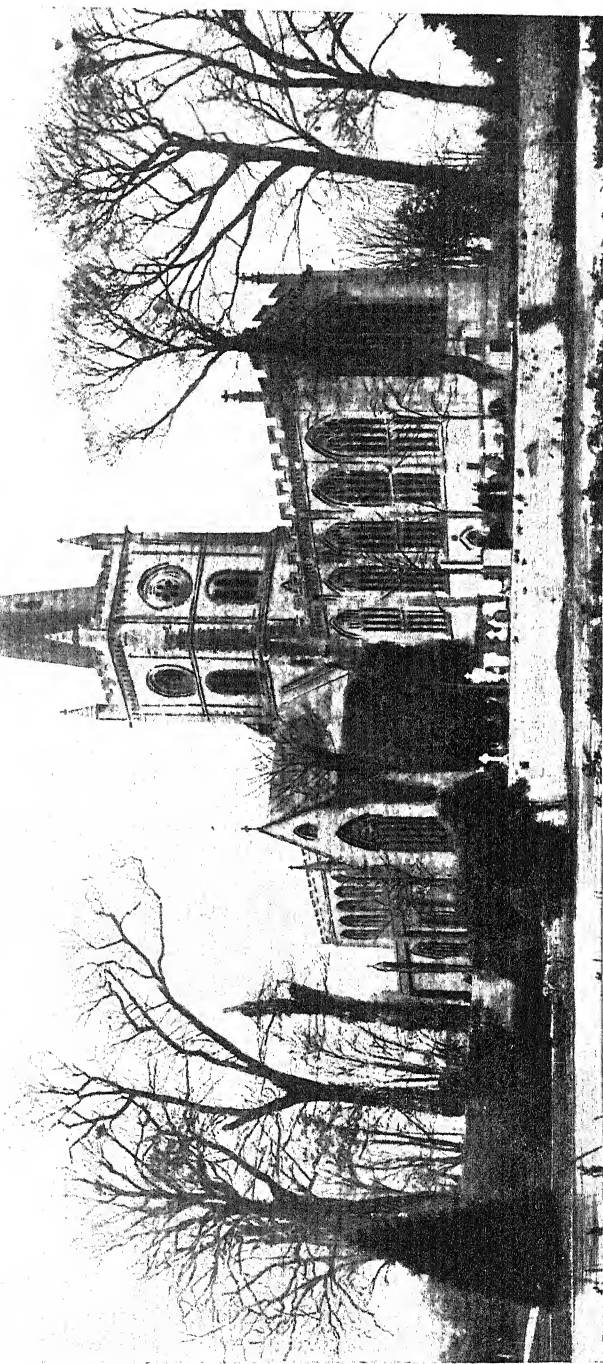
its being a more or less literal copy of a plaster cast made after death. The fine photograph by Harold Baker, reproduced in fig. 32, was made from a scaffold erected so as to be on a level with the face, and the features then present much greater refinement, and are not without a sign of humour, especially about the mouth.

#### Other Tombs in the Chancel.—

Among other noteworthy objects in the chancel are the high tomb of Dean Thomas Balshall (died 1491), which

stands against the north wall, and has above it a monument with two marble busts of Richard Combe and Judith Combe (his promised wife; she died in 1649); and the tomb, with effigy, of John Combe, upon whom tradition says that, being suspected of usury, Shakespeare composed the following lines (some years before Combe's death) as a sort of anticipatory epitaph:—

“Ten in a hundred lies here en-graved,  
’Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved:  
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?  
Ho! Ho! quoth the devil, ’t is my John-a-Combe!”



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY FROM THE NORTH-EAST

**The Architecture of Holy Trinity.**—Returning to the churchyard, and taking up our position at the best general point of view—the north-east corner—we note the square central tower, 80 feet in height, from which the stone spire rises for another 83 feet (fig. 34).

The entire length of Holy Trinity is 197 feet from east to west, and its extreme breadth is 68 feet.

The transepts are the oldest part of the edifice, and may date back to the beginning of the thirteenth century.

Next in point of age we have the tower, the north and south aisles, and the nave piers: these were the work of the Stratfords, 1280 to 1330.

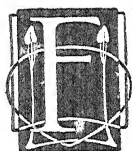
The chancel, the clerestory, the west window, and the north porch were built by Deans Balshall and Collingwood, 1480 to 1520.

The original steeple was of wood, and was only 42 feet in height; it had become much decayed, and in 1765 was advantageously replaced by the present much loftier stone spire.

## CHAPTER VI

### A WALK THROUGH STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

"Ye *Warwickshire* lads, and ye lasses,  
See what at our Jubilee passes;  
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad;  
For the lad of all lads was a *Warwickshire* lad,  
    *Warwickshire* lad,  
    All be glad;  
For the lad of all lads was a *Warwickshire* lad."  
—*David Garrick*, 1769.



FROM the Station to the Fountain — Most of the visitors to Stratford-upon-Avon alight at the Great Western station, which lies on the west side of the town. Walking eastwards down Greenhill Street we soon see the clock-tower and fountain, the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1897). Of this structure — and still more of the Memorial Theatre, &c., and other modern structures in Stratford—it can only be said that they strike a very inharmonious note. One can but wish that it had been possible to reserve a certain tract, including all the old part of the town, within which no alterations or additions might be made without the consent of a national committee; a body which should also have power themselves to acquire property for desirable improvements.

The fountain stands in Rother Street—the old cattle-market,—where John Shakespeare and his clever boy doubt-





OLD INNS, BRIDGE STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

35

less made many a deal in the skins which it was part of his business to convert into gloves, leggings, and such like. Two or three old houses here are well worthy of notice.

**From the Fountain to the Birthplace.**—Turning to the left we pass down either Windsor Street or Mere Street, and enter what is to many the most interesting street in England—Henley Street,—on the north side of which stands the house in which, on the 23rd of April, 1564, William Shakespeare was born. Notice that the house has been isolated (fig. 19) by the removal of some modern cottages, while the pipes by which it is warmed come from the custodian's cottage, some little distance away—precautions which it is hoped may remove all risks from fire.

**From the Birthplace to Bridge Street.**—Walking eastwards, along Henley Street, we pass Mr. Carnegie's new free library (a building which harmonizes well with its surroundings), and find ourselves at the top of Bridge Street and in the very centre of Stratford. Bridge Street leads

down to "Bridge-foot" and the Clopton Bridge, and on market-days the stalls placed in its wide expanse look quite picturesque. This street owes its breadth to the removal of a "Middle Row" of houses, some of which were standing as recently as 1858.

In or near Bridge Street are some famous inns—the "Red Horse" where Washington Irving wrote, and where his "parlour", with its famous "sceptre-poker", is carefully preserved in its original dignity; next door is the "Golden Lion"; the "Old Red Lion" stands nearly opposite; and nearer to the bridge are the "Red Lion" and the "Unicorn" (fig. 35). The truly "Georgian" building at the top of Bridge Street is the Market House, built in 1820.

**Along High Street and Chapel Street to New Place.**  
—Continuing our walk southwards we now enter High Street—the usual title for the most important street of any old English town.

At the corner of Bridge Street and High Street stands



CHAPEL STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

a much-modernized house—once “The Cage”, and the residence of Shakespeare’s younger daughter Judith for many years after her marriage in 1616 with Thomas Quiney, who carried on here the trade of a vintner. The cellars are apparently unaltered, and the slope down which the barrels were rolled into them can still be seen. Behind them is a dark little room which may have been the actual “cage” or place of confinement for local offenders.

**The Harvard House.**—Passing on down High Street we note on the right hand the exquisite, unrestored old front of the “Harvard House”, with its carved wood-work, built by Alderman Thomas Rogers in 1596 (fig. 37). His daughter Katharine married Robert Harvard, and their son John (born 1607) emigrated to America and founded the famous Harvard College there.

**The Town-hall.**—Chapel Street (fig. 36) is a continuation of High Street, and at their junction Ely Street comes in on the right and Sheep Street on the left. Leading out of the latter thoroughfare are some very picturesque old courts, which well deserve a visit, and which may be freely entered.

At the corner of Chapel Street and Sheep Street is a square stone building, which is the Town-hall. It was built in 1768—just about the time of Garrick’s grand jubilee celebration—and the great actor presented the statue of Shakespeare which stands over the entrance. In the Council Chamber upstairs are some good paintings, including a Romney.

**Old Houses in Chapel Street.**—On the east side of Chapel Street, beyond the Town-hall, we find several most interesting old houses, including the Shakespeare Hotel, the House of Five Gables (by many thought to be the best of its kind in Stratford—fig. 38), and then those which in Shakespeare’s days were inhabited by Thomas Hathaway, by Julius Shawe (one of the witnesses to Shakespeare’s will), and by Thomas Nash (who married Elizabeth Hall—the poet’s granddaughter). Nash’s house has been purchased by the



THE HARVARD HOUSE, HIGH STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Birthplace Trust, and is now used as a museum, a small charge being made for admission. It contains an old "shovel-board", formerly in the Falcon Tavern opposite, and also various relics from New Place.

**New Place** itself—the site of the good house in which William Shakespeare must have felt so much legitimate pride—is surrounded by a handsome iron railing bearing the poet's arms, inside which we see the well by which the house was supplied with water, and a few wired-over trenches showing such of the foundations as could be discovered by excavating—and that is all. Not even a drawing, plan, or sketch exists of New Place as it was when Shakespeare inhabited it.

**From Shakespeare's Home at New Place to the Foot-bridge.**—Church Street is the southward continuation of Chapel Street. On its eastern side, just beyond the Guild Hall, we see a row of alms-houses, a relic of the work of the famous old guild. On the opposite side of the street is Mason's Croft, now the abode of Miss Marie Corelli.

At the end of Church Street we turn sharply to the left and enter Old Town. The picturesque gabled house on the left is Hall's Croft, once the residence of Shakespeare's son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, a learned and popular physician. A few steps more and we pass the Town Room, and then Avon Croft—formerly the home of that able local historian, R. B. Wheeler, whose *History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon* (1806) is still a most useful book.

**The College.**—In the field opposite Avon Croft formerly stood "the College", a substantial stone mansion built in 1353 by Ralph de Stratford (Bishop of London) because of his "good affection to this town, being his birthplace". Here dwelt the monks who served in the adjoining church, which became "collegiate", with a "dean", from 1423 to 1546. After the dissolution the building passed through several hands, and was ultimately pulled down, for no very apparent reason—for it was still in good repair,—in 1799.

By the Foot-bridge to the Town Meadows and Bridge Street.—Circling round the west end of Holy Trinity, which we have described separately in Chap. V (see p. 41), we take our way down Mill Lane, past Lucy's Mill, and



HOUSE OF FIVE GABLES, CHAPEL STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

38

cross the Avon by the foot-bridge. The ugly railway-bridge of the East and West Junction bestrides the stream a few yards lower down, and the station of this line is close at hand. From this point a foot-path, parallel to the Avon, and crossing the Town Meadows or public recreation-grounds,





BRONZE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, MEMORIAL GARDENS



THE PICTURE-GALLERY, SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

40

will lead us northwards back to the Clopton Bridge. This is indeed a delightful walk: the grey spire of Holy Trinity composes most beautifully with the profuse vegetation of the river-banks and little islands, to which the plashing of the water over the weir adds a pleasing note.

The remains of the Old Lock make an admirable foreground for a view of the church, and remind us of the time when barges came up the Avon from Gloucester and Tewkesbury as far as Stratford.

**The Shakespeare Memorial.**—The house with beautiful grounds situated north of and next to the churchyard is Avon Bank, the residence of the Flower family, whose members have done much for Stratford and for the memory of Shakespeare.

Next to Avon Bank the garish big building of variegated

brick which was erected in 1879 as the Shakespeare Memorial—including a theatre, library, &c.—strikes the eye somewhat discordantly; and this harsh note is echoed by the puffing of little steam-launches which ply from the Bancroft (*i.e.* “bank-croft”, or field by the river) Gardens adjoining. Within the Memorial Grounds is Lord Ronald Gower’s fine bronze statue of Shakespeare (fig. 39), showing the poet seated upon a pedestal, round the base of which are placed smaller statues of Falstaff, Lady Macbeth, Prince Hal, and Hamlet. This statue occupied the artist some twelve years in its execution, and was unveiled in 1888. The interior of the Memorial (fig. 40) is better than its exterior, and its collections of books, including very numerous editions of the plays, will, it is to be hoped, be steadily added to, so that students may find the place of real value.

After passing the red brick tramway-bridge, we soon arrive at the east end of the Clopton Bridge—here rowing-boats may be hired,—and from the Swan’s Nest Hotel note the roads diverging east, to Shipston and Banbury, and northwards, to Charlecote and Warwick.

Crossing the Clopton Bridge we find ourselves once more at our starting-point in Bridge Street.

## CHAPTER VII

### SHORT WALKS AROUND STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

" . . . This is the forest of Arden.  
Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I;  
When I was at home, I was in a better place."

—*As You Like It*, act ii, sc. 4.



**T**O Shottery: the Home of Anne Hathaway.—  
The pleasant hamlet of Shottery lies about a mile west of Stratford. We may reach it from the Great Western station by turning to the right along the Alcester Road. But the nearer and pleasanter ways are by foot-paths, the first of which starts from near the station (just before reaching Albany Street), while the second leads out of Back Lane opposite to the end of Chestnut Walk. Nearing Shottery village we notice on the left hand the Manor-House Farm, with a dove-cot in the garden behind. Under its great roof-trees is a large attic, formerly used, it is said, as an oratory, and here one author supposes the marriage of William Shakespeare with Anne Hathaway to have been first secretly solemnized in 1582, according to the rites of the then but lately proscribed Roman Catholic Church. The thatched cottages of Shottery are both numerous and pretty, and there are many juvenile guides only too ready to conduct the visitor across a little stream to "Anne Hathaway's cottage" (fig. 41). This building stands at right angles to the road, facing a pretty garden full of



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY

41

"Shakespeare's flowers". It has been divided into two, and even three, dwelling-places, but in the sixteenth century it was a substantial Elizabethan farmhouse, in which dwelt one Richard Hathaway, who, dying in 1581, left to his eldest daughter, Agnes (or Anne, for the two names were equivalents in those days), the sum of £6, 13s. 4d., "to be paid at the day of her marriage". The large stone chimney in the centre of the present building, which bears the inscription "R. H., 1697", was the addition of a later Hathaway. The house, indeed, remained in the possession of the Hathaway family until 1838, and has since been occupied, as custodians, by their descendants, the Taylors and the Bakers. Mrs. Baker (fig. 42), who died in 1899 at the age of eighty-six, was known and esteemed by many thousands of lovers of Shakespearean traditions, to whom she had shown the quaint living-room and kitchen of the interior of the house (fig. 43), with the bed-room above, which contains an old carved bed-

stead—"the bed on which Anne Hathaway was born"—having a curious rush mattress, and hand-spun flaxen sheets adorned with exquisite needlework.

**To Luddington.**—This tiny village stands on the right bank of the Avon, about 3 miles south-west of Stratford.

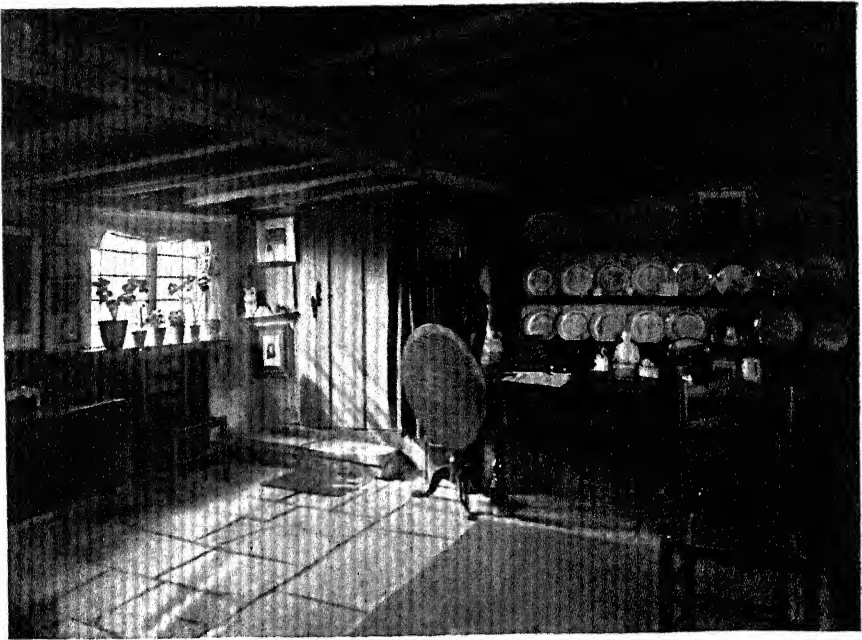
From the latter town we may reach Luddington either by the Evesham Road—turning off to the left as soon as we come to the point where Shottery brook crosses—or (more pleasantly) by a foot-path which starts from the East and West station. As to the latter, however, there has been some dispute about a "right of way", so that enquiry should be made before starting.

The present Church of All Saints (Decorated) dates only from 1872, but in its churchyard there stands the font (fig. 44) of a much older church, in which local tradition has steadily maintained that the marriage of Shakespeare took place. The registers,



MRS. BAKER, A DESCENDANT  
OF THE HATHAWAYS





ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE: THE LIVING-ROOM

43

unfortunately, are lost, but the curate of this early church in 1582 was Thomas Hunt, whom the youthful bridegroom would know well as having been his master at the Stratford Grammar School. There are some beautiful stretches of the Avon just at the foot of the churchyard, and the old thatched cottages are exceptionally delightful in being perhaps a little more dilapidated than the average! (fig. 45).

**To Billesley Church and Hall.**—We can reach Billesley by a 4-mile walk north-west from Stratford, but it is only 2 miles from Wilmcote station. The funny-looking little church of brick, with stone quoins (fig. 46), was built in 1692, upon the site of an older edifice in which it is claimed by some that Shakespeare was married. The grounds for this belief are not very obvious, but one is that Shakespeare's granddaughter Elizabeth (widow of Thomas Nash) certainly chose this place for her second marriage with John Barnard,

5th June, 1649. Tradition also strongly connects Shakespeare's name with the adjoining Elizabethan mansion, known as Billesley Hall, once the residence of the Trussel family (connections of the poet), which contains a panelled room, some good carved chimney-pieces, and a "Priest's Hiding-hole".

**To Clopton House, Welcombe, and the Dingles.**—From Guild Street—at the back of the Birthplace—turn to the right up the Clopton Road, and in less than a mile you will stand in front of Clopton House. Of the original manor-house of the great Clopton family (built about 1490) only a porch at the back remains. The rest of the house was rebuilt by Sir Edward Walker about 1665, and again "restored" about 1830. Various traditions cling round this building. It may have suggested to the great dramatist the "lord's house" in the *Taming of the Shrew* (a play full of local allusions). In a spring at the back of the house one Margaret Clopton



OLD FONT, LUDDINGTON

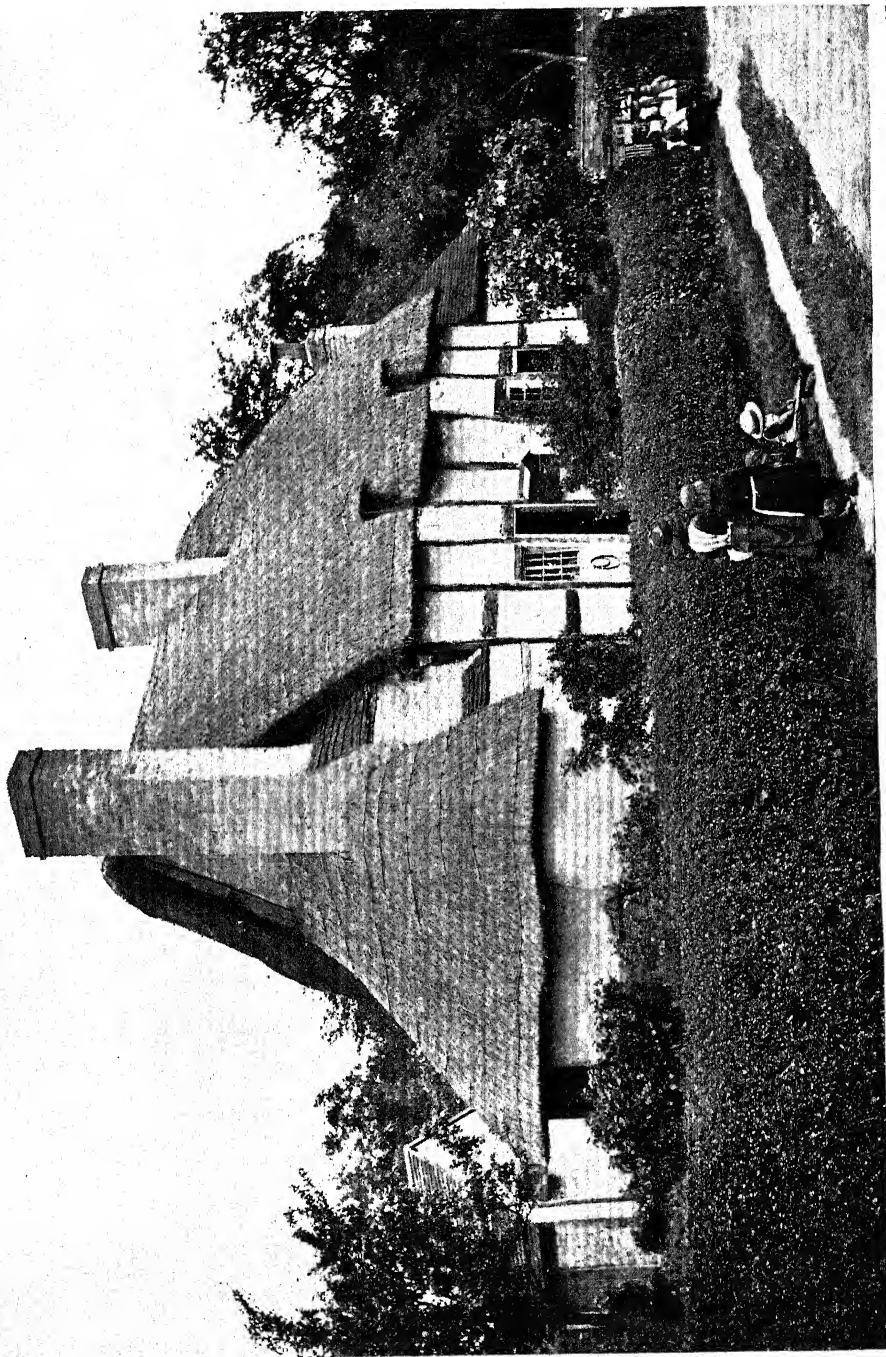
is said to have drowned herself in the sixteenth century—and the story is, of course, connected with that of love-lorn Ophelia. Certain it is that the house was rented, in 1605, by Ambrose Rookwood of Gunpowder Plot notoriety, and that when the bailiff of Stratford searched the place in that year, he found a host of “popish vestments”, which were apparently intended for the celebration of mass in a room in the roof used as a chapel, and which still exists as an attic.

From Clopton House a foot-path takes us eastward round Clopton Tower, and then skirts a belt of trees leading to the Obelisk, a monument, 120 feet high, erected in 1873 in memory of Mr. Mark Philips and his brother, who built the big red-brick house (Welcombe House) seen just below. A foot-path leads southwards, back to Stratford, and on its eastern side we see the immense trench-like hollows, called “The Dingles”, which may be in part natural, in part an Early British fortification.

**To Clifford Chambers.**—Pleasantly placed on the west bank of the River Stour, and about 2 miles south of Stratford, Clifford Chambers is easily reached by going over either the Clopton Bridge or the tram bridge, passing along the Shipston road, and then taking the first turn on the right after crossing the railway. It has a small and very ancient church, with a Saxon arch over the south door. In the chancel are the tombs and brasses of the Raynsford family, of whom Sir Henry Raynsford is remembered as the intimate friend of Michael Drayton, who was in the habit of spending part of every summer here. The black-and-white half-timbered house near the church is the old vicarage, of fourteenth-century date. It is on record that a “John Shakespeare” dwelt in this house in 1564, and if this was the Stratford glover it is just possible that his son William was born here.

The return to Stratford may be made by a path leading to the foot-bridge below the church.

**To Weston and Welford.**—“Weston-upon-Avon” is



OLD COTTAGES AT LUDDINGTON



BILLESLEY CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

46

situated on the southern bank of the river, 3 miles south-west of Stratford, and nearly opposite Luddington. It is best reached by way of the foot-bridge, afterwards going under the railway-bridge, and so onwards by delightful field-paths and lanes. Or Milcote station (Great Western Railway) is less than a mile from Weston church. In our illustration (fig. 47) the corn-stacks in the foreground are seen to be elevated upon stone "staddles", a device intended to prevent the ravages of rats and mice. The church contains brasses of the Grevilles (1523-1559).

Welford village lies half a mile west of Weston, within a great bow of the Avon; both these villages are in Gloucestershire. Welford is much favoured by artists, and its thatched and beflowered cottages (fig. 48), its mill, its church with an excellent old lych-gate, and its May-pole, unite to make the whole a scene of beauty. The church (restored) includes some good Norman work, and the parish register, under the date

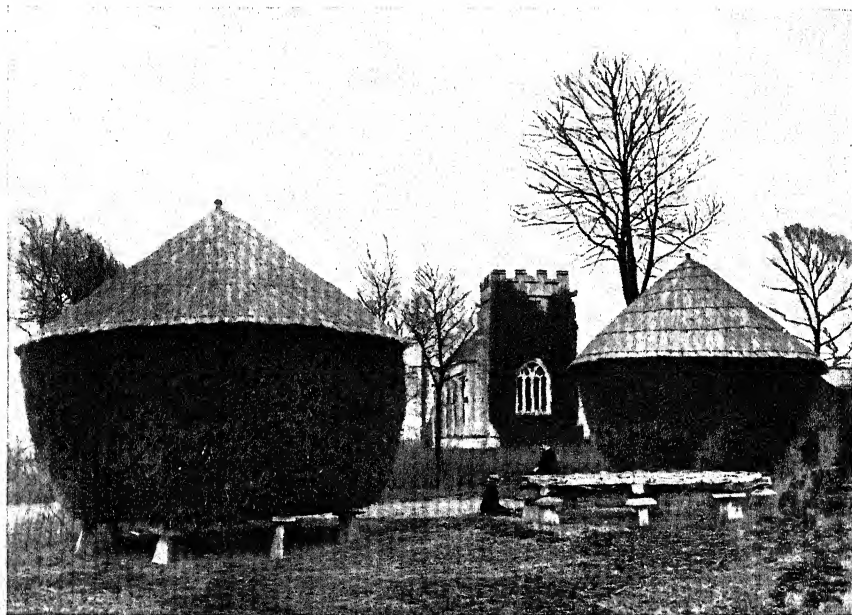
of July, 1588, contains a vivid account of a great flood of the Avon, a flood which it has been thought is referred to in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii, sc. 1.

The return to Stratford may be made by crossing the Avon at Binton bridge (Binton station on East and West line is close at hand) and turning to the right. At the south end of the bridge note an inn with a curious sign, the "Four Alls" (king, parson, soldier, and farmer), and the inscription:

"Rule all: Pray all:  
Fight all: Pay all".

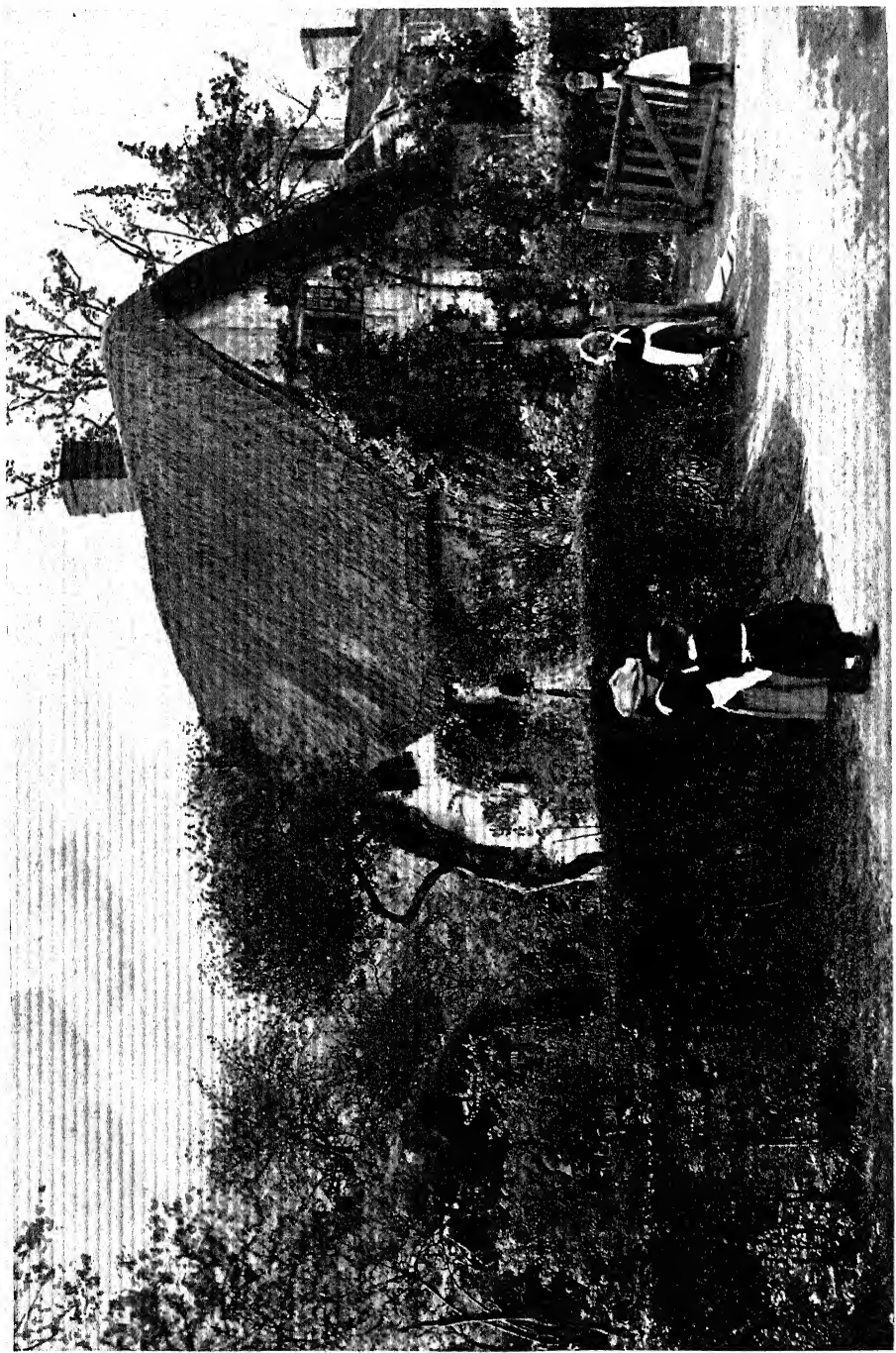
Binton village is half a mile north of the bridge. Its church (Early English) was rebuilt in 1875; it contains some old stone coffin lids of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

**To Charlecote: the Home of the Lucys.**—The noble Hall of Charlecote, with the adjoining church and village,



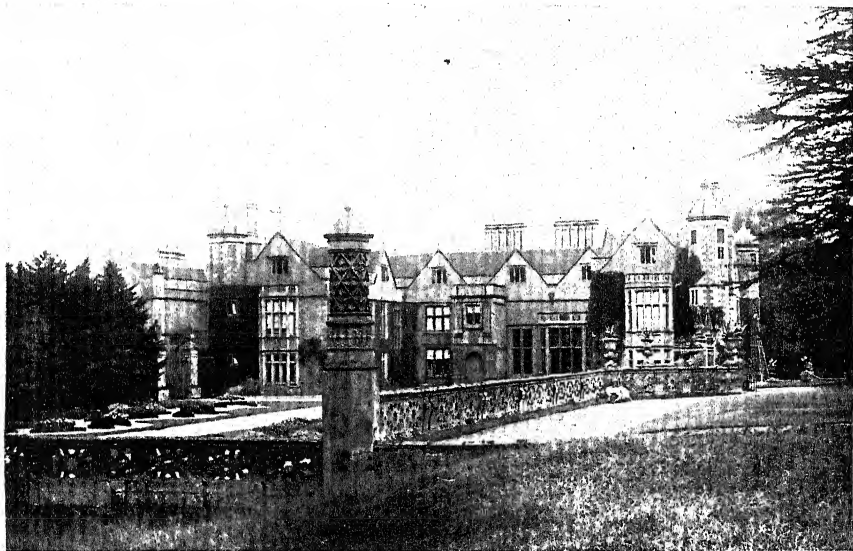
CHURCH AND FARMYARD, WESTON-UPON-AVON





COTTAGES AT WELFORD-ON-AVON

stands on the south bank of the Avon, about 4 miles north-east of Stratford. Crossing the Clopton bridge, we turn sharply to the left, and soon pass the bathing-place and the villages of Tiddington and Alveston. In the chancel of the (disused) old church at Alveston is the effigy of Nicholas Lane, who brought an action at law against John Shakespeare in 1587. Arriving at the Charlecote lodge gates, we may



THE HALL, CHARLECOTE

either enter the park there or (better) keep on the road for some distance farther, so as to approach the hall by its principal entrance. Here we find a very good gate-house, built—like the hall—of red brick, with stone quoins. Behind it lies the formal garden, and then we see the hall (fig. 49) in shape like the letter E (a compliment to Queen Elizabeth).

The Lucy family has owned Charlecote since the manor was granted to Walter de Cherlecote in 1190, and the present hall was built or rebuilt by the first Sir Thomas Lucy (born 1532, died 1600) in 1558. In 1572 Elizabeth visited Charle-

cote while on her way to Compton Wynyates. The interior of the hall contains some fine rooms, including the Great Hall (fig. 50), in which are many historical family portraits and other paintings by Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, &c. The dining-room and the library were added in 1833.

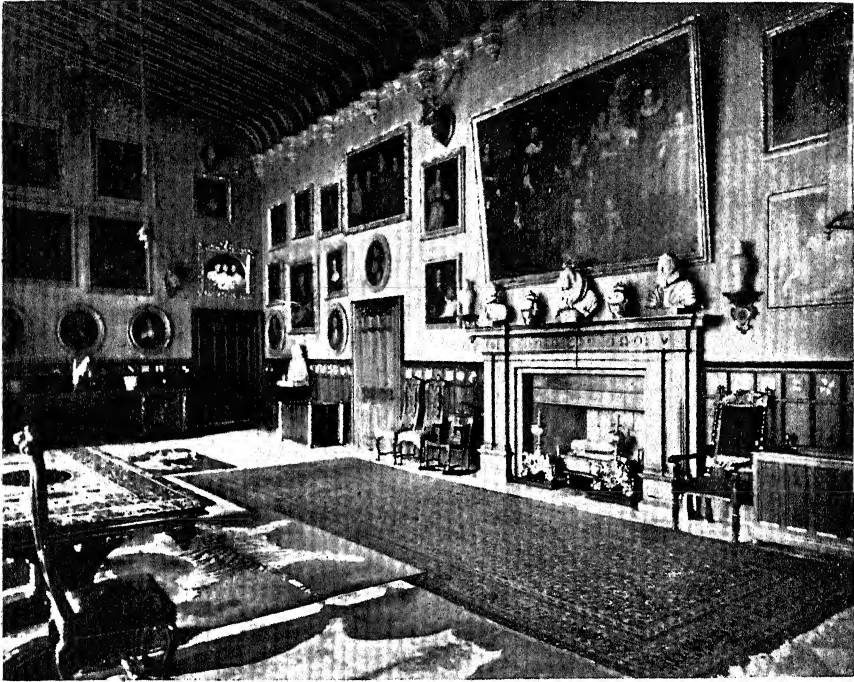
The Lucy crest consists of three pikes, or "lucres" as the fish is locally named. This crest is well displayed in the large bay-window which lights the Great Hall, and is shown upon the family seal (fig. 51). The house contains other gems, including a suite of furniture in ebony and ivory presented by Elizabeth to the Earl of Dudley, and brought here from Kenilworth, and an inlaid table from the Borghese Palace at Rome, which is said to contain as a centre the largest known onyx.

The park surrounding Charlecote Hall includes about 200 acres and contains splendid elms, a fine lime-tree avenue, and many red-deer.

The church (on the eastern margin of the park) is a Decorated edifice dating only from 1833, but a Saxon font stands in the porch under the belfry, and in a dark mortuary chapel on the north side of the chancel are the ancient tombs of the first Sir Thomas Lucy, "Shakespeare's persecutor" as he has been called; of his son (Sir Thomas, died 1605); and of his grandson (Sir Thomas, died 1640).

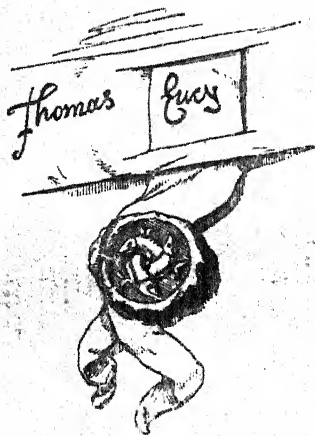
Half a mile west of Charlecote village a bridge spans the Avon, leading to the village of Hampton Lucy, which has a pretentious modern church (Decorated), rebuilt by Rickman in 1826, and restored by Scott in 1858. From this point the return to Stratford may be made by a most charming foot-path passing through the northern part of Charlecote Park, and leading to a ferry at Alveston. Or the walk may be extended a couple of miles northwards in the direction of Warwick as far as Fulbroke, where the park was situated in which Shakespeare is supposed to have conducted his deer-stealing expedition.

"Shakespeare no Deerstealer."—Much of the charm which clings to Charlecote is due to the traditional feud between the first Sir Thomas Lucy and the Shakespeare family. John Shakespeare seems to have adhered—more or less secretly, as all the Roman Catholics were forced to do



CHARLECOTE: THE GREAT HALL

in those days—to the faith in which he had been brought up, while the knight of Charlecote was a red-hot Protestant. And John Shakespeare's eldest son, William, like most young men in the pride of their strength, was doubtless fond of a "bit of sport", and so came into contact with the game-preserving land-owner. The tradition of a deep quarrel between Sir Thomas Lucy and the young poet is a Stratford story which goes back into the sixteenth century, and the explanation probably lies in the fact, always stoutly insisted



THE LUCY SEAL

51

on by the local gossips, that young Shakespeare hunted and killed the deer in *Fulbroke Park*. This park lies on the opposite side of the Avon to Charlecote, and about a quarter of a mile higher up the river. At the time of which we write it was a kind of no-man's-land, having belonged to one Sir Francis Englefield, a proscribed and attainted man; and although it afterwards passed to the Lucys, it was not as yet their property, and no one could be legally convicted of trespass therein. But land-owners have never stuck at trifles, and the influential knight of Charlecote doubtless felt highly indignant that the son of any Stratford shopkeeper should presume to interfere with his lordly sport. Thus, though Will Shakespeare did both chase and slay the deer in the ardent days of his youth, yet he was "no deerstealer", for there was no legal owner of the deer which he killed.

Still, a magnate of great local influence like Sir Thomas Lucy was doubtless able to "make things warm" for the youthful deer-hunter, and even to drive him from the district—an act of persecution which Shakespeare repaid with interest later on by holding up Sir Thomas to ridicule as "Mr. Justice Shallow", with the "lucres", or pike, for his coat-of-arms, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and again in *2 Henry IV*.

## CHAPTER VIII

### WARWICK AND ITS CASTLE: WITH THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL AND GUY'S CLIFFE

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a life-long monument."

—Milton, 1630



THE Capital of Warwickshire.—Occupying a fairly central position, Warwick is well situated as the "capital" of the county which is named after it. Lying on the west bank of the Avon, it is connected with what might be called its "residential suburb" of Leamington on the other side of the river by a tramway. The Great Western line has a station on the north side of Warwick itself, while the North-Western station, called "Milverton", lies half-way between Warwick and Leamington.

Approaching Warwick by the Leamington road from the east, we note on the left hand the ivy-covered house and gates of St. John's Hospital, dating from 1620. Soon we reach the East Gate, next to which is the fine house in which Walter Savage Landor was born in 1775 (fig. 52). Perched on the top of the East Gate is the Chapel of St. Peter, badly



restored in 1788. Passing through East Gate, we enter Jury Street, and the stillness of the old town settles upon us. We have heard an irreverent militiaman declare its thoroughfares to be "too quiet for a funeral"! High Street is a continuation of Jury Street, and is terminated by the West Gate, which is crowned by the Chapel of St. James (fig. 53). Of the walls

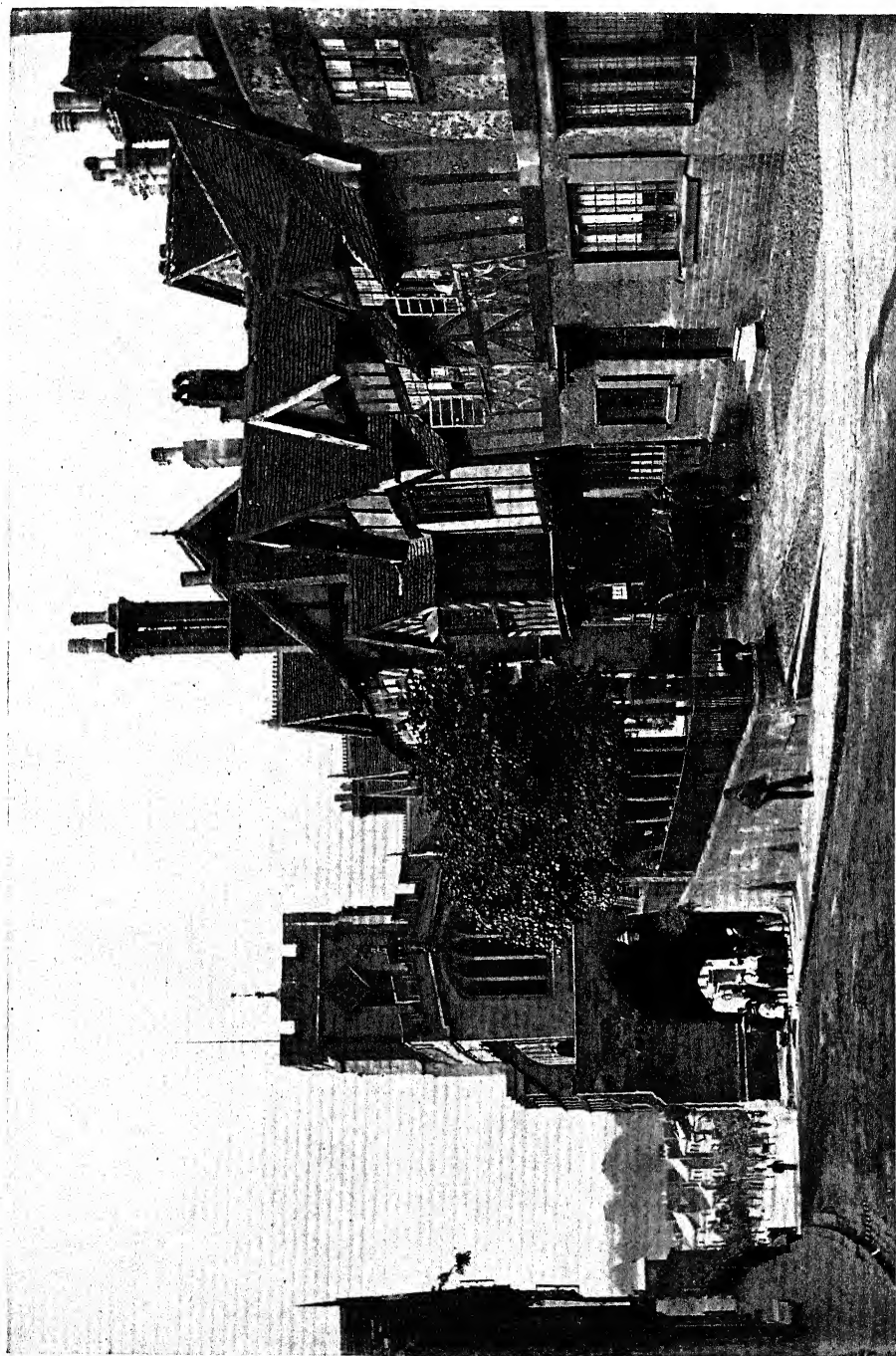


THE EAST GATE, WARWICK

52

which formerly encircled the town of Warwick few traces now remain.

Adjoining the West Gate is the Leicester Hospital (fig. 53), a half-timbered edifice once serving as the Hall of the Guilds, but granted to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by the Corporation, and adapted by him to serve as an asylum for twelve poor brethren (old soldiers by choice) with a master. The front bears the letters "R. L.", and the date 1571. On Sundays the brethren wear their dark-blue gowns and silver badges with Leicester's arms—the "bear and ragged staff".



THE WEST GATE AND LEICESTER HOSPITAL, WARWICK

The interior of the Hospital is extremely interesting, and the objects shown include a carved Saxon chair, a black-oak cabinet formerly in Kenilworth Castle, and (in the garden) a fine old Norman arch and an Egyptian vase from Warwick Castle.

Other things to be studied in Warwick are the excellent collections of local fossils and of British birds in the Museum in the Market Place, several good half-timbered houses, as Oken's House (in Castle Street), the house at the corner of New Street and Swan Street, &c.

**Mill Street and the Old Bridge.**—When approaching Warwick by the Leamington road, if we turn to the left instead of passing through the East Gate, we shall soon reach the entrance to the castle, beyond which Mill Street extends down to the river side. This street is unquestionably one of the most picturesque in England (fig. 54)—its old houses, its curves, the ivy-covered cottage where it abuts on the river, and the splendid view it affords of Caesar's Tower, combine to form a series of pictures in which the history of the past seems brought before our very eyes. The Avon ripples by the lower end of Mill Street, and was formerly crossed here by a bridge, of which the stone piers still remain all ruinous and ivy-covered. Here, too, is the castle mill, long disused, but helping to complete a scene which includes many elements of the rarest beauty.

**St. Mary's Church, with the Beauchamp Chapel.**—In the year 1694 a great misfortune befell the town of Warwick. A fire broke out which consumed the greater part of the town, and also most of the fine church of St. Mary, which had been rebuilt by the second Thomas Beauchamp in 1394. Fortunately the eastern part of the church was saved, and this includes the choir or chancel, in the centre of which is the high tomb of the first Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and Katherine his countess (both died 1369). On the north of the chancel is the chapter-house, which has been converted into



MILL STREET, WARWICK

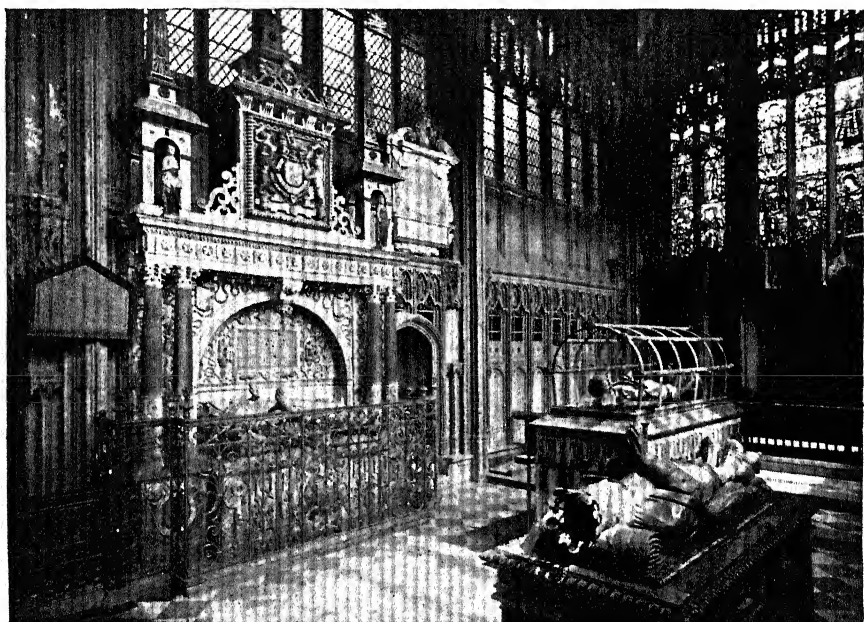
54

a mausoleum for the huge tomb of Fulke Greville, the first Lord Brooke, who was murdered by his body-servant in 1628. The inscription upon this tomb is well known—"Fulk Grevill, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney".

Beneath the chancel is the oldest part of St. Mary's—the Norman crypt,—in which an ancient wooden ducking-stool is kept.

But the gem of St. Mary's is the mortuary chapel placed on the south side of the chancel, and built in 1464 by the executors of Richard Beauchamp, eleventh Earl of Warwick. It lies much below the level of the rest of the church, and is entered by a (restored) doorway adorned with the bear and ragged staff, which leads out of the east end of the south transept. The painted glass of the fine east window suffered

very bad treatment during the Civil War, and the altar-piece beneath it dates only from 1735; but the chapel contains some magnificent tombs, of which that of the founder, Richard Beauchamp (who died at Rouen in 1439), occupies a central position, and is by far the finest. It consists of grey Purbeck marble, upon which rests a life-size effigy of the earl in gilt

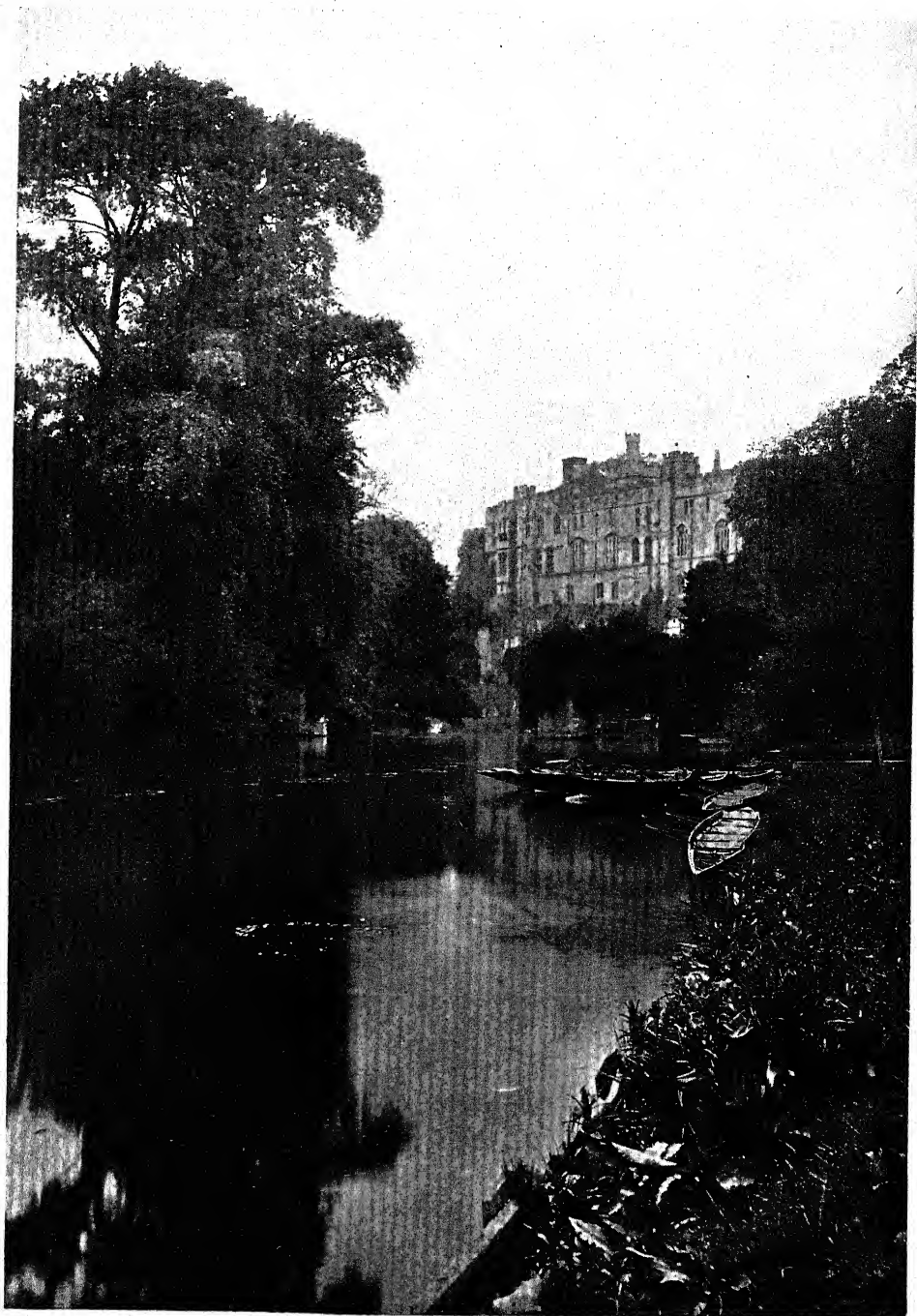


BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WARWICK

55

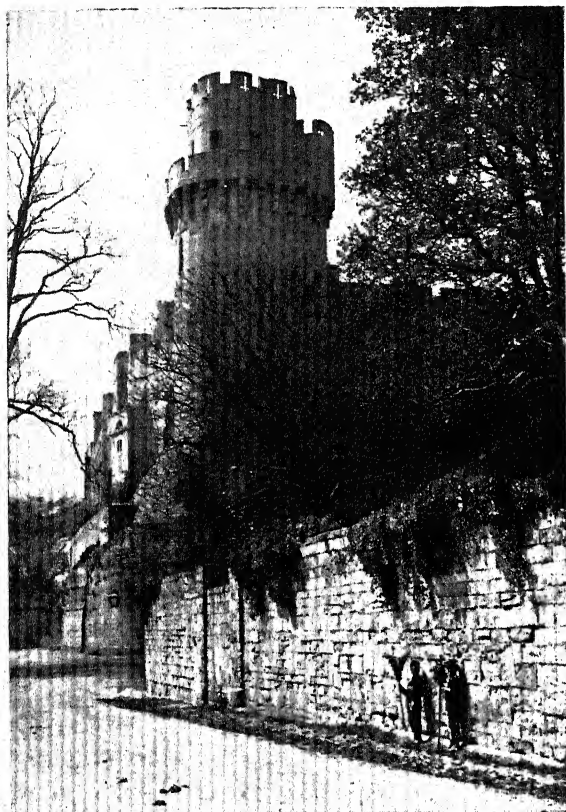
brass; around the sides of the tomb are niches containing portrait-figures of members of the Beauchamp family (fig. 55).

A little to the south-west of this grand central tomb stands a somewhat similar high tomb to Ambrose Dudley, the "good" Earl of Warwick, who died in 1589; and against the north wall of the chapel is the extremely ornate (but debased in style) monument of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (died 1588), and his countess, Lettice (died 1634). At the south-east end of the chapel is a curious monument to Dudley's



WARWICK CASTLE AND THE RIVER AVON  
VOL. XIV.





CÆSAR'S TOWER, WARWICK CASTLE

57

deformed son —  
 “the noble Impe,  
 Robert of Dudley”  
 —who died while  
 little more than an  
 infant.

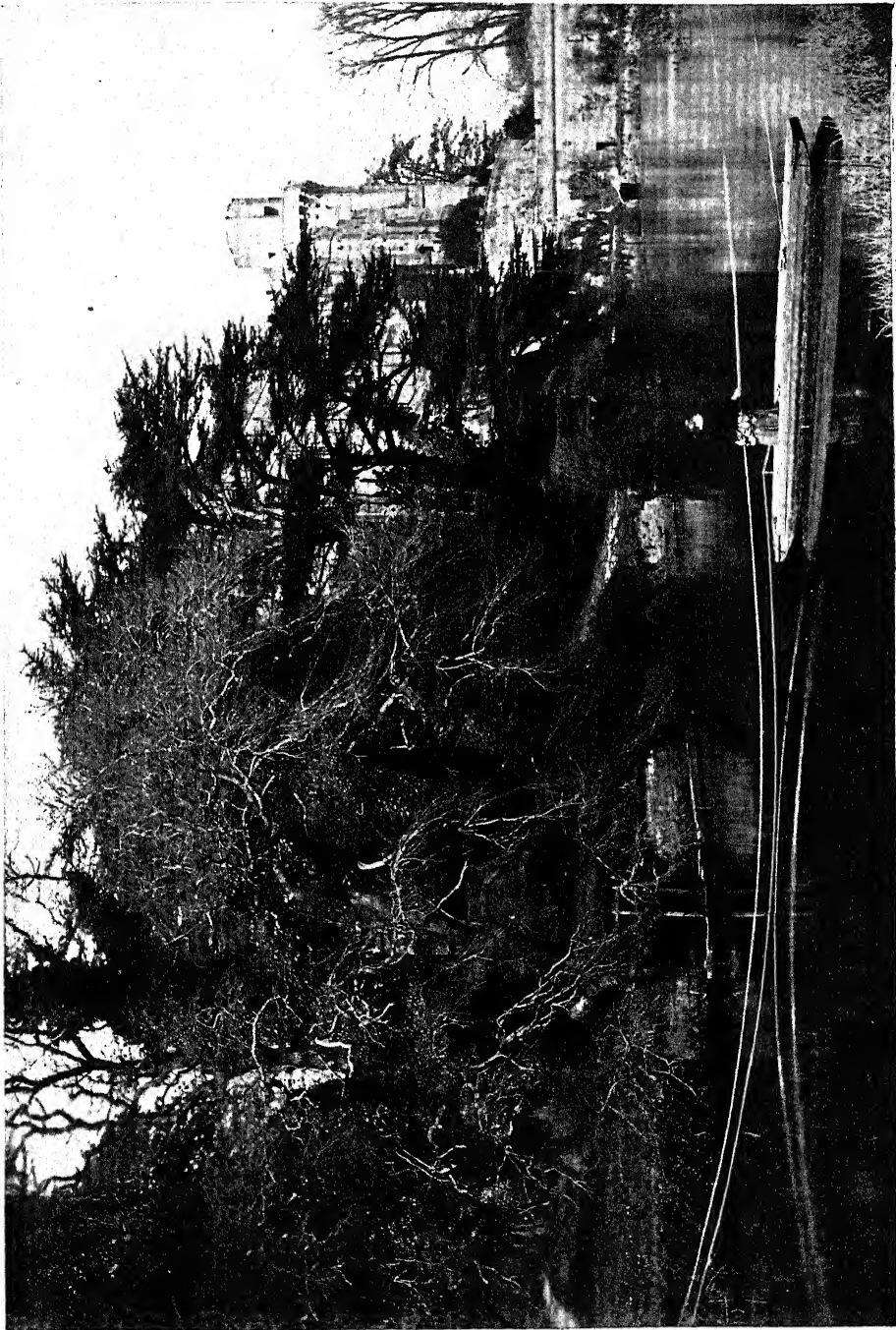
On the north side of the Beauchamp Chapel a door gives access to a short flight of steps which leads to a small chantry chapel having a ceiling of exquisite fan-work.

After the fire of 1694, the tower and body of St. Mary's were rebuilt under the direction of Sir William Wilson.

The proportions are good, and the effect from a distance is therefore pleasing, but the details of the work are poor and inartistic. At the latest “restoration”, in 1896, the ugly side-galleries were removed.

**Warwick Castle and its History.**—Many as are the beauties of the ancient capital of Warwickshire it must be agreed that they culminate in the grand and imposing edifice which, built on a rock overhanging the Avon, dominates the town to-day as it has done for the last six centuries.

An exquisite general view of the castle and the river is obtained from the fine stone bridge over the Avon, built in



WARWICK CASTLE. THE RIVER FRONT, FROM THE FERRY

1790—a vista of trees and towers which is even better seen (fig. 56) from the grounds of the Boating Club (reached by passing through an archway in Mill Street).

The gatehouse and entrance to the castle are situated at the top of Mill Street, and, passing through a cutting in the solid sandstone rock, we find ourselves in front of the barbican and gate-house, with Cæsar's Tower (built 1360) on the left (fig. 57) and Guy's Tower (1394) on the right. Passing by a modern bridge over the moat, and through the archway with its portcullis, we enter the courtyard, where peacocks scream and parade upon the grassy lawn. The great mound of earth upon which Ethelfleda is said to have built a tower in A.D. 915 is right in front of us; the entrance to the gardens (flanked by the unfinished Bear Tower and Clarence Tower) on the right; and the main mass of the castle-buildings on the left, overlooking the Avon.

The castle contains some scanty Norman remains in the basement (used for domestic offices, &c.). The outer walls and towers are mainly the work of Thomas Beauchamp, about the end of the fourteenth century, while the large hall and other rooms, now inhabited by the Earl and Countess of Warwick, are of early seventeenth-century date. These latter rooms include many invaluable pictures, and magnificent collections of armour and of old furniture. Much damage was done by a fire in 1871.

The gardens are very beautiful, and contain the famous "Warwick Vase", found in 1770 at the bottom of a lake near Tivoli by Sir William Hamilton.

By a ferry (fig. 58) it is possible to cross the Avon, and from the opposite (southern) side of the river the castle with its river-front, and the grand cedars of Lebanon at its west end, are seen to great advantage.

**Guy's Cliffe, House, and Mill.**—A mile or so north of Warwick, and on the east side of the famous highway to Kenilworth and Coventry, stands the house of Guy's Cliffe



GUY'S CLIFFE MILL

(now the residence of Lord Algernon Percy). Here the soft red sandstone rock rises above a pool of the Avon, and contains a cave which, even in Saxon times, was the favourite residence of a succession of hermits. Among these is reckoned the famous Guy, "Earl of Warwick", who, after a pilgrimage in the Holy Land, is said to have retired to this lovely spot, and to have received alms daily from his wife Phillis (who quite failed to recognize him in the disguise which he assumed), but to whom he revealed himself a few days before his death. This story unfortunately rests upon no historical foundation. Guy's Cliffe House is visible from the road through a fine avenue of firs, and close at hand is the famous Mill—"there has been a mill here for at least a thousand years"—with its wooden balcony dating from 1821 (fig. 59).

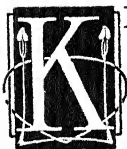
On the opposite (left-hand) side of the road is Blacklow Hill, where a monument erected in 1821 marks the spot where Piers Gaveston was executed, after a mock trial in the Great Hall of Warwick Castle, in 1312.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE CASTLE OF KENILWORTH AND THE CITY OF COVENTRY

"Far from the sun and summer gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd."

—*Thomas Gray, 1759.*



**KENILWORTH** and its Castle. — Continuing our walk northwards from Guy's Cliffe we pass through the very pretty village of Leek Wootton (Hill Wootton, with even prettier thatched cottages —fig. 60—lies less than a mile due east) and soon reach Kenilworth Castle, which is 5 miles north of Warwick, and 1 mile west of Kenilworth station (London and North-Western). The Norman keep of Kenilworth is much the oldest part of the structure, and was probably built by Geoffrey de Clinton, son of a De Clinton to whom the site was granted by Henry I in 1120. West of the Keep are the Kitchens and the Buttery, and then comes the Strong Tower (sometimes called Mervyn's Tower). On the south of the Strong Tower is the Banqueting-Hall, built by John of Gaunt; and east of this again are the White Hall, the Presence-Chamber, and, last of all, "Leicester's Buildings", erected by the earl in 1571 and now tottering to their fall (fig. 61).

Ascending to the top of the Strong Tower we note the





THATCHED COTTAGES, HILL WOOTTON

60

inner courtyard at our feet. The outer or Base Court includes a "pleasaunce" or garden on the north side, and is completely surrounded by a high and strong wall, placed along which, at intervals, are four towers. Outside this wall, to the west and south, the low flat meadows indicate the position of the "Great Lake", which helped to protect the castle on those sides, while on the east there was a moat. The fine detached building near the entrance (now used as a dwelling-house) is Leicester's Gate-House, and was built by Dudley in 1570; the low buildings against the wall to the south-east of this are the stables.

Kenilworth Castle was granted by Henry III to Simon de Montfort in 1254. It was besieged and taken by the king in 1266. In 1563 Elizabeth bestowed the castle upon her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and here she was entertained by him on several occasions, and notably

with great magnificence in 1575. Cromwell gave the estate to certain of his officers, by whom it was partly dismantled and the lake drained. After the Restoration it became the property of the Hyde family, through whom it descended to the Earl of Clarendon, its present owner.

It is interesting to remember that a later genius—Sir Walter Scott,—who much resembled Shakespeare in his rare combination of business capacity with literary ability, visited Kenilworth in 1820 to study the castle in connection with the writing of the famous novel which bears its name. He stayed at the King's Arms Hotel.

Kenilworth Church (St. Nicholas) lies less than half a mile east of the castle. Its most notable feature is a fine Norman doorway in the west front of the tower, which was taken in 1600 from the ruins of the adjacent priory. Of this priory, the remains of the gate-house still stand at the west end of the churchyard, and its foundations have lately been uncovered.



KENILWORTH CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH



COVENTRY. THE THREE SPIRES

62

**The City of Coventry.**—"As the crow flies" Coventry is 20 miles north-east of Stratford-on-Avon, and the same distance south-east of Birmingham. It is 5 miles north-east of Kenilworth, and for driving, cycling, or motoring perhaps there is no better or pleasanter road in England than the one from Warwick through Kenilworth to Coventry. The name of the city seems to be derived from the existence of a Saxon *convent* here, of which St. Osburg was the abbess when it was destroyed by Canute in 1016. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, is said to have founded a Benedictine monastery on the site of the ruined convent, but his name has come down to us chiefly on account of his countess, the famous Lady Godiva, whose memorable ride was recalled by Tennyson while he—

"Waited for the train at Coventry,  
And hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
To watch the three tall spires".

This is the bridge which spans the line as we enter the precincts of the city when walking northwards from Kenilworth. Research fails to trace the legend of Godiva farther back than the fourteenth century, while it is certain that "Peeping Tom" is an addition made in Charles II's reign. In later times Coventry was the scene of the proposed encounter between the Dukes of Norfolk and of Hereford on Gosford Green in 1398, the story of which is related by Shakespeare in his *Richard II*. Elizabeth visited the city in 1565, and Mary Queen of Scots stayed at the Bull Inn as a prisoner in 1569. During the Civil War it was a Puritan stronghold, and as a punishment its walls were razed by order of Charles II.

**A Walk through Coventry.**—Entering Coventry from the south, by the Kenilworth and Warwick road, we note the



FORD'S HOSPITAL, COVENTRY

"three tall spires" of Christ Church, Holy Trinity, and St. Michael, the two latter being in close proximity. Passing through the nicely-laid-out gardens of "Greyfriars' Green", we turn to the right, and find ourselves in Greyfriars' Street, where stands Ford's Hospital, a most picturesque wooden building, erected by William Ford in 1529 as a home for indigent old women (fig. 63). Continuing up Greyfriars' Street, and turning to the left, we reach the very centre of Coventry, where a wooden image known as "Peeping Tom" looks down upon all and sundry from an upper window of the "King's Head". There are several fine old half-timbered and gabled houses still to be seen in the streets of Coventry, and two "gates" of the ancient walls in Cook Street and in Hales Street; while Butcher's Row is an old-world bit indeed. But the most remarkable building in the city is unquestionably St. Mary's Hall, in Bailey Lane, facing St. Michael's Church. This edifice, completed in 1414, was the hall of the famous Guilds of Coventry. Of the many objects of interest which it contains perhaps the chief is a grand tapestry intended to commemorate a visit paid to the city by Henry VI and Queen Margaret in 1451.

**The Mystery Plays.**—During the Middle Ages Coventry was famous for the performance of pageants and religious or "mystery" plays in the streets of the city under the direction of the Grey Friars. After the dissolution of the monasteries the plays were still kept up by the members of the local guilds, and were not finally suppressed until 1580. Our Shakespeare would then be a lad of sixteen, and some of the references in *Hamlet*<sup>1</sup> and other of his works make it probable that he had, indeed, "seen Herod rage" in the streets of Coventry.

<sup>1</sup> *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2: "It out-herods Herod".

## CHAPTER X

### WANDERINGS IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

"Avon, thy rural view, thy pastures wild,  
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,  
Their boughs entangling with the embattled sedge;  
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,  
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;  
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild."

—*Thomas Warton, 1777.*



**HAMPTON-IN-ARDEN.**—The name of Hampton-in-Arden tells of its former state as a village situated in a clearing of the great Midland Forest. It lies half-way between Birmingham and Kenilworth, and has a station on the London and North-Western line.

The church has Norman piers in the nave, and the chancel is partly Norman; the rest of the building being Perpendicular with embattled nave and tower. Note the very ancient stone seat in the south aisle, and the "Heart Shrine" in the south wall of the chancel. This formerly contained the heart of a Knight Templar enclosed in a silver case. West of and close to the church is an old stone manor-house, now a farmhouse, which formerly belonged to the Arden family.

The River Blythe runs 1 mile south-east of Hampton, and is here crossed by the ancient "Marsh Bridge" (fig. 64), one of the "pack-horse" bridges, and probably four or five centuries old. The railway-bridge crosses the stream a few yards lower down, and the contrast is great indeed!



From Hampton it is a delightful walk of 3 miles in a south-easterly direction to another pretty village, that of Berkswell, which derives its name from the fine spring of water that still rises into a great stone cistern at the east end of the churchyard. Here, too, is the village green, which boasts a well-preserved pair of stocks.



THE MARSH BRIDGE, HAMPTON-IN-ARDEN

The church of St. John the Baptist is one of the most interesting in Warwickshire. The crypt is partly Saxon, partly Norman; the nave and aisles are Early English and Decorated; while the clerestory, tower, and porch are of the seventeenth century. The half-timbered gabled south porch (fig. 65) is extremely picturesque, and has an upper story.

The churchyard cross retains the original base, but the shaft is of recent date.

**Henley-in-Arden.**—This quaint little town claims a remote antiquity, dating back to the time when it was but a collection of Saxon huts in a forest clearing. Then came the Norman knight, De Montfort, and built a castle on the hill in the twelfth century; but of this castle only mounds and ditches remain.

Henley now consists of one long street (fig. 66), near the centre of which stand the much-weathered Market-Cross and the church (Perpendicular), together with some old houses, one of which (near the cross) was the hall of the local guild. The lane next the parish church leads to the adjoining church of Beaudesert, which has a Norman chancel, chancel-arch, and south door. Henley has of late years been connected by a branch line with the Great Western Railway at Lapworth station; and this, with the advent of motor and cycle, has done something to wake up, but at the same time to destroy much of the charm of, this sleepy old town.

**Wootton Waven.**—From Henley-in-Arden a road leads southwards for 2 miles to the "Wood-town of Wagen",



CHURCH PORCH, BERKSWELL

now the village of Wootton Wawen, but a thousand years ago the property of one Wagen, a Saxon chief. The church here (fig. 67) is famous in that the two lower stages of the central tower are Saxon, with very narrow arches. The interior includes a large chantry chapel, and there are tombs of the Harewells (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries), and of William

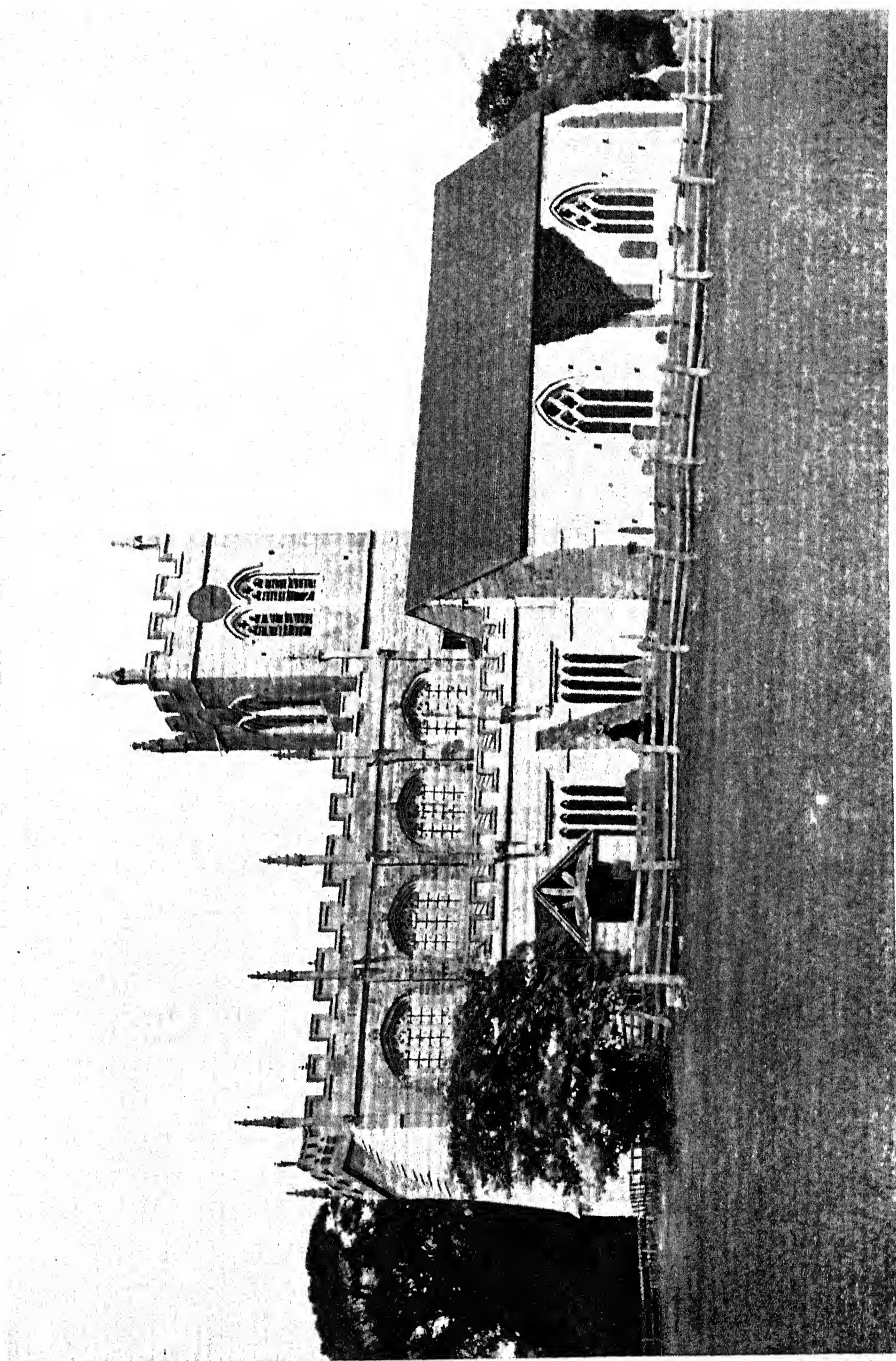


CHURCH AND STREET, HENLEY-IN-ARDEN

66

Somervile (1742), the author of *The Chase* and of other well-known poems; a fine old oak chest, and a row of chained books are also worthy of notice.

**Kinwarton and its Dove-Cot.**—Aston Cantlow is a long 2 miles south of Wootton Wawen, and the road then turns westward, parallel to the little branch railway which connects Bearley with Alcester. Passing through Great Alne, with its thatched post-office hemmed in by box-hedges and embosomed in flowering creepers, we make a slight detour to the small hamlet of Kinwarton. Here there is a tiny



WOOTTON WAWEN CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH



STONE DOVE-COT, KINWARTON

68

church but a very large stone dove-cot (fig. 68). Such dove-cots are relics of the time when the right to keep pigeons was possessed only by the lord of the manor. They were built to afford nesting-places for hundreds of pairs of birds, whose flesh was considered no small delicacy.

**Alcester: once a Roman Station.**—Another mile finds us in Alcester town, where the Alne joins the Arrow, the latter stream running due south to mingle its waters with those of the Avon at Salford Priors. The Town-hall here (fig. 69) dates back to 1641, and the lower part was formerly open and used as a market, but it was enclosed in modern times, and is now the county court. Alcester is one of the few places in Warwickshire which can be identified with the Roman occupation. It stands on the Ryknield Street, and was the Roman station called *Alauna*. Later



TOWN HALL, ALCESTER

69



THE ROOKERY, ALVECHURCH CHURCHYARD

70



on there was a monastery here, but of it no trace remains. The church of St. Nicholas has a fine tower (Decorated); but the rest was rebuilt in the eighteenth century. It contains marble statues by Chantrey and by Count Gleichen, and the high tomb of Sir Fulke Greville (died 1559) and his wife.

**Alvechurch and Needle-Land.**—When returning from Alcester by the Midland Railway, it is worth while to break the journey at Alvechurch (10 miles farther north), if only to stroll for an hour in the churchyard, where ancient yews of unknown antiquity cast heavy shadows, and where the rooks have established themselves in great numbers in the fine elms which encircle “God’s-acre” (fig. 70).

The valley of the Arrow may be styled “Needle-Land”. At Alcester, Alvechurch, Studley, and, most important of all, Redditch, countless numbers of needles are manufactured annually, together with fish-hooks and fishing-tackle.

## CHAPTER XI

### MORE WANDERINGS IN ARDEN

"William Shakespeare, the glory of the English stage; whose nativity at Stratford-upon-Avon is the highest honour that town can boast of."—*Edward Phillips, 1675.*

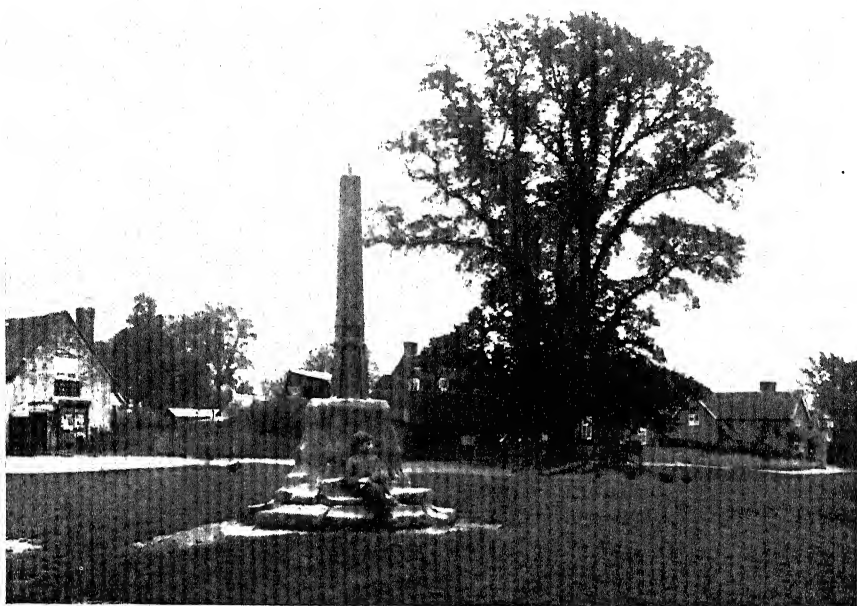


**THE** Centre of England.—Since Michael Drayton, the friend of Shakespeare, writes of Warwickshire as "That shire which we the heart of England well may call", it is but natural that we should expect to find somewhere in the county a spot which may be defined as "the centre of England"; and it is also natural that there should be several claimants for this distinction. Of course there is really no exact spot of which this fact can be affirmed with scientific certainty, for much depends upon how and whence the measurements are taken; but the contest lies chiefly between a fine old oak near Leamington and the village market-cross of Meriden (fig. 71).

Meriden village is 3 miles east of Hampton-in-Arden, and about the same distance south of Maxstoke Priory. The cross has unfortunately been removed from its former site, though only to the other end of the village. The church of St. Lawrence here (restored 1883) includes some Norman portions, with much later and modern work. The villagers of Meriden adduce an argument which they think proves the centrality of the village, in the fact that after heavy rains the water in a local pond discharges itself in two directions—northwards into the Tame and so to the Trent and North

Sea, and southwards into the Avon and thence to the Bristol Channel.

**Balsall Street and the Village Smithy.**—The three great railway-lines (the Great Western, the Midland, and the London and North-Western) which run from Birmingham southwards through Shakespeare-Land, present great

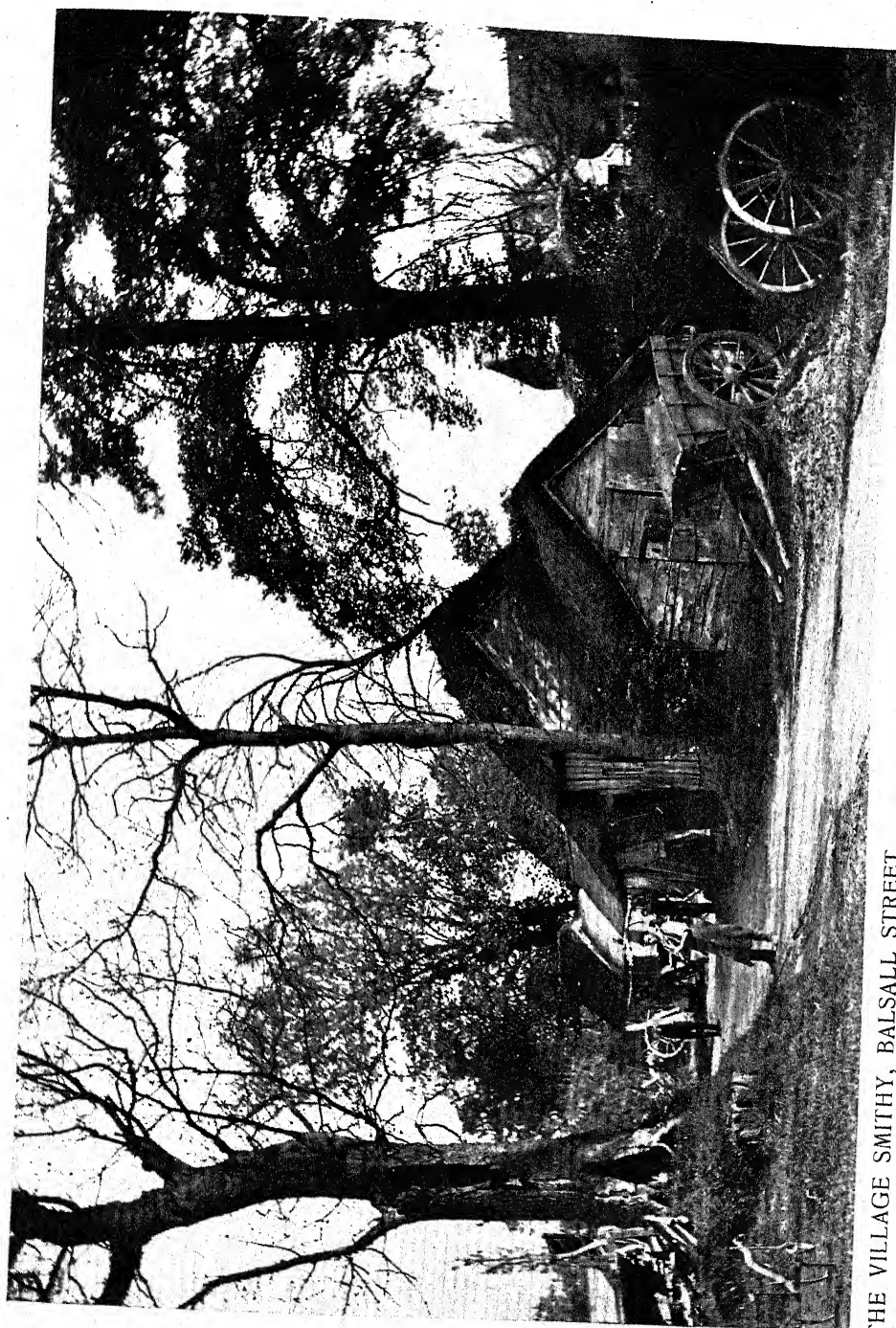


VILLAGE CROSS, MERIDEN

71

advantages to the lovers of country walks, because it is possible to travel by one line and then—the lines lying from 4 to 6 miles apart—walk across and return by another to the starting-place (Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, or Warwick) without having to retrace one's steps or go over the same ground twice.

A very pleasant walk of this kind is to cross from Berks-well station (London and North-Western) to Knowle station (Great Western), taking Balsall Street and Temple Balsall on the way; or, of course, the reverse direction may be taken.



THE VILLAGE SMITHY, BALSALL STREET



THE MASTER BLACKSMITH

73

Three of the places just named we have already described, and in fig. 72 we give an illustration of the blacksmith's smithy and wheelwright's shop at the hamlet of Balsall Street, 1 mile west of Berkswell station. And, having persuaded the master blacksmith to come to the door, we are also able to present a type (fig. 73) of the Warwickshire working-man of the present day—a type which has changed

surprisingly little since Will Shakespeare wrote lovingly in *The Taming of the Shrew* of "Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece<sup>1</sup>, and Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell", while he evidently had a warm corner in his heart even for "Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath", and for "Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot".

**The Ancient Town of Coleshill.**—Coleshill—a favourite resort of the busy workers of Birmingham—is 8 miles east of that city, and 1 mile south of Forge Mills station, on the Midland line. Walking southwards from the railway-station we cross the River Cole (which runs northwards to join the Tame) by a good mediæval bridge, beyond which the little town is seen rising, its height capped by the fine spire (re-

<sup>1</sup> An obvious misprint for *Greet*, a common Warwickshire place-name.

built 1887) of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, whose architecture is partly Decorated, partly Perpendicular.

Climbing the hill by the main street we find ourselves in the market-place, where may be seen a combination of those terrors to evil-doers, formerly in common use in England, the pillory, stocks, and whipping-post. Some of the iron-work is old, but the greater part of this structure is so evidently new that it must be among the very latest put up in this country.

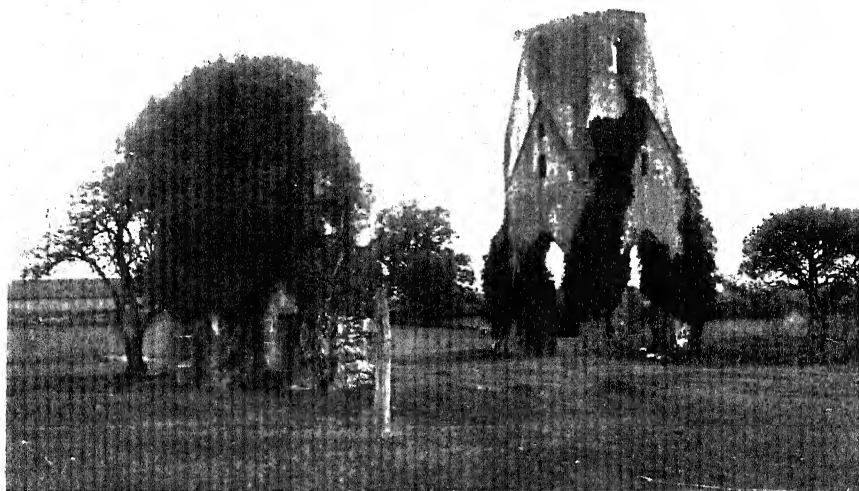
The church stands close by, and in the interior we note the tombs of two of the Clintons (the first possessors of the manor) and of several of their successors, the Digbys, including Simon Digby (1519) and John Digby (1558). But the gem of the church is the large Norman font (fig. 74), one of the best examples to be found in England.

**Maxstoke Priory and Castle.** — From Coleshill it is a pleasant walk of between 3 and 4 miles south-eastward to the ruins of Maxstoke Priory, crossing the pretty little River Blythe *en route*. This priory was built in



NORMAN FONT, COLESHILL CHURCH





RUINED CHURCH TOWER, MAXSTOKE PRIORY

75

1336 by William de Clinton for the Order of St. Augustine. The ruins include an interesting gateway and gate-house (now partly incorporated with a farmhouse), behind which is the central tower of the church, and some remains of the infirmary, &c. (fig. 75).

From the priory we can readily reach Whitacre station (rather less than 4 miles to the north-west), taking Maxstoke Castle on the way. This building (fig. 76) is a remarkably fine specimen of a fourteenth-century fortified house. An avenue of elms leads through a deer-park to the castle, which is built in the form of a parallelogram, with a tower at each corner, the whole being surrounded by a moat. It was erected by the same William de Clinton as built the priory.

**Arley Church and Street.**—Arley village is rather more than a mile north of its railway-station (Midland), and deserves a visit if only to study the charming combination

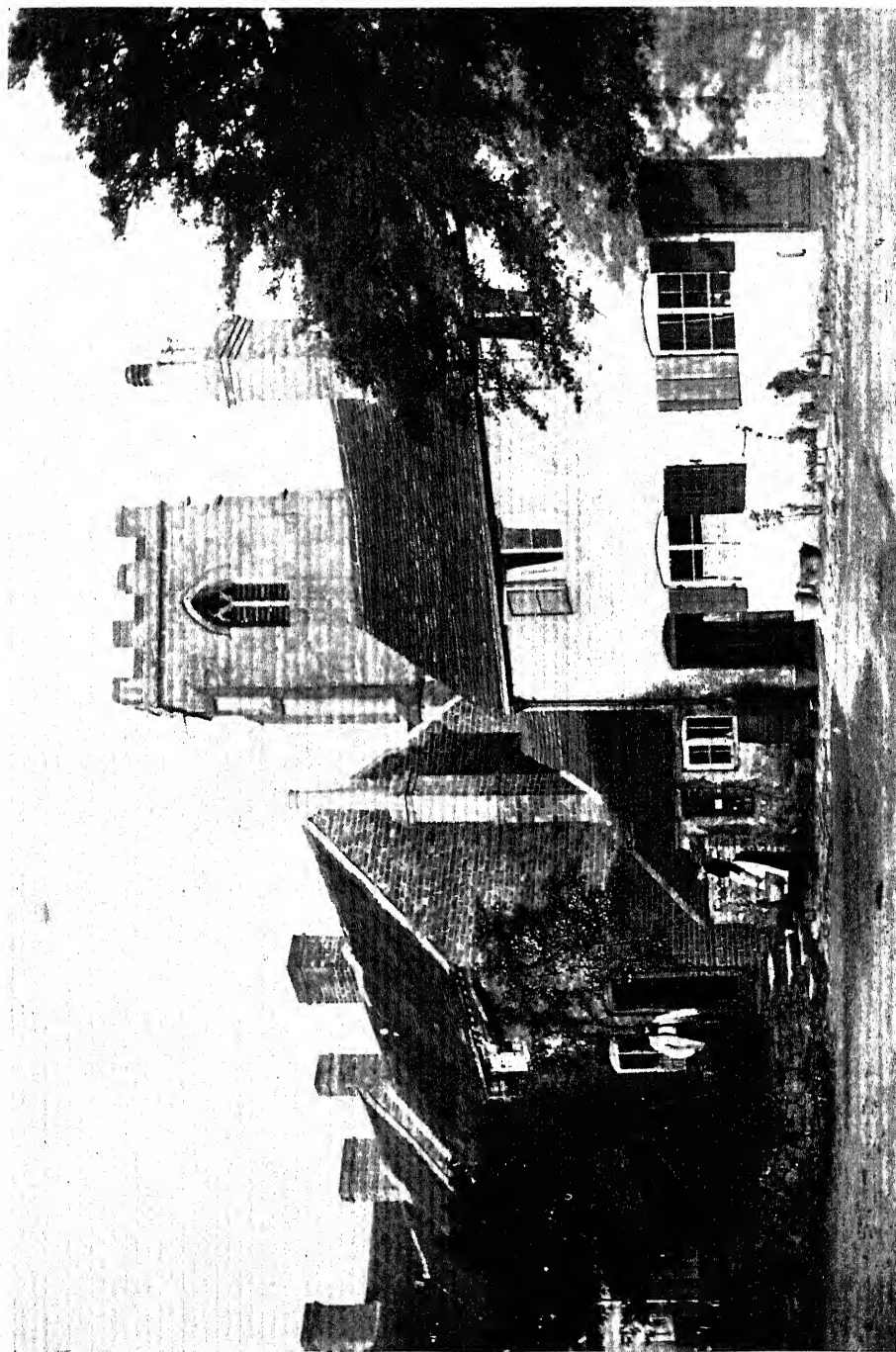
offered by the tower of the ancient church of St. Wilfrid (fig. 77) with the houses of its single street. The church is Early Decorated, and contains a fifteenth-century monument of a priest, and some still earlier painted glass.

**Chesterton and its Windmill.**—Chesterton is an easy walk of 3 miles south-west from Southam Road and Harbury station, on the Great Western Railway. The geologist will first desire to inspect the extensive limestone quarries in the Lower Lias near Harbury; and the village church with its Early English tower is worth a glance. At Chesterton the very interesting church of St. Giles contains the monuments and busts of the Peyto family, including Sir William Peyto (died 1609), Sir Edward Peyto (died 1643), and Humphrey Peyto (died 1585).

About half a mile north-west of Chesterton church stands a very fine stone windmill, built by Sir Edward Peyto from

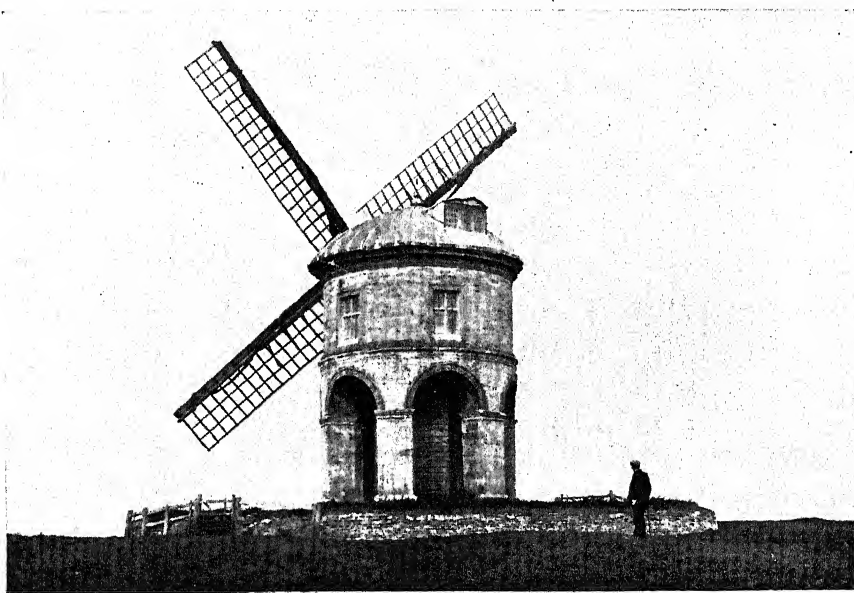


MAXSTOKE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



ARLEY VILLAGE, CHURCH AND STREET

the designs of Inigo Jones in 1632. It has six semicircular arches and a revolving roof covered with lead (fig. 78). Some time back a ruinous building at Newport, Rhode Island (United States), was considered by certain Scandinavian antiquaries, and by others (including the poet Longfellow, who embodied his belief in a ballad—*The Skeleton in Armour*), as proving the discovery of America by the Danes in the



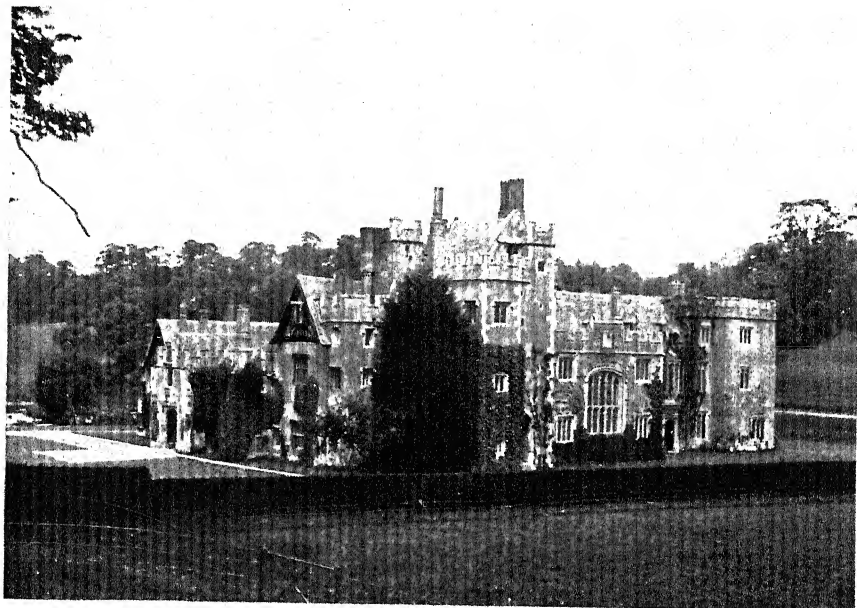
STONE WINDMILL, CHESTERTON

78

twelfth century. Careful research, however, has shown that the Newport tower is but a copy of Chesterton mill, having been built by a Chesterton man—one Benedict Arnold—who emigrated in 1635.

There is a grand view from the windmill, and just at the northern foot of the hill upon which it stands is visible the rectangular outline of a Roman camp, placed upon the Roman road called the Fosse-way.

The water-mill and bridge on the southern side of the hill are also the work of Inigo Jones.



COMPTON WYNIATES

79

**The Home of the Comptons.**—Compton Wynyates, the delightful seat of the Marquess of Northampton, is 12 miles south-east of Stratford-on-Avon, but is most commonly reached by driving 8 miles westwards from Banbury. The grand red-brick mansion lies so low that it is locally known as “Compton in the Hole”, and the suddenness of its appearance is invariably a matter of surprise to those who visit it for the first time (fig. 79). It was built by Sir William Compton early in the reign of Henry VIII (c. 1510). Parts of the original moat still remain. The brickwork chimneys are most elaborate, while in the interior the great hall, with its roof of open timber-work and minstrels’ gallery, and the numerous secret passages and “hiding-holes”, invite and repay inspection.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE EIGHT "SHAKESPEAREAN VILLAGES"

"May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn;  
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn;  
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,  
Imputed to the times, and not to thee."

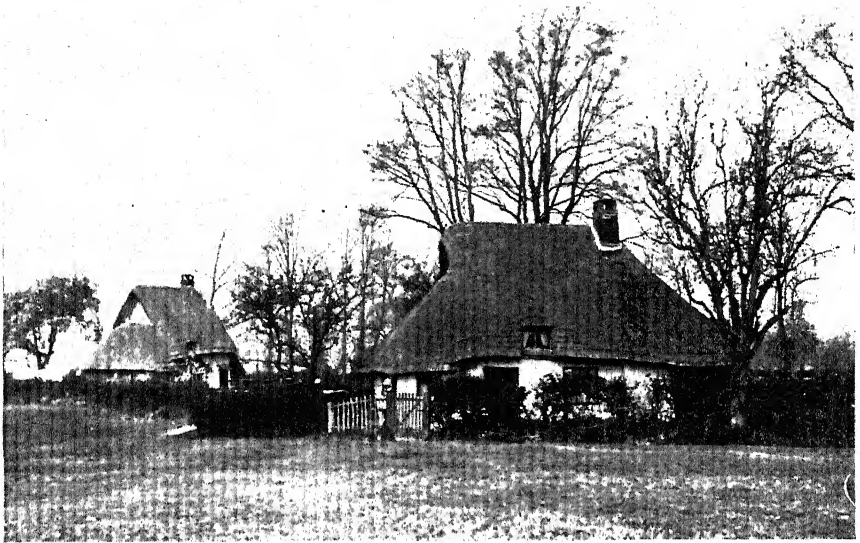
—*E. Fenton*, 1711



Of course *all* the villages within the area of Shakespeare-Land may be supposed to have been more or less frequently visited by the poet, and may therefore be more or less intimately connected with his name. But the title of "the Shakespearean Villages" has in some way come to be more or less specially associated with a certain group of eight; two of which—Pebworth and Long Marston—are situated on the south-east or Gloucestershire side of the Avon, while the other six—Hillborough, Grafton, Exhall, Wixford, Broom, and Bidford—lie close together in Warwickshire, on the north-west side of the river.

**The Legend of Shakespeare's Crab-Tree.**—Six miles south-west of Stratford, and about a mile before reaching Bidford village, a small crab-apple tree is seen in a field on the left-hand (nearly opposite a red-brick barn on the other side of the road). This claims to be a descendant of the tree under which Shakespeare is locally said to have "slept the clock round" after a drinking-match in which a band of gallants from Stratford had been woefully worsted by the





COTTAGES AT LONG MARSTON

80

“Sippers” of Bidford. The view from this point is very fine, and, after the defeated bard had stretched himself\* and looked around him, he is said to have pointed out the eight villages we have just mentioned (all of which are within sight), and summed up their peculiarities in the following lines:—

“Piping Pebworth: Dancing Marston:  
 Haunted Hillborough: Hungry Grafton:  
 Dodging Exhall: Papist Wixford:  
 Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford”.

This legend first appears in print in the *British Magazine* for June, 1762, and in later years was improved by the addition that the toppers slept the Sunday over, so that Shakespeare was led to reprove a boy whom he saw ploughing on the Monday morning for his supposed desecration of the Sabbath!

It is possible to make the round of the eight villages from Stratford in a day's drive of about 30 miles; but it is needless to say that such a hasty visit is not to be recommended save

as an "introduction" to the group. It is better to devote one day to the two villages (Marston and Pebworth) on the Gloucestershire side of the Avon; a second day may be well spent at Wixford, Exhall, and Grafton, which will leave Hillborough, Bidford, and Broom for a third day's work.

**"Dancing" Marston.**—The very pretty village of Long Marston or Marston Sicca (*i.e.* *dry*, from its easily parched soil) is situated on the Great Western line, 7 miles south-west of Stratford. The Church of St. James is a stone building (Perpendicular), whose register dates from 1651; it was partly restored in 1869.

The villagers here were—and indeed still are—famous for their skill as morris-dancers, and were formerly wont at festive seasons to give exhibitions of their skill in all the country round. It is probable that they took part in the Kenilworth festivities before Queen Elizabeth in 1575. The village abounds in thatched cottages of the most picturesque type (fig. 80), but



PEBWORTH CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

special notice should be taken of a good stone house which stands near the church, and which the rustics call "the Old King Charles' House", although its proper title is "King's Lodge". It was here that Charles II, disguised as a serving-man, found a temporary refuge during his flight from Worcester in 1651, and where his ignorance as to the use of a



THE VILLAGE STREET, WIXFORD

82

roasting-jack nearly led to his discovery. The house is now, as it was then, in the possession of the good old family of Tomes. The "jack" is kept in a glass case, and is willingly shown to visitors.

**"Piping" Pebworth.**—From Long Marston it is a pleasant 2-miles walk westwards to Pebworth. Notice how many of the houses and walls here are built of the thin-bedded blue lias limestone, the surface of the stone being often covered with fossil oysters. Pebworth has a fourteenth-century church,

to which several alterations and additions have been made, so that the architecture is now best described as "mixed" (fig. 81). It contains a curious wall-painting dated 1629, in memory of the Martin family. A good stone dove-cot stands in a field near the village; roses climb over and about the old tombstones in the churchyard, and the grey houses in the straggling street; while pear-trees occur in every hedge. From Pebworth it is but a 2-miles walk southwards to Honeybourne station (Great Western Railway), which stands exactly on the line of the Roman road called Ryknield Street; or in a northerly direction Bidford may be reached in 5 miles by passing through the charming villages of Dorsington and Barton.

**"Papist" Wixford.**—The village of Wixford stands on the east side of the River Arrow, the railway-station (Midland) being on the other side of the stream, which here affords excellent fishing. The small church of St. Milburg is chiefly Early English and Perpendicular, with north and south Norman



CHURCH OF ST. GILES, EXHALL



LANE AT ARDEN'S GRAFTON

84

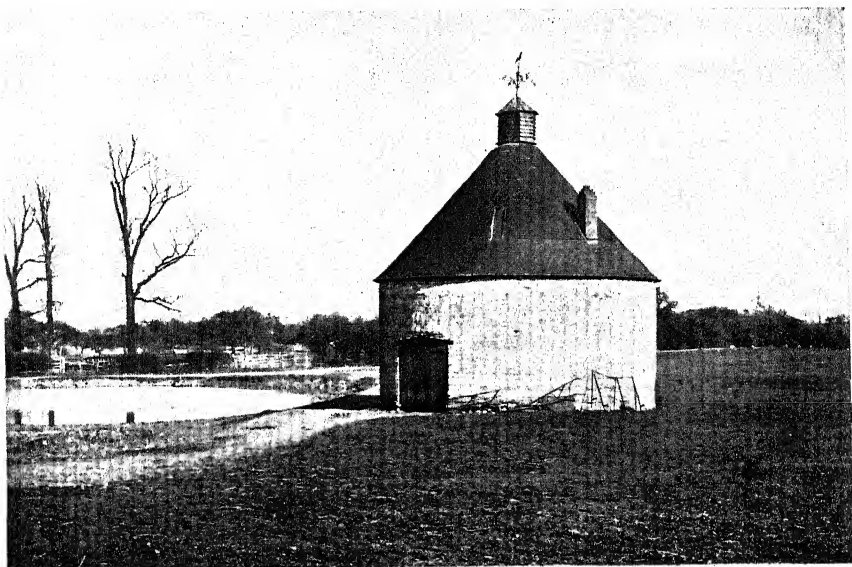
doorways. In the churchyard there is a very fine yew-tree, and also the base of a fourteenth-century cross. The "street" of Wixford slopes westward down to the river, and includes some interesting stone cottages with thatched roofs (fig. 82).

The name "papist", as applied to this village, is clearly due to the fact that it has always belonged to a Roman Catholic family.

**"Dodging" Exhall.**—This tiny village lies only half a mile east of Wixford. Its prefatory adjective is sometimes written "Dadging" or "Dudging"—a cant term implying begging proclivities in its inhabitants. But if taken as "Dodging", it probably refers to its out-of-the-way and somewhat inaccessible position. The Church of St. Giles is Perpendicular, with a bricked-up Norman doorway on the north side. It was restored (neither "wisely" nor "well")

in 1863 (fig. 83). In the chancel are brasses to John Walsingham (died 1566) and his wife.

**"Hungry" Grafton.**—Temple Grafton—the "Hungry" Grafton of the rhyme—is rather more than a mile east of Exhall, and is approached from the latter village through its "suburb" of Arden's Grafton. The lane-scenes about here are often of entrancing beauty, the branches of the trees arching over the roads and forming a natural framework for the rustic cots of the villagers (fig. 84). The term "hungry" is often applied by farmers to dry, poor land, to which large quantities of manure may be applied with but little apparent effect. The modern church is in the Decorated style, and was erected upon the site of a pre-existing church (which had fallen into ruins) in 1875. There is some reason for thinking that it was in the old church of Temple Grafton that William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway; but the parish registers, unfortunately, only begin in 1693. From Grafton it is a pleasant walk of 5 or 6 miles eastwards



STONE DOVE-COT, HILLBOROUGH



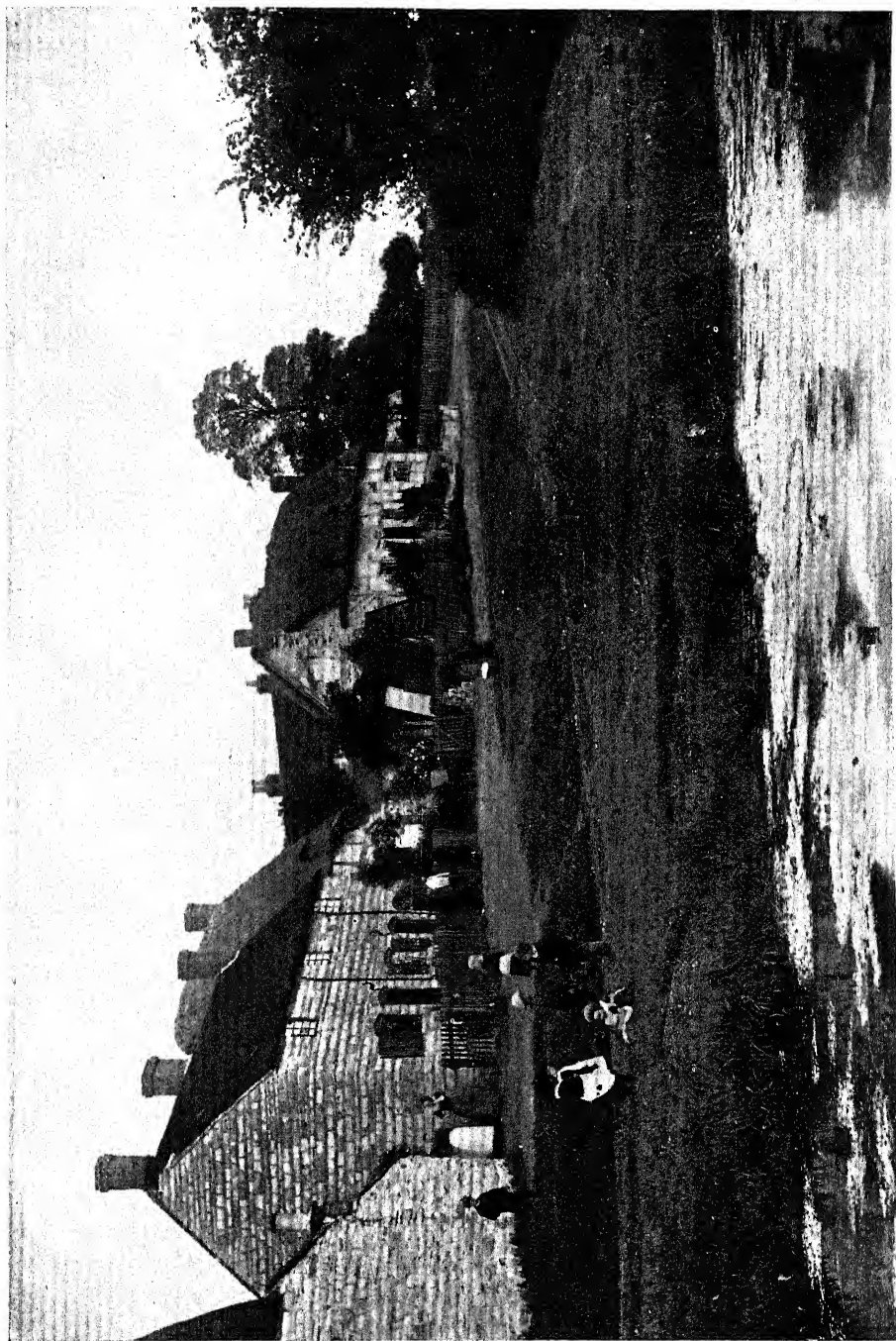
through Binton, with its disused stone quarries, to Stratford-upon-Avon, while Bidford station lies only a mile to the south.

**“Haunted” Hillborough.**—There is no village here, but only a gabled stone manor-house, perhaps of early sixteenth-century date, although with later alterations. It stands on the north side of the River Avon, rather more than 5 miles west of Stratford, and about 2 miles east of Bidford station. There appears to be no assignable reason for its appellation of “haunted”, so that the ghost—if one ever existed—has long since been “buried”. The circular stone dove-cot, close to the house, is quite an imposing building, and looks as if it were intended to stand a siege (fig. 85).

**“Beggarly” Broom.**—Broom village stands on the River Arrow, a mile lower down the stream than Wixford. Its railway-station is the “junction” of the East and West line with that of the Midland, and—as at Wixford—the station is on the west bank of the river, while the village is on the east. Whether intended or not, such a disseverance of the profitable and modern from the picturesque and ancient is highly to be commended.

Our view (fig. 86) shows the “main street” as seen from across the river. The cottages—many of them—are in a delightful state of disrepair. Slabs of limestone serve as garden fences; thatched roofs, dilapidated house-walls, patched and rebuilt bit by bit at intervals of a century or so, combine with the absence of an orthodox church and an inn to give a reason for the uncomplimentary title of “Beggarly Broom!”

**“Drunken” Bidford.**—Bidford is beautifully situated upon the Avon, about 8 miles below Stratford, and half a mile south of Bidford station (East and West Junction Railway), which is a mere shed. It is usually visited by walking from Broom Junction (2 miles). The natives seem quite proud of the title “Drunken Bidford”, and firmly believe in the story of Shakespeare’s potations at a substan-



BROOM VILLAGE, WITH THE RIVER ARROW



THE FALCON INN, BIDFORD

tial gabled stone house (fig. 87), formerly the Falcon Inn, but which, it can be proved, was *not* entitled to that distinction at the time when the "bard" could have visited it.

Bidford Church (dedicated to St. Lawrence) has an imposing look when seen from across the river. The embattled western tower and the chancel (Early English) are old, but the nave and aisles were rebuilt in 1835. Inside there are monuments to Dorothy Skipworth (died 1655) and Woodchurch Clark (1647); and the church plate and chest are good.

87

Bidford was the point at which travellers by the old Roman road—the Rykniel Street—forded the Avon. But in 1482 the good monks of Alcester built a capital stone bridge a hundred yards or so below the ford, and this bridge is now the natural rendezvous of idlers and holiday-makers. A stone in the parapet of the bridge, near the inn window, has served for four centuries as a hone for knives, and in its vicinity of a summer evening quite a row of men and boys may be seen "waiting their turn". A good deal of boating is done from Bidford, the favourite course being down the stream to the mill-weir at Salford Priors and back.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON—FROM SOURCE TO SEVERN

" . . . . . Shakespeare's warblings wild:  
Whom on the winding Avon's willowed banks  
Fair Fancy found. . . . "

—Joseph Warton, 1740.



HOSE who wish to make some real acquaintance with Shakespeare's country cannot do better than follow the course of his own river—he, the "Swan of Avon"—from its source, near Naseby, in Northamptonshire, to the point where it unites with the Severn at Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, a total distance of about 100 miles. But to form this acquaintance-ship the student must *walk*. We believe that only by walking over the ground can a real knowledge of any tract of country be obtained.

Many writers have discoursed about the beauties of the Warwickshire Avon. As far back as 1795 Samuel Ireland published his *Picturesque Views on the Avon*, and we also have J. Thorne's *Rambles by Rivers: The Avon*, 1845, and Mr. C. Showell's *Shakespeare's Avon*, 1901, besides countless magazine articles. But the most interesting account of the river is that contained in Mr. Quiller-Couch's *The Warwickshire Avon*, illustrated by A. Parsons, 1892, in which the author and the artist describe how they made a trip by canoe (more or less) along the entire course of the stream.

**From Naseby to Stratford.**—Rising near the battle-field of Naseby, the Avon enters what we have called

"Shakespeare-Land" at Rugby. A dozen miles (as the crow flies) lower down the stream a special halt should be made to study Lord Leigh's beautiful deer-park with the abbey ruins at Stoneleigh. Under one of the great oaks here tradition sets Shakespeare musing, and, indeed, the resemblance of the scene to the "forest of Arden", in *As You Like It*, is sufficiently close. If we try to keep to the river-bank, we find that every mile in a straight line is made into two, or even three, by the windings of the stream; but Guy's Cliffe and Warwick (see p. 77) are soon left behind, and 3 miles below Warwick we stand on the good stone bridge at Barford. Here the walk along the east bank of the river, through Wasperton village with its dove-cot to Charlecote and Hampton Lucy, is, indeed, such an experience as we believe no other country than England could give; and if we can trudge another 4 miles we may put up for the night at Stratford, rejoicing in the thought that we have spent a day with Shakespeare's own river, and with his birds and flowers, and the people of his own countryside.

**From Stratford to Evesham.**—Beyond Stratford we pass familiar spots at Luddington, Welford, Hillborough, and Bidford, until, some 8 miles below Bidford, we halt at the romantic spot where a ferry crosses the Avon at the Fish and Anchor Inn. From this point it is a short walk to a delightful Worcestershire village—Harvington,—where the church has a Norman tower with a modern spire. The oak seats in the nave bear the date 1582, so that we may pleasantly rest in the thought that more than one Stratford man—including, perhaps, the greatest of them all—may have strolled in just as we have done. The thatched "black-and-white" cottages of this district are very pleasant to the eye, and in some cases the freely-growing box-tree is still kept clipped into the formal shapes which delighted our ancestors, as in the cottage with a peacock shown in fig. 88.

On the opposite bank to Harvington, and a mile or so

lower down the stream, is another old-time village—Offenham, —where again thatched cottages line the rustic streets, and open-eyed children gaze with earnestness at every stranger (fig. 89).

**The Garden of England.**—And now we enter on one of the few spots to which the term “Garden of England” has been justly applied:

“Great Evesham’s fertile glebe what tongue hath not extolled?  
As though to her alone belonged the garb of gold.”—*Drayton*.

Evesham stands just 12 miles south-west of Stratford-on-Avon, and the connection between the two towns—especially



COTTAGE AND PEACOCK, HARVINGTON

in the palmy days of the wool-trade in the sixteenth century —has always been close. The Avon encircles the town on all sides except the north, and this fact helped to complete the destruction here, in 1265, of the little army under Simon de Montfort; for his foes, in far superior numbers, under Prince





OLD HOUSES, OFFENHAM

Edward, came down upon him from the north, and escape in other directions was barred by the Avon. "Let us commend our souls to God," the old warrior said, "for our bodies are the foe's." De Montfort was slain at the point now called Battle-well, and in after-years his corse—laid to rest under the high altar of the abbey—was reputed to work miracles.

The good bridge at Evesham is of modern construction, but Bridge Street leads us up to the market-place, where the quaint old market-hall stands out conspicuously. Passing through a low Norman gateway, we find ourselves in front of the grand Bell-tower (fig. 90), built by Abbot Lichfield in 1533, and 110 feet in height—a splendid example of the Perpendicular style. The other remains of the abbey include an arch (Decorated), with the almonry, some walls, &c. Notice the two churches of St. Lawrence and of All Saints

standing within the abbey churchyard, and erected by the monks for the use of the parishioners. Tradition credits the founding of Evesham Abbey to Bishop Ecgwin, in A.D. 700. But the great fabric which once stood resplendent here had the Norman gateway as part of its first erection in 1122; while the Bell-tower could barely have been completed (1539) when the Dissolution came. The monks were turned adrift, and the noble abbey became a mere quarry for every builder in the district who wanted ready-dressed stone; so that less than a century saw its destruction.

Just twenty-one years after Shakespeare's death, that is to say, in 1637, one William Sandys of Fladbury expended a large sum (£20,000, it is said) in constructing locks and weirs, so that the Avon was made navigable from Tewkesbury to Stratford; and pictures of Stratford in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries show barges sailing upon the river there. But the advent of railways ruined the waterways, and although the Avon is

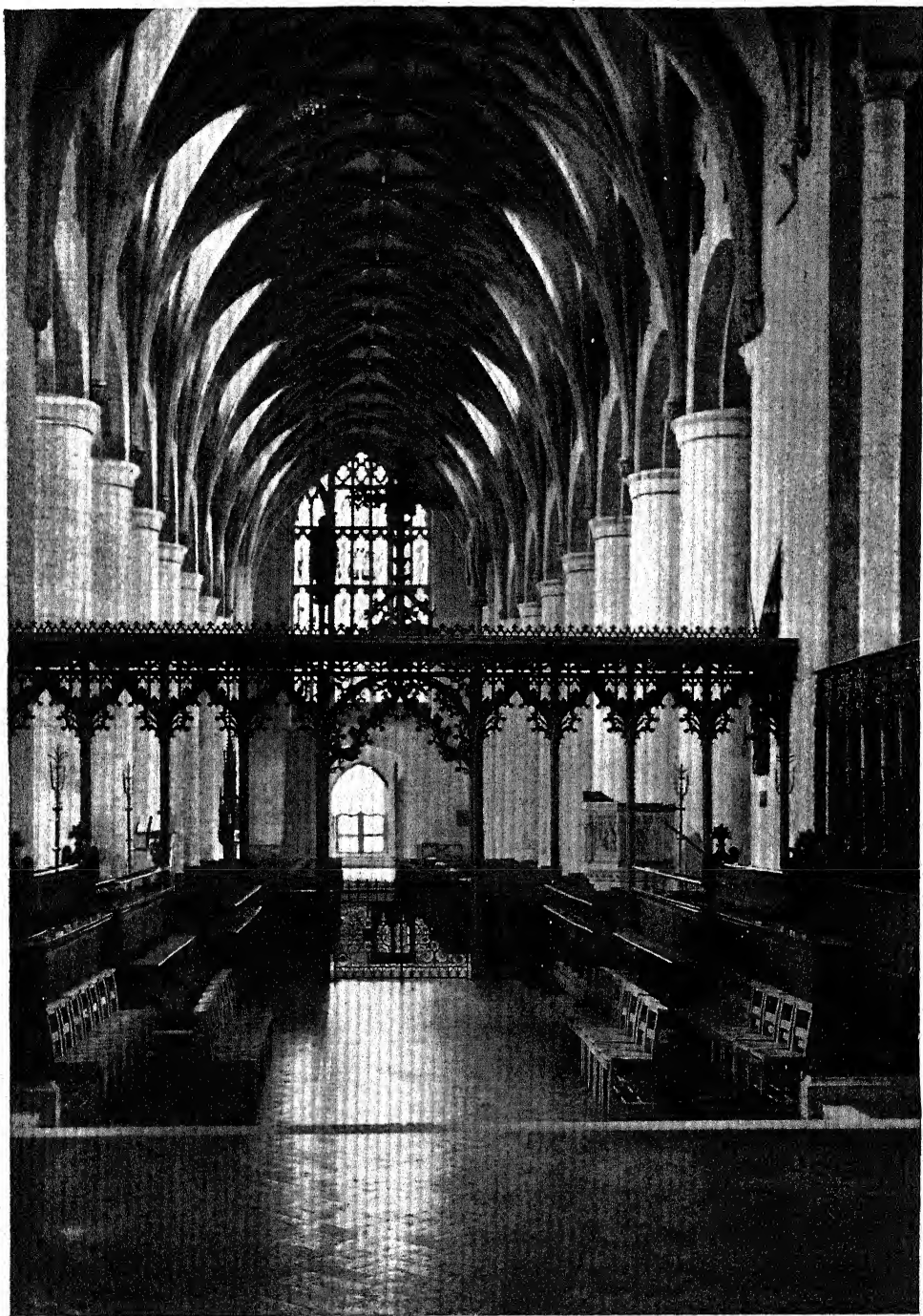


THE BELL-TOWER, EVESHAM

still more or less navigable to a point 5 miles above Evesham, yet from thence to Stratford all Mr. Sandys' money has been spent in vain, for the locks and other contrivances appertaining to the maintenance of a proper depth of the water have been suffered to fall into a state of ruin and decay.

**From Evesham to Tewkesbury.**—The stretch of the Avon from Evesham to Tewkesbury, where it ends its course by pouring its waters into the Severn, is, if possible, still more beautiful than the upper courses of the river. For one thing, the stream is much broader and deeper, so that the boating is better, while the river-side vegetation—the reeds and rushes and flowering plants, with a background of trees—becomes something to dream about. Here are Cropthorne (maintained by good judges to be “the most beautiful village in England”), Pershore with its abbey-tower and choir and bridge, Eckington bridge, Strensham, and Twynning Ferry; while ever the great curve of Bredon Hill rises, now before, now at our side, and now behind us, as the stream winds in mystifying curves.

Lastly, the great tower of Tewkesbury Abbey comes into view, standing “four-square to all the winds that blow”, and the oarsman leaves his craft at the last of the fine old stone bridges—the Mythe Bridge—which cross the Avon. A little below the bridge the discerning eye may recognize the walled garden (belonging to the Bell and Bowling-Green Inn) overlooking the stream, and the water-meadows which Mrs. Craik describes so beautifully in *John Halifax, Gentleman*; while the Bell Hotel (opposite the abbey gate) is her “Phineas Fletcher’s house”. Mills line the river here, and the many old houses in the streets are not to be surpassed in their quaintness and good state of preservation; but every other attraction must yield to the abbey. The grand arch of the west front prepares us for the noble nave, with its immense round Norman pillars, dating back to 1105 (fig. 91). After the defeat of the Lancastrians



TEWKESBURY ABBEY. THE NAVE, looking West  
263

by the Yorkists at the disastrous Battle of Tewkesbury, in 1471, the Duke of Somerset, with about a dozen other nobles and knights, sought sanctuary in the abbey; and when Edward IV tried to force his way to them, a brave priest, with the Host in his hand, stood at the door, and refused entrance to the king until he had promised to spare the lives of the fugitives. The promise was given, but—alas, for the royal word!—three days afterwards the duke and his companions were dragged out by a band of armed men and beheaded.

**Farewell to the Avon—and to Shakespeare-Land.—**

And so at Tewkesbury we say good-bye to the Avon, and end, too, our wanderings in Shakespeare-Land. It is emphatically a district to be studied thoroughly and slowly—a land of rest. No wonder that William Shakespeare hastened to retreat to its harmonies of wood and water as soon as he was able to free himself from the demands of the stage and the metropolis.

Every year more and more students flock to the poet's shrine, and we would urge them not to be content—as so many are—with a hurried stay at Stratford-upon-Avon, but to visit and dwell upon the many other spots connected with his history and that of his family, of which we have tried to give some description in this brief account of Shakespeare-Land.

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#### NOTE

Mr. Sidney Lee, in a letter to *The Times*, for 27 Dec., 1905, announced a discovery made by Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte and Mr. W. H. Stevenson, while examining, on behalf of the *Historical Manuscripts Commission*, the documents contained in the muniment room of Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, the home of the Duke of Rutland.

In a very detailed account of the household expenses at Belvoir, the following record is found:—

“1613, Item, 31 Martii, to Mr. Shakspeare in gold about my Lordes impreso, xliiij; to Richard Burbage for paynting and making yt, in gold xliiij*s*.-iiiij*li*. viij*s*”.



The "impreso" (more correctly *impresa*) referred to consisted, according to Mr. Lee, of "a hieroglyphical or pictorial design (in miniature) which suggested some markedly characteristic quality or experience of the person for whom it was devised, while three or four words, of slightly epigrammatic flavour, were appended to drive the application home".

The Earl of Rutland for whom Shakespeare prepared this design was Francis Manners (born 1578, died 1632), the sixth earl, who succeeded his brother as head of the family in June, 1612. He took a leading part in all the court ceremonies of his day, and the *impresa* was probably intended for use upon his shield, weapons, and armour while engaged in the Tilting Match which was held yearly (at Lady Day) to mark the anniversary of the succession of King James to the throne of England. It will be noticed that the dramatist's name is placed first, and that he is set down as "Mr." Shakespeare, in contradistinction to plain "Richard Burbage". Shakespeare had at this date (1613) retired from the stage, and his willingness to take up the pen on this occasion may perhaps be due to the fact that the new earl—Francis Manners—was a close friend of the poet's great patron, the Earl of Southampton. Eager search will doubtless now be made for some trace of, or some allusion to, this famous "impreso". Belvoir and the story of its earls, lie outside the *Shakespeare Country* as defined in these pages; but the castle is situated in an adjoining county, and the discovery is interesting as connecting Shakespeare in his later years with his neighbours in the Midlands.





## APPENDIX

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**Novels about Shakespeare.**—The following works of fiction include many references to Stratford and Shakespeare-Land:—

- 1838. Williams, R. F.: *Shakespeare and his Friends*.
- 1844. Williams, R. F.: *The Secret Passion*.
- 1846. Williams, R. F.: *The Youth of Shakespeare*.
- 1848. Curling, H.: *Shakspeare: the Poet, the Lover, the Actor, the Man*.
- 1853. Curling, H.: *The Forest Youth; or, Shakspeare as he Lived*.
- 1881. Braddon, Miss: *Asphodel*.
- 1885. Black, W.: *Judith Shakespeare: A Romance*.
- 1885. Payn, J.: *The Talk of the Town*.
- 1897. Tytler, Sarah: *The American Cousins*.

**Brief Reference List of books and papers upon Warwickshire and the Avon valley as the home of Shakespeare.**

- 1656. Dugdale, Sir W.: *Antiquities of Warwickshire*. (2nd edition, by W Thomas, 1730.)
- 1806. Wheler, R. B.: *History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon*. 12mo.
- 1820. Irving, W.: *Stratford-on-Avon* (in *The Sketch-Book*—many later editions).
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**Illustrations.**—These are for the most part from negatives (selected from a series of more than 1000) taken by the writer during the last thirty years with a view to securing a faithful record and survey of Shakespeare-Land as it exists at the present day. The opinions which we published more than fifteen years ago, as to the importance of such local photographic surveys, have taken root and have spread widely; and the work is now being carried on in many other parts of the British Isles, and also abroad. We feel that our best thanks are due to the firm of Ross, Ltd., of New Bond Street, for the exquisite lenses and other appliances of their manufacture which we have had in constant use for many years.

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## A.

A = he; Coriol. note 112. . . . . vol. p.  
Abated: Coriol. 226. . . . . xii. 92  
— 2 Hen. IV. 46. . . . . vi. 60  
Abernethy; Hen. VIII. 65. . . . . xlii. 161  
Abide = abey; 3 Hen. VI. 166. . . . . xiii. 77  
— Jul. Cæs. 159. . . . . viii. 71  
— Cymb. 203. . . . . xlii. 189  
Abode; Ant. 44. . . . . xl. 240  
Aboded; Hen. VIII. 49. . . . . xiii. 190  
Abraham; Romeo, 62. . . . . ii. 66  
Abram; Coriol. 153. . . . . xlii. 87  
Abridgment; Ham. 263. . . . . ix. 226  
— Mids. Nt. 251. . . . . iii. 277  
Abseyhook; John, 63. . . . . v. 63  
Absolute; Coriol. 256. . . . . xii. 94  
— Meas. 109. . . . . ix. 69  
Abuse = deception; Meas. 199. . . . . x. 76  
Aby; Mids. Nt. 191. . . . . iii. 271  
— Mids. Nt. 204. . . . . iii. 272  
Abysm; Temp. 20. . . . . xiii. 243  
Accents, lines with four; All's Wl. 81. . . . . viii. 149  
Accidents; Oth. 46. . . . . ix. 82  
Accost; Tw. Nt. 24. . . . . vii. 239  
Accosting; Troil. 261. . . . . viii. 251  
Ache (punningly); Ado. 240. . . . . vii. 87  
Aches; Tim. 31. . . . . ix. 147  
Achtophel; 2 Hen. IV. 68. . . . . vi. 71  
Acquaintance; Oth. 213. . . . . ix. 102  
Across, to break; All's Wl. 70. . . . . viii. 149  
Act (in stage sense); Rich. III. 249. . . . . iv. 203  
Action; Ado. 51. . . . . vii. 65  
— as trisyllable; Hen. VIII. 80. . . . . xiii. 163  
Actor, Shakespeare as; Sonn. 275. . . . . xiv. 110  
Actors' Names, introduction of; Ado. 308. . . . . vii. 93  
Adam, to call; Ado. 44. . . . . vii. 64  
Adamant; Mids. Nt. 115. . . . . iii. 264  
— Troil. 139. . . . . vii. 251  
Adder, tongue of; Rich. II. 208. . . . . iv. 81  
Adders, deafness of; 2 Hen. VI. 188. . . . . ii. 203  
— Troil. 127. . . . . vii. 240  
Addition; Coriol. 89. . . . . xli. 80  
— Macb. 37. . . . . xi. 64  
Additions; Troil. 28. . . . . vii. 232  
Address'd = accoutred; Per. 127. . . . . x. 259  
Adelpai of Terence, parallel in; Merch. 181. . . . . v. 159  
Adj., proleptic use of; Cymb. 241. . . . . xii. 192  
Admiration, without; Cymb. 36, xlii. 178  
Admired Miranda; Temp. 146. . . . . xiii. 254  
Admiring of; Mids. Nt. 38. . . . . iii. 257  
Adonis's Gardens; 1 Hen. VI. 107. . . . . ii. 122  
Advance; Temp. 89. . . . . xiii. 249  
Advanced, swords; Coriol. 76. . . . . xlii. 79  
Advantage; 1 Hen. VI. 208. . . . . ii. 162  
Advantaging; Rich. III. 541. . . . . iv. 228

Advertisement; Ado, 327.....vol. p. 98  
Advice; Hen. V. 107.....vi. 165  
— Meas. 2.....x. 60  
Ægeon, travels of; Errors, note  
15.....i. 110  
Æneas' tale of Dido; Hamlet. 270.....ix. 227  
Aery; Rich. III. 142.....iv. 195  
— = eagle; Rich. III. 144.....iv. 195  
— of children; Hamlet. 248.....ix. 225  
Afeard; Macb. 35.....xi. 64  
— Mids. Ten. 148.....iii. 266  
Affection; Love's L. 143.....i. 63  
Affects; Oth. 61.....ix. 83  
Affer'd; Macb. 212.....xi. 80  
Afront = to confront; Hamlet.  
298.....ix. 230  
— to; Cymb. 281.....xii. 194  
Afronted; Troil. 187.....viii. 245  
After-supper; Mids. Ten. 249.....iii. 277  
Against the hair; Troil. 29.....viii. 232  
Agate, 2 Hen. IV. 63.....vi. 70  
— Love's L. 48.....i. 56  
— Ado. 176.....vii. 79  
Aggravate; Merry W. 78.....vi. 249  
Ah me! Mids. Ten. 23.....iii. 256  
Ain, to give; Tit. A. 161.....xii. 257  
— at; Ado. 202.....xii. 82  
Aired; Wint. T. 116.....xiii. 72  
Airy (devil); John. 155.....v. 73  
Ajax, blockish; Troil. 90.....viii. 298  
— madness of; Love's L. 106.....i. 63  
— mother of; Troil. 153.....viii. 241  
Alabaster; Merch. 22.....v. 151  
— Oth. 244.....ix. 105  
— skin; Lucr. 31.....xiv. 54  
Alarum'd; Macb. 94.....xi. 68  
Alas the while; Merch. 117.....v. 157  
Alchemy; Ant. 84.....xi. 242  
Alder-leifest; 2 Hen. VI. 28.....ii. 240  
Alderman's thumb-ring; 1 Hen.  
IV. 174.....v. 252  
Ale = alehouse; 2 Hen. Gent. 56.....i. 168  
Alehouse (guest); Rich. II. 232.....iv. 86  
— announcements; Ado. 46.....vi. 65  
Alenon dismounts the King; Hen.  
V. 254.....vi. 176  
— Duchess of; Hen. VIII. 186.....xiii. 173  
Alexander the Great, Arms of;  
Love's L. 207.....i. 68  
All = alone; All's Wl. 124.....viii. 155  
— = both; 2 Hen. VI. 120.....ii. 253  
— = both; Rich. III. 224.....iv. 200  
— at once; Hen. V. 43.....v. 16  
Allaying; Coriol. 100.....xii. 8  
Alliegiance in banishment; Rich.  
II. 81.....iv. 7  
All-hail; Coriol. 314.....xii. 9  
All-hail'd; Macb. 51.....xi. 6  
All-hallowmas; Merry W. 15.....vi. 24  
All-hallown summer; 1 Hen. IV.  
62.....v. 24  
All hail; Love's L. 114.....i. 6  
All houses; Meas. 20.....x. 6  
Alliance, for; Ado. 131.....vii. 7  
Alligator; Romeo. 204.....ii. 1

vol. D.

Alliteration, burlesque; Mids. Nt.	III	378
236.		
Alliterative passages; Rich.	III	
253.		iv. 203
Allow; Tw. Nt. 17.		vii. 230
All-things; Mach. note 128.		xi. 72
All thy whole heap; Per. 20.		x. 248
All waters, for; Tw. Nt. 256.		vii. 258
Ally; Romeo, 113.		ix. 69
Allycholly; Two Gent. 95.		ii. 172
Alman; Oth. 106.		ix. 88
Almanac; Errors, 18.		ii. 110
Almost = scarcely; Rich.	III	
276.		iv. 205
Alms-basket; Love's L. 150.		i. 64
Alms-drink, to drink; Ant. 167.		xi. 249
Alternate rhymes, soliloquy in		
Ado, 185.		vii. 80
Althia's dream; 2 Hen. IV. 145.		vi. 75
— 2 Hen. IV. 52.		ii. 251
Am thee, I; Errors, 88.		i. 114
Amanon; 1 Hen. IV. 175.		v. 252
Ambling; Rich. III. 41.		iv. 187
Ames-ace; All's Wl. 92.		viii. 150
Amiable; Mids. Nt. 215.		ix. 273
Amiss as noun; Haml. 471.		ix. 247
Anachronistic sentiment; Troil.		
326.		viii. 256
Anacreon, parallel in; Tim. 184.		xi. 157
Anatomize; Love's L. 87.		i. 59
Anchor = hermit; Haml. 368.		ix. 238
Ancient; Hen. V. 85.		vi. 163
— Lear, 394.		x. 190
Ancientry; Ado, 87.		vii. 69
And, metrical value of; Merch.		
326.		v. 174
— weak metrical use of; 2 Hen.		
VI. 61.		ii. 251
— 2 Hen. VI. 154.		ii. 261
— Hen. VI. 295.		ix. 87
— (in replies); Coriol. 249.		xii. 94
— redundant; Lear, 261.		x. 130
— number of; 3 Hen. VI. 54.		ix. 68
Andren, vale of; Hen. VIII. 34.		xiii. 159
Andromache, introduction of;		
Troil. 311.		viii. 254
Angel; Shrew. 153.		ix. 205
— = coin; Merch. 180.		v. 102
— (punningly); Ado, 143.		vii. 74
— 2 Hen. IV. 88.		vi. 72
— spake; John, 279.		v. 85
Angels' faces; Hen. VIII. 177.		xiii. 172
Angry wit; Tim. 29.		ix. 147
Anne, spelling of; Merry W. 43.		vi. 247
Annoyance; Mach. 238.		ix. 82
Antenor; Troil. 41.		viii. 233
Antenorides; Troil. 5.		viii. 229
Anthrophagaph; Oth. 48.		ix. 82
— Temp. 172.		xiii. 255
Antioch; Per. 7.		x. 247
Antiochus, death of; Per. 128.		x. 269
— jealousy of; Per. 31.		x. 260
Antonio, anger of; Ado, 336.		vii. 98
— and question of security;		
Merch. 39.		v. 132



Antonio, sadness of; Merch. 1. v. 149  
 — Shylock's estimate of; Merch.  
 200. . . . . v. 163  
 — unselfishness of; Merch. 185. v. 162  
 — treatment of Shylock by;  
 Merch. 94. . . . . v. 156  
 Antony as an orator; Jul. Cæs.  
 note 182. . . . . viii. 74  
 — levity of; Jul. Cæs. 34. . . . . vi. 61  
 Ape; Romeo, 63. . . . . ii. 60  
 — the famous; Hamlet. 440. . . . . ix. 244  
 — sitting on man's shoulder;  
 Rich. III. 316. . . . . iv. 208  
 Ape-bearer; Wint. T. 136. . . . . xiii. 73  
 Apes, to lead; Ado, 82. . . . . vii. 68  
 Aposh, rhyme with; Lear, 115. . . . . x. 169  
 A-plummet; Merry W. 189. . . . . v. 255  
 Apollonif, Historia, divergence  
 from; Per. 59. . . . . x. 252  
 — parallel in; Per. 99. . . . . x. 256  
 — Per. 110. . . . . x. 257  
 — Per. 137. . . . . x. 260  
 — Per. 184. . . . . x. 265  
 — &c., riddle in; Per. 27. . . . . x. 249  
 Apoplex'd; Hamlet. 420. . . . . ix. 242  
 Apoplepsis, instance of; Meas.  
 90. . . . . x. 67  
 Apothecary, introduction of;  
 Romeo, 203. . . . . ii. 76  
 Apparent; Wint. T. 24. . . . . xiii. 65  
 Approached; All's Wl. 51. . . . . vii. 147  
 Appeal, to; Rich. II. 31. . . . . iv. 66  
 Appear (itself); Ado, 63. . . . . vi. 66  
 Appear'd (transitive use); Coriol.  
 238. . . . . xii. 93  
 Appendix; Shrew, 185. . . . . iii. 207  
 Apply; Shrew, 24. . . . . iii. 194  
 — Troil. 52. . . . . viii. 234  
 Apprehensions; Ado, 244. . . . . vii. 87  
 Approval; Cymb. 51. . . . . xii. 179  
 — receive her; Meas. 32. . . . . x. 62  
 Approof; All's Wl. 23. . . . . vi. 146  
 Arabian Nights, resemblance to;  
 Tw. Nt. 143. . . . . vii. 246  
 Aroand, Sidney's, parallels in;  
 Lear, 334. . . . . x. 185  
 Arch; Lear, 165. . . . . x. 172  
 Arde, vale of; Hen. VIII. 34. . . . . xiii. 159  
 Arden; As Y. L. 8. . . . . vi. 100  
 Argier; Temp. 67. . . . . xiii. 247  
 Argosies; Merch. 4. . . . . v. 149  
 Argument; Tim. 30. . . . . xi. 150  
 — Troil. 136. . . . . viii. 241  
 Ariel (on ship); Temp. 52. . . . . xiii. 245  
 — as a harpy; Temp. 174. . . . . xiii. 255  
 Arion; Tw. Nt. 12. . . . . vii. 238  
 Aristotle, anachronistic reference  
 to; Troil. 126. . . . . viii. 240  
 Arithmetic; Troil. 218. . . . . viii. 248  
 Armado; John, 166. . . . . v. 74  
 Armadoes; Errors, 88. . . . . i. 115  
 Armed head; Macb. 105. . . . . xi. 78  
 Arm-gaunt; Act. 35. . . . . xi. 242  
 Armourers; Hen. V. 197. . . . . vi. 171  
 Arms=army; 2 Hen. VI. 182. . . . . ii. 262  
 — (punningly); Shrew, 87. . . . . iii. 199  
 Aroint; Macb. 20. . . . . xi. 62  
 Arras; 1 Hen. IV. 191. . . . . v. 253  
 Array, in doubtful sense; Sonn.  
 376. . . . . xiv. 114  
 Arriv'd (transitively); 3 Hen. VI.  
 303. . . . . iii. 88  
 Art=learning; Jul. Cæs. 236. . . . . vii. 78  
 — = the arts; Sonn. 162. . . . . xiv. 104  
 Artemidorus; Jul. Cæs. 143. . . . . viii. 70  
 Artery; Hamlet. 128. . . . . ix. 216  
 Arthur, affection for mother; John.  
 123. . . . . v. 69  
 — artificial speech of; John.  
 65. . . . . v. 64  
 — death of; John, 235. . . . . v. 81

Arthur, death of; John, 236. . . . . v. 81  
 — imprisoned in England; John,  
 211. . . . . v. 79  
 Articles, answer from; John, 76. . . . . vi. 65  
 Articulate, to; Coriol. 90. . . . . xii. 81  
 Arts; Jul. Cæs. 207. . . . . viii. 75  
 — = learning; Sonn. note 195, xiv. 106  
 — inhibited; Oth. 36. . . . . ix. 81  
 Arundel, earl of; Rich. II. 143. . . . . iv. 75  
 As=as if; Wint. T. 230. . . . . xiii. 81  
 — omission of; Temp. 247. . . . . xiii. 261  
 Asia as land of marvels; Ado,  
 124. . . . . vii. 72  
 Asides in old plays not inserted;  
 2 Hen. VI. 103. . . . . ii. 237  
 Aslant; Hamlet. 546. . . . . ix. 253  
 Asmath; 2 Hen. VI. 93. . . . . ii. 255  
 Aspect; As Y. L. 147. . . . . vii. 176  
 Aspects, term in astrology; 1 Hen.  
 IV. 36. . . . . v. 241  
 — in astrological sense; Lucr.  
 I. . . . . xiv. 53  
 Aspersure; Temp. 182. . . . . xiii. 256  
 Ass (punningly); Tw. Nt. 116. . . . . vii. 245  
 — in equivocal sense; Coriol.  
 102. . . . . xii. 82  
 Assay; Macb. 225. . . . . xi. 81  
 As-sead; Mids. Nt. 157. . . . . iii. 268  
 Assingue; Troil. 97. . . . . viii. 238  
 Astringer; All's Wl. 179. . . . . viii. 156  
 Astrological allusions; Wint. T.  
 94. . . . . xiii. 70  
 At (help) as corruption for on;  
 Hamlet. 456. . . . . ix. 246  
 Atalanta's better part; As Y. L.  
 86. . . . . vi. 170  
 At a point; Macb. 223. . . . . xi. 81  
 At a word; Ado, 98. . . . . vii. 70  
 At'e; Ado, 122. . . . . vii. 72  
 — Jul. Cæs. 177. . . . . viii. 73  
 At hand, quoth pick-purse; 1 Hen.  
 IV. 100. . . . . v. 248  
 At head; Tit. A. 137. . . . . xii. 256  
 Atomics; As Y. L. 122. . . . . vii. 173  
 Atone; Coriol. 269. . . . . xiii. 95  
 At palace; Wint. T. 204. . . . . xiii. 79  
 Attachment; Troil. 229. . . . . viii. 249  
 Attempt; Meas. 174. . . . . x. 75  
 At the point; 1 Hen. IV. 315. . . . . v. 264  
 Attorney; As Y. L. 132. . . . . vii. 175  
 Attorneys; Rich. III. 516. . . . . iv. 226  
 Attorneys-general; Rich. II. 132, iv.  
 74  
 Attorneyship; 1 Hen. VI. 268. . . . . ii. 170  
 At a word; Macb. 120. . . . . xi. 71  
 Angers; Macb. 168. . . . . xi. 76  
 Annerle, character of; Rich. II.  
 98. . . . . iv. 71  
 Aunt (colloquially); Mids. Nt.  
 73. . . . . iii. 261  
 Authority, art tongue-tied by;  
 Sonn. 162. . . . . xiv. 104  
 Antology; Wint. T. 126. . . . . xiii. 73  
 Ays'd; Meas. 84. . . . . x. 67  
 Avoid; Hen. VIII. 242. . . . . xiii. 170  
 — to; Coriol. 247. . . . . xiii. 94  
 Aysward; 2 Hen. VI. 100. . . . . ii. 263  
 Ayl (punningly); Jul. Cæs. 23, viii. 50  
 Axe, hangman's; Merch. 283. . . . . v. 170  
 Ay (as exclamation); Temp.  
 107. . . . . xiii. 250  
 "Ay" and "no"; Lear, 369. . . . . x. 188  
 Aye-remaining lamps; Per. 109. . . . . x. 263

B.

Babe; Cymb. 169. . . . . xii. 187  
 — a in the eyes; Tim. 49. . . . . xi. 148  
 Baby (of a girl); Macb. 103. . . . . xi. 75  
 Baccare; Shrew, 76. . . . . iii. 199

Back-trick; Tw. Nt. 34. . . . . vii. 240  
 Backward, to spell; Ado, 173. . . . . vii. 79  
 — as noun; Temp. 20. . . . . xiii. 243  
 Baconian colouring; Per. 176. . . . . x. 264  
 — Per. 179. . . . . x. 264  
 — Per. 182. . . . . x. 264  
 — Per. 184. . . . . x. 265  
 Badge, of servants; Ado, note 5, vii. 60  
 — Mids. Nt. 186. . . . . iii. 270  
 Baff'd; Rich. II. 42. . . . . iv. 67  
 Bagot; escape of; Rich. II. 217, iv. 81  
 Bagpipe, Lincolnshire; 1 Hen. IV.  
 55. . . . . v. 244  
 Bail, without all; Sonn. 182. . . . . xiv. 105  
 Bajazet's mule; All's Wl. 147. . . . . vii. 154  
 Balance; Merch. 299. . . . . v. 171  
 Balcony on stage; Tit. A. 144. . . . . xii. 256  
 — Ant. 361. . . . . xi. 265  
 Bald; Coriol. 191. . . . . xii. 90  
 Bale; Coriol. 29. . . . . xii. 76  
 Baleful; 1 Hen. VI. 202. . . . . ii. 169  
 Balk; Shrew, 27. . . . . iii. 194  
 Balk'd; 1 Hen. IV. 30. . . . . v. 240  
 Ballard, etymology of; As Y. L.  
 68. . . . . vii. 167  
 — reference to a lost; Tw. Nt.  
 102. . . . . vii. 244  
 — And will he not come again;  
 Hamlet. 508. . . . . ix. 250  
 — Comelive with me, &c.; Merry  
 W. 82. . . . . vi. 249  
 — Fortune, my foe! Hen. V.  
 180. . . . . vi. 169  
 — King and the Beggar; Love's  
 L. 24. . . . . i. 55  
 — of Sir Lancelot du Lake; 2  
 Hen. IV. 164. . . . . vi. 76  
 — of the boy and the mantle;  
 2 Hen. IV. 167. . . . . vi. 76  
 Ballast; Errors, 88. . . . . i. 115  
 Balthazar, name of; Ado, 145. . . . . vii. 74  
 — song of; Ado, 145. . . . . vii. 74  
 Banbury cheese; Merry W. 8. . . . . v. 244  
 Band=band; Rich. II. 28. . . . . iv. 66  
 Bantogs; 2 Hen. VI. 91. . . . . ii. 255  
 Bandy, to; As Y. L. 104. . . . . vii. 178  
 — Lear, 101. . . . . x. 168  
 Banishment, allegiance in; Rich.  
 II. 81. . . . . iv. 70  
 Bank'd; John, 238. . . . . v. 85  
 Banquet; Ant. 166. . . . . xi. 248  
 — Rich. II. 67. . . . . iv. 69  
 — =dessert; Sonn. 117. . . . . xiv. 102  
 — authentic account of (Spin-  
 nell's); Hen. VIII. 107. . . . . xiii. 165  
 Banquo, murder of; Macb. (iii), xi. 72  
 Bar=barrier; Hen. V. 205. . . . . vi. 177  
 Barbasen; Hen. V. 92. . . . . vi. 164  
 Barber's shop, forfeits in; Meas.  
 207. . . . . x. 77  
 Bard (of the beard); Meas. 173. . . . . x. 74  
 Bard of Ireland; Rich. III. 479. . . . . iv. 238  
 Bardolph, name of; Hen. V. 84. . . . . vi. 103  
 Bare=bare-faced; Coriol. 287. . . . . xii. 97  
 Barefoot to India; Troil. 32. . . . . viii. 232  
 Barbasen; 2 Hen. VI. 238. . . . . ii. 268  
 Barkloughly Castle; Rich. II.  
 108. . . . . iv. 80  
 Barnacles; Temp. 215. . . . . xiii. 250  
 Barnett, battle of; 2 Hen. VI.  
 309. . . . . iii. 88  
 Barrabas, spelling of; Merch. 305. v. 171  
 Barren; Mids. Nt. 171. . . . . iii. 269  
 Barrenadoes; Tw. Nt. 253. . . . . vii. 258  
 Bartholomew boar-pig; 2 Hen.  
 IV. 157. . . . . vi. 78  
 Base; Love's L. 4. . . . . i. 53  
 — his the, Two Gent. 22. . . . . i. 106  
 — (court); Rich. II. 237. . . . . iv. 88  
 Bases, pair of; Per. 109. . . . . x. 257  
 Basilisco-like; John, 59. . . . . v. 64

Basilisk; Cymb. 133. . . . . vol. p.  
 Basilisks; 1 Hen. IV. 124. . . . . xii. 185  
 — Hen. V. 264. . . . . vi. 177  
 — superstition as to; 2 Hen.  
 VI. 135. . . . . ii. 203  
 Bastard, applied to Brutus; 2  
 Hen. VI. 245. . . . . ii. 268  
 — expansion of character of;  
 John, 32. . . . . v. 61  
 — on foreign travel; John, note  
 55. . . . . v. 63  
 — recognition of Arthur's claim;  
 John, 251. . . . . v. 82  
 — soliloquy of; John, 49. . . . . v. 63  
 — wine; 1 Hen. IV. 143. . . . . v. 250  
 — Meas. 135. . . . . x. 71  
 Bastardy; Jul. Cæs. 107. . . . . viii. 67  
 Bastinado; As Y. L. 163. . . . . vii. 178  
 Batch; Troil. 284. . . . . vii. 252  
 Bate (of a hawk); Hen. V. 195. . . . . vi. 170  
 Bated; All's Wl. 63. . . . . viii. 143  
 Bat-fowling; Temp. 114. . . . . xiii. 251  
 Bath'd; 1 Hen. IV. 256. . . . . v. 259  
 Batlet; As Y. L. 46. . . . . vii. 165  
 Battalia; Rich. III. 590. . . . . iv. 232  
 Battle of Alcazar (Peele's), refer-  
 ence to; 2 Hen. IV. 178. . . . . vii. 77  
 Batten, to; Coriol. 248. . . . . xii. 94  
 — Haml. 417. . . . . ix. 242  
 Battery, make a; Per. 278. . . . . x. 272  
 Battle=army; Troil. 172. . . . . viii. 243  
 — main; 3 Hen. VI. 36. . . . . iii. 67  
 Bauble, fool's; All's Wl. 175. . . . . viii. 156  
 Bawling; Tw. Nt. 276. . . . . vii. 254  
 Bawds, rings worn by; Love's L.  
 209. . . . . i. 68  
 Bay, term in architecture; Meas.  
 67. . . . . x. 65  
 — chase to the; Rich. II. 184. . . . . iv. 79  
 Bay'd; Mids. Nt. 234. . . . . iii. 275  
 Baynard's Castle; Rich. III. 402. . . . . iv. 217  
 Bay-trees withered; Rich. II.  
 188. . . . . iv. 79  
 Beached; Mids. Nt. 90. . . . . iii. 202  
 Beadle to her sin; John, 86. . . . . v. 66  
 Beads; Rich. III. 428. . . . . iv. 219  
 Beadsman; Two Gent. 4. . . . . i. 164  
 Beak (of ship); Temp. 53. . . . . xiii. 245  
 Beam=spear; Troil. 329. . . . . viii. 256  
 Bear (bay'd); Mids. Nt. 234. . . . . iii. 275  
 — to; 3 Hen. VI. 299. . . . . iii. 88  
 — lugg'd; 1 Hen. IV. 54. . . . . v. 243  
 Bear a brain; Romeo, 40. . . . . ii. 64  
 — coldly, to; Ado. 206. . . . . vii. 82  
 Beard, courtier's; As Y. L. 173. . . . . vii. 179  
 Beards of Witches; Macb. 29. . . . . xi. 64  
 Bear-herd; Ado. 82. . . . . vii. 68  
 Bear in hand, to; Shrew. 146. . . . . iii. 204  
 — to; Meas. 46. . . . . x. 63  
 Bears (armorial); 3 Hen. VI. 341. . . . . iii. 91  
 — how caught; Jul. Cæs. 114. . . . . viii. 67  
 — killed by horses; Temp. 174. . . . . xi. 156  
 Bear-whelp, unlick'd; 3 Hen. VI.  
 210. . . . . iii. 80  
 Beated; Sonn. 152. . . . . xiv. 104  
 Beat on (of a hawk); 2 Hen. VI.  
 98. . . . . ii. 256  
 Beatrice, apology of; Ado. 138. . . . . vii. 73  
 — banter of; Ado. 163. . . . . vii. 77  
 — Benedick's censure on; Ado.  
 112. . . . . vii. 71  
 — ferocity of; Ado. 308. . . . . vii. 63  
 — intensity of passion of; Ado.  
 239. . . . . vii. 92  
 — soliloquy of; Ado. 188. . . . . vii. 80  
 Beaufront, Cardinal, character of;  
 2 Hen. VI. 218. . . . . ii. 206  
 — dramatically considered; 2  
 Hen. VI. 218. . . . . ii. 206  
 — historically considered; 2  
 Hen. VI. 218. . . . . ii. 206

Beaufort, death of; 2 Hen. VI. 215. . . . . ii. 265  
 Beauteous; 2 Hen. VI. 277. . . . . ii. 272  
 Beautified; Haml. 227. . . . . ix. 232  
 Beauty (punningly); 1 Hen. IV.  
 47. . . . . v. 242  
 Beaver; 3 Hen. VI. 39. . . . . iii. 68  
 — Troil. 83. . . . . viii. 236  
 Become; Two Gent. 97. . . . . i. 172  
 — is; 3 Hen. VI. 111. . . . . iii. 73  
 Became (love); Romeo, 172. . . . . ii. 74  
 Bedford; Hen. V. 103. . . . . vi. 165  
 Bedford, Duke of, death of; 1 Hen.  
 VI. 170. . . . . ii. 158  
 Bed-hangings; 2 Hen. IV. 135. . . . . vi. 74  
 Bedlam; 2 Hen. VI. 318. . . . . ii. 276  
 — John, 85. . . . . x. 176  
 — beggars; Lear, 214. . . . . x. 76  
 Bed of death, stage arrangement;  
 Romeo, 215. . . . . ii. 77  
 Bed of Ware; Tw. Nt. 139. . . . . vii. 249  
 Bed-work (as adj.); Troil. 73. . . . . viii. 235  
 Beef, eater of; Tw. Nt. 23. . . . . vii. 239  
 — productive of melancholy;  
 Shrew. 190. . . . . iii. 205  
 Beefs; Merch. 107. . . . . v. 157  
 Beef-witted; Troil. 93. . . . . viii. 237  
 Bees of Hybla; Jul. Cæs. 248. . . . . viii. 79  
 Beetle, shield-borne; Macb. 145. . . . . xi. 74  
 Before me; Oth. 191. . . . . ix. 99  
 Beg, to; Love's L. 200. . . . . i. 67  
 Beggar, The, and the King; Rich.  
 II. 309. . . . . iv. 88  
 Beggars, whipp'd; Per. 98. . . . . x. 256  
 Beguile the times; Macb. 62. . . . . xi. 66  
 Believe (transitively); Tim. 108. . . . . xi. 152  
 Behaviours; All's Wl. 49. . . . . viii. 147  
 — Jul. Cæs. 36. . . . . viii. 61  
 Beholding; Hen. VIII. 111. . . . . iii. 166  
 — Jul. Cæs. 189. . . . . vii. 74  
 — wild in my; Per. 295. . . . . x. 274  
 "Be it known unto," &c.; As Y. L.  
 15. . . . . i. 161  
 Bell, book, and candle; John;  
 190. . . . . v. 73  
 Bell in Cyprus; Oth. 97. . . . . ix. 86  
 Bellman; Macb. 99. . . . . xi. 69  
 Bellona's bridegroom; Macb. 16. . . . . xi. 62  
 Bellows-merger; Mids. Nt. 51. . . . . iii. 258  
 Bells (in morris-dance); 2 Hen.  
 VI. 181. . . . . ii. 262  
 — match'd like; Mids. Nt. 287. . . . . iii. 276  
 — shake his (of a hawk); 3 Hen.  
 VI. 46. . . . . iii. 68  
 Bel's priests; Ado. 227. . . . . vii. 84  
 Belt (of rule); Macb. 242. . . . . xi. 88  
 Bench (punningly); Romeo, 89. . . . . ii. 68  
 Bending; Hen. V. 287. . . . . vi. 178  
 Bends (of a ship); Ant. 119. . . . . xi. 245  
 Bend up; Macb. 88. . . . . xi. 68  
 Benedick, character of; Ado.  
 100. . . . . vii. 70  
 — influence of Beatrice on; Ado.  
 307. . . . . vii. 98  
 — in love; Ado. 35. . . . . vii. 63  
 — phase of character; Ado.  
 163. . . . . vii. 77  
 Benefit of clergy; 2 Hen. VI. 274. . . . . ii. 272  
 Benevolences; Rich. II. 137. . . . . iv. 75  
 Bent the very; Ado. 290. . . . . vii. 91  
 Ben Venuto; Shrew. 68. . . . . iii. 197  
 Bergomask; Mids. Nt. 234. . . . . iii. 279  
 Berkeley; Rich. II. 163. . . . . iv. 77  
 Bermoothes; Temp. 61. . . . . xiii. 246  
 Bernardo, anomaly of challenge by;  
 Haml. 1. . . . . ix. 202  
 Bertram's father, character of;  
 All's Wl. 26. . . . . viii. 145  
 Beshrew; Mids. Nt. 137. . . . . iii. 266  
 Resort; Oth. 58. . . . . ix. 83  
 Bespeak=speak to; Haml. 281. . . . . ix. 222  
 Bespice; Wint. T. 37. . . . . xiii. 66

Bestows himself; As Y. L. 150. . . . . vii. 177  
 Bestride; 2 Hen. IV. 59. . . . . vi. 70  
 Beteem; Mids. Nt. 22. . . . . iii. 256  
 Betrothal, ceremony of; Tw. Nt.  
 288. . . . . vii. 255  
 — John, 119. . . . . v. 69  
 — kiss of; Two Gent. 39. . . . . i. 187  
 — Rich. II. 289. . . . . iv. 87  
 — Shrew. 120. . . . . iii. 202  
 Better'd; Haml. 628. . . . . ix. 260  
 Betterton's version; Haml. 44. . . . . ix. 207  
 Bevel=slanting; Sonn. 314. . . . . xiv. 111  
 Bevis of Southampton; Hen. VIII.  
 37. . . . . xiii. 159  
 Bevy (of ladies); Hen. VIII.  
 108. . . . . xiii. 166  
 Bewailed guilt; Sonn. 95. . . . . xiv. 101  
 Be with, to; Coriol. 210. . . . . xii. 91  
 Beyond the moon; Tit. A. 124. . . . . xii. 256  
 Bias, term in bows; Lear, 81. . . . . x. 167  
 — Troil. 50. . . . . viii. 238  
 — spher'd; Troil. 255. . . . . viii. 250  
 Bible, passage from French ver-  
 sion; Hen. V. 194. . . . . vi. 170  
 Bickerings; 2 Hen. VI. 44. . . . . ii. 250  
 Bid=bore; Rich. III. 539. . . . . iv. 228  
 Biddy; Tw. Nt. 213. . . . . vii. 250  
 Bid the base; Two Gent. 22. . . . . i. 166  
 Bigamy; Rich. III. 444. . . . . iv. 220  
 Bilboes; Haml. 588. . . . . ix. 257  
 Bill (against clergy); Hen. V. 36. . . . . vi. 160  
 — (punningly); Tim. 108. . . . . xi. 152  
 Billiards; Ant. 185. . . . . x. 247  
 Bills, to set up; Ado. 3. . . . . vii. 61  
 — theft of; Ado. 212. . . . . vii. 63  
 — on their necks; As Y. L. 14. . . . . vii. 161  
 Bird; 3 Hen. VI. 330. . . . . iii. 90  
 — Temp. 207. . . . . xiii. 258  
 Bird-bolt; Ado. 10. . . . . vii. 61  
 — Love's L. 109. . . . . i. 61  
 Birthdom; Macb. 209. . . . . xi. 80  
 Bisson; Coriol. 104. . . . . xi. 82  
 Bisson; Coriol. 188. . . . . xii. 90  
 — Haml. 280. . . . . ix. 229  
 Bite the thumb; Romeo, 7. . . . . ii. 62  
 Bitter business; Haml. 384. . . . . ix. 239  
 Black; Ado. 175. . . . . vii. 79  
 — Love's L. 132. . . . . i. 62  
 — damn'd as; John. 248. . . . . v. 82  
 Blackberry; Troil. 324. . . . . viii. 256  
 Black lines; Sonn. 156. . . . . xiv. 104  
 Black-Monday; Merch. 158. . . . . v. 160  
 Blacks (mourning garments); Wint.  
 T. 18. . . . . xiii. 65  
 Bladed; Macb. 193. . . . . xi. 73  
 Blank=mark; Wint. T. 68. . . . . xiii. 68  
 — =mark; Lear, 43. . . . . x. 164  
 — (of danger); Troil. 217. . . . . viii. 248  
 — charters; Rich. II. 101. . . . . iv. 72  
 Blanket; Macb. 60. . . . . ix. 66  
 Blank verse occurring in rhymed  
 passage; Rich. II. 66. . . . . iv. 69  
 Blasphemer; Macb. 217. . . . . xi. 80  
 Blazon; Ado. 123. . . . . vii. 73  
 Bleared (the eye); Shrew. 201. . . . . iii. 208  
 Blessed-fair; Sonn. 225. . . . . xiv. 107  
 Blessing of room; Mids. Nt. 290. . . . . iii. 280  
 Blind-words; Mids. Nt. 138. . . . . iii. 266  
 Blister'd breeches; Hen. VIII.  
 103. . . . . xiii. 163  
 Bloat=bloated; Haml. 435. . . . . ix. 244  
 Block (figuratively); Ado. 117. . . . . vii. 72  
 — (figuratively); Lear, 374. . . . . x. 188  
 — (for hats); Ado. 19. . . . . vii. 62  
 Blockish; Troil. 90. . . . . viii. 236  
 Blood; Jul. Cæs. 28. . . . . viii. 69  
 — =passion; Sonn. 273. . . . . xiv. 110  
 — =sensuality; Ado. 107. . . . . vii. 71  
 — prince of; Troil. 195. . . . . viii. 246  
 — supposed reference to circun-  
 lation of; Jul. Cæs. 123. . . . . viii. 68



- Blood-bolter'd; Macb. 201. . . . . xi. 79  
 Blood-drinking; 2 Hen. VI. 136, ii. 263  
 Blood of witches, superstition as to; 1 Hen. VI. 101. . . . . ii. 151  
 Bloody = cruel; Per. 80. . . . . x. 254  
 — flag; Coriol. 107. . . . . xii. 83  
 Blots (in doubtful sense); John. 77. . . . . v. 65  
 Blow nails together; Shrew. 34, iii. 105  
 Blue circles (of eye); Lucr. 112, xiv. 57  
 Blue-eyed; Temp. 69. . . . . xiii. 247  
 Blue-veined violets; Venus, 13, xiv. 23  
 Blurted out; Per. 241. . . . . x. 269  
 Boar as crest of Richard III.; Richard III. 621. . . . . iv. 285  
 Boarded; Ado. 101. . . . . vii. 70  
 Boar's Head Tavern; 1 Hen. IV. 133. . . . . v. 249  
 Bob; As Y. L. 62. . . . . vii. 166  
 — to = to cheat; Troil. 161. . . . . viii. 242  
 Boccaccio, adherence to story of; Cymb. 326. . . . . xii. 193  
 Boccinus; Act. 216. . . . . xiii. 258  
 Bodge'd; 3 Hen. VI. 95. . . . . iii. 72  
 Bodkin; Ham. 308. . . . . ix. 232  
 Body, used colloquially; As Y. L. 153. . . . . vii. 178  
 Body of Suffolk brought on stage; 2 Hen. VI. 243. . . . . ii. 260  
 Bohemia, maritime; Wint. T. 104. . . . . xiii. 71  
 Bohun, Edward; Hen. VIII. 123. . . . . xiii. 106  
 Boiled (brains); Mids. Nt. 247, iii. 276  
 Boileaus; John. 197. . . . . v. 77  
 Boitine; Merry W. 87. . . . . vi. 246  
 Bolden'd; Hen. VIII. 74. . . . . xiii. 162  
 Bollingbroke, banishment of; Rich. II. 34. . . . . iv. 71  
 — popularity of; Rich. II. 99. . . . . iv. 71  
 — proposed marriage of; Rich. II. 129. . . . . iv. 74  
 — perjury of; Rich. II. 234. . . . . iv. 80  
 — sentence on; Rich. II. 73. . . . . iv. 70  
 — (the sorcerer); 2 Hen. VI. 123. . . . . ii. 250  
 Bolins; Per. 163. . . . . x. 203  
 Bolin; Lucr. 101. . . . . xiv. 56  
 Bolted; Coriol. 200. . . . . xi. 91  
 Bolting-hutch; 1 Hen. IV. 185. . . . v. 253  
 Bombard; Temp. 129. . . . . xiii. 252  
 Bombards; Hen. VIII. 277. . . . . xiii. 183  
 Bombast; Oth. 3. . . . . ix. 77  
 Bond = obligation; All's Wl. 50, viii. 147  
 Bonds = claims on; South. 215, xiv. 107  
 — of death; Cymb. 17. . . . . xii. 177  
 Bone-ace; Shrew. 52. . . . . iii. 196  
 Bones, young; Lear. 236. . . . . x. 178  
 Bonneted; Coriol. 137. . . . . xi. 85  
 Book = register; Sonn. 290. . . . . xi. 111  
 — beggars; Hen. VIII. 53. . . . . xiii. 161  
 — to; Gen. V. 243. . . . . vi. 176  
 Bookish; 2 Hen. VI. 55. . . . . ii. 251  
 Book of words; Ado. 53. . . . . vii. 65  
 Books, in your; Ado. 20. . . . . vii. 62  
 — for good manners; As Y. L. 132. . . . . vii. 180  
 Boot = compensation; Rich. III. 508. . . . . iv. 225  
 — with Measure. 93. . . . . x. 68  
 Booth (the elder), stage-device; Oth. 150. . . . . ix. 93  
 — stage-device (Ill. 3, 359, &c.); Oth. 161. . . . . ix. 95  
 Booth (Ralph), stage-direction (Ill. 4, 270); Lear. 370. . . . . x. 181  
 — stage-device (Ill. I. 156); Oth. 84. . . . . ix. 85  
 Borachio and Margaret; Ado. 205. . . . . vii. 82  
 — Ado. 139. . . . . vii. 73  
 Borachio and Margaret, etymology of; Ado. 223. . . . . vii. 84  
 Bores, verb used figuratively; Hen. VIII. 54. . . . . xiii. 161  
 Borrow'd passion; Per. 249. . . . . x. 270  
 Borrower's cap; 2 Hen. IV. 148. . . vi. 75  
 Bosky; 1 Hen. IV. 279. . . . . v. 261  
 Bosom; Mids. Nt. 136. . . . . iii. 266  
 — = heart; Mids. Nt. 9. . . . . iii. 255  
 — = love; Lear. 60. . . . . x. 105  
 — = pocket; Two Gent. 63. . . . . i. 169  
 — (figuratively); Coriol. 188. . . . xii. 90  
 — as verb; Hen. VIII. 51. . . . . xiii. 161  
 — of my conscience; Hen. VIII. 165. . . . . xiii. 170  
 Bosoms interchain'd = heart; Compl. 27. . . . . xiv. 124  
 Bosworth, battle of; Rich. III. 640. . . . . iv. 237  
 Botcher; Coriol. 103. . . . . xii. 83  
 Bottle of hay; Mids. Nt. 221. . . . iii. 274  
 Bottled spider; Rich. III. 139. . . . iv. 194  
 Bottom, name of; Mids. Nt. 40, iii. 257  
 — ambition of; Mids. Nt. 56, iii. 259  
 — dream of; Mids. Nt. 241. . . . iii. 276  
 — reputation of; Mids. Nt. 243, iii. 276  
 — and the ballad; Mids. Nt. 242. . . . . iii. 276  
 — humour of; Mids. Nt. 200, iii. 278  
 Bottom = ship; Merch. 16. . . . . v. 150  
 Bought and sold; Errors, 67. . . . i. 113  
 Bounding, assnile; Rich. II. 54, iv. 68  
 Bourbon, courage of; Hen. V. 243, vi. 175  
 — (historical allusion); 3 Hen. VI. 234. . . . . vi. 82  
 Bow-string (cut); Ado. 183. . . . . vii. 80  
 Bow-strings (cut); Mids. Nt. 62, iii. 250  
 Boy (in contempt); Coriol. 327, xii. 100  
 — Rich. II. 250. . . . . iv. 85  
 — Romeo, 108. . . . . ii. 69  
 — Ado. 337. . . . . vii. 80  
 Boy-querler; Troil. 333. . . . . vii. 256  
 Boys, file of; Hen. VIII. 273, xiii. 182  
 — in women's parts; As Y. L. 23. . . . . vii. 162  
 — As Y. L. 192, 194. . . . . vii. 181  
 Brabantio's warning; Oth. 62. . . . ix. 83  
 Brabble; Tw. Nt. 277. . . . . vi. 254  
 Brabbler; Troil. 298. . . . . vii. 253  
 Brace (in unusual sense); Romeo. 234. . . . . ii. 78  
 Brach; 1 Hen. IV. 212. . . . . v. 256  
 — Troil. 163. . . . . viii. 238  
 — lady the; Lear. 107. . . . . x. 169  
 Braggarts, accent on; Ado. 340, vii. 99  
 — assumption of warlike dress; Ado. 343. . . . . vii. 99  
 Braid; All's Wl. 151. . . . . viii. 154  
 Brainford; Merry W. 131. . . . . vi. 232  
 Brains (as plural); Lear. 150. . . . x. 171  
 Brakenbury (in prison scene); Rich. III. 176. . . . . iv. 197  
 Brandon, Sir William; Rich. III. 562. . . . . iv. 232  
 Brass = brass; Hen. V. 230. . . . . vi. 175  
 Brass, in (metaphorically); Troil. 57. . . . . viii. 234  
 Bravery; Cymb. 144. . . . . xi. 186  
 Brawl = dance; Love's L. 53. . . . i. 57  
 Brawl'd; Ham. 407. . . . . ix. 241  
 Breaks; Meas. 55. . . . . x. 64  
 Break up; 1 Hen. VI. 81. . . . . ix. 149  
 — to; Love's L. 55. . . . . i. 59  
 — with; Ado. 54. . . . . vii. 65  
 Breast = voice; Tw. Nt. 36. . . . . vii. 243  
 Breath = relaxation; Troil. 138, viii. 241  
 — life; Per. 37. . . . . x. 256  
 — speech; John. 139. . . . . v. 71  
 Breathe; 3 Hen. VI. 195. . . . . iii. 70  
 Breath'd; Love's L. 212. . . . . i. 68  
 — Tim. 6. . . . . x. 145  
 Breather; Ant. 199. . . . . xi. 251  
 Brecknock Castle; Rich. III. 483, iv. 223  
 Bred = harboured; Sonn. 282. . . . xiv. 110  
 Breech, to wear the; 3 Hen. VI. 321. . . . . iii. 89  
 Breech'd; Macb. 119. . . . . xi. 71  
 Breeches, blister'd; Hen. VIII. 103. . . . . xiii. 165  
 Breeding; Shrew. 100. . . . . xiii. 201  
 Breed = to increase; Merch. 98. . . . v. 156  
 — (for metal); Merch. 100. . . . . v. 157  
 — to (of interest); Sonn. 16, xiv. 96  
 Breeze; Troil. note 54. . . . . viii. 234  
 Brewer's house; 1 Hen. IV. 231, v. 237  
 Bribe'd buck; Merry W. 175. . . . . vi. 254  
 Bride-bed, blessing of; Mids. Nt. 237. . . . . iii. 230  
 Bridegroom, custom of waking; Merch. 9. . . . . v. 150  
 Bridewell, king's palace at; Hen. VIII. 166. . . . . xiii. 165  
 Bridge (London) traitors' headson; Rich. III. 338. . . . . iv. 211  
 Brief = document; All's Wl. 98, viii. 151  
 — = a list; Mids. Nt. 252. . . . . iii. 277  
 — to be; Mids. Nt. 255. . . . . iii. 277  
 Briefly; Coriol. 72. . . . . xii. 79  
 Brinded; Macb. 180. . . . . xi. 77  
 Bring in sense; Sonn. 93. . . . . xiv. 101  
 — your hand, &c.; Tw. Nt. 26. . . . . vii. 239  
 Brock; Tw. Nt. 145. . . . . vii. 247  
 Broil = war; Macb. 4. . . . . ix. 62  
 Broken music; As Y. L. 17. . . . . vii. 161  
 — Hen. V. 276. . . . . vii. 178  
 — Troil. 150. . . . . viii. 242  
 Brokers; Ham. 104. . . . . ix. 214  
 Brooch'd; Ant. 337. . . . . xi. 262  
 Brook, name of; Merry W. 50, vi. 247  
 Brooke's poem, deviation from; Romeo. 209. . . . . ii. 76  
 Broom; Temp. 190. . . . . xiii. 257  
 — Temp. 14. . . . . xiii. 242  
 Brother = fellow-man; Meas. 83, x. 67  
 Brow (figuratively); 2 Hen. VI. 338. . . . . ii. 278  
 Browning's Red Cotton Night-cap Country, parallel in; Ham. 391. . . . . ix. 240  
 — Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, parallel in; Ham. 400. . . . . ix. 241  
 Brownist; Tw. Nt. 186. . . . . vii. 240  
 Brown paper; Meas. 175. . . . . x. 75  
 Bruise (figuratively); Ado. 331, vii. 98  
 — inward; 1 Hen. IV. 72. . . . . v. 246  
 Bruising arms; 1 Hen. IV. 226, v. 237  
 — iron; Rich. III. 611. . . . . viii. 234  
 Bruit; Troil. 345. . . . . viii. 257  
 Brut (of time); 2 Hen. VI. 338, ii. 278  
 Brutus bastard band; 2 Hen. VI. 245. . . . . ii. 268  
 — hypocrisy of; Jul. Cæs. 110. . . . . viii. 67  
 — as a popular leader; Jul. Cæs. 110. . . . . viii. 67  
 — trustfulness of; Jul. Cæs. 164. . . . . viii. 72  
 — as an orator; Jul. Cæs. 182. . . . . viii. 74  
 — character of; Jul. Cæs. 90, viii. 65  
 — parentage of; 2 Hen. VI. 245. . . . . ii. 268  
 Buckingham, accusation against; Hen. VIII. 94. . . . . xiii. 164  
 — trial of; Hen. VIII. 119, xiii. 167  
 — historician hypocrisy of; Rich. III. 383, iv. 215. . . . . xiv. 218  
 — execution of; R. III. 571. . . . iv. 231  
 Buckle, to (metaphorically); Macb. 242. . . . . xi. 83

Buckle with; 3 Hen. VI. 97. . . . . iii. 72  
 Bucklersbury; Merry W. 96. . . . . vi. 250  
 Buck of the first head; Love's L.  
 92. . . . . i. 50  
 Budget, rhyme to; Wint. T.  
 125. . . . . xiii. 73  
 Buff jerkin; 1 Hen. IV. 51. . . . . v. 243  
 Bug; 3 Hen. VI. 305. . . . . iii. 88  
 — Wint. T. 92. . . . . xiii. 70  
 Bugs; Haml. 595. . . . . ix. 258  
 Building, holds his, &c.; Per.  
 108. . . . . x. 257  
 Bulk—the body; Haml. 202. . . . . ix. 230  
 —=projecting stall; Oth. 230. . . . . ix. 103  
 —the body; Rich. III. 166. . . . . iv. 197  
 Bulks=projecting stalls; Coriol.  
 125. . . . . xii. 84  
 Bullen, Sir Thomas; Hen. VIII.  
 note 116. . . . . iii. 167  
 Bully; Mids. Nt. 144. . . . . iii. 267  
 —Temp. 243. . . . . xiii. 260  
 Bunch-back'd; Rich. III. 140. . . . . iv. 195  
 Bunch of grapes, the; Meas. 62. . . . . x. 154  
 Buoy'd up; Lear, 319. . . . . i. 68  
 Burbage, allusion to; Haml. 51. . . . . ix. 208  
 —Haml. 681. . . . . ix. 260  
 Burden (of song); As Y. L. 94. . . . . vii. 171  
 Burglars; As Y. L. 34. . . . . vii. 164  
 Burgonet; 2 Hen. VI. 326. . . . . ii. 276  
 Burgundy, Duchess of; 3 Hen. VI.  
 123. . . . . iii. 75  
 —Duke of, alliance with Hen.  
 VI.; 1 Hen. VI. 171. . . . . ii. 158  
 —secession of; 1 Hen. VI.  
 187. . . . . ii. 160  
 —appeal to; 1 Hen. VI. 172. . . . . ii. 158  
 Burial, ceremonial custom at a;  
 Wint. T. 188. . . . . xiii. 177  
 Burleigh, Lord=Polonius; Haml.  
 90. . . . . ix. 212  
 Burn blue; Rich. III. 627. . . . . iv. 236  
 Burnet; Hen. V. 267. . . . . i. 177  
 Burns (figuratively); Troil. 182. . . . . vii. 244  
 Burton-heath; Shrew. 12. . . . . iii. 193  
 Bury, to (as anachronism); Jul.  
 Cæs. 190. . . . . vii. 74  
 Bush=tabernacle sign; As Y. L. 193. . . . . vii. 181  
 Bustiest; Temp. 145. . . . . xii. 253  
 Business (as trisyllable); 1 Hen.  
 IV. 326. . . . . v. 205  
 —Jul. Cæs. 205. . . . . vii. 75  
 Businesses; John. 254. . . . . v. 82  
 Buss; John. 171. . . . . v. 75  
 But=except; Ant. 19. . . . . xi. 238  
 —=only; Jul. Cæs. 86. . . . . viii. 65  
 —in sense of prevention; All's  
 Wl. 180. . . . . viii. 152  
 —inspecial sense; Cymb. 224. . . . . iii. 191  
 —one way; Hen. V. 121. . . . . i. 166  
 Butcher's cur; Hen. VIII. 62. . . . . xiii. 161  
 Butterflies, pronunciation of;  
 Coriol. 271. . . . . xii. 95  
 Button (on cap); Haml. 240. . . . . ix. 223  
 Button-hole lower; Love's L. 213. . . . . i. 68  
 Buttons=buds; Haml. 88. . . . . ix. 212  
 —in his; Merry W. 89. . . . . vi. 249  
 Buxom; Per. 9. . . . . x. 247  
 Buy; 3 Hen. VI. 299. . . . . iii. 88  
 —in peculiar sense; Mids. Nt.  
 213. . . . . iii. 273  
 Buzz, buzz; Haml. 258. . . . . ix. 226  
 By=concerning; Per. 117. . . . . x. 258  
 —=in accordance with; Hen.  
 VIII. 85. . . . . xiii. 163  
 —=of; Merch. 189. . . . . v. 162  
 —by; Coriol. 142. . . . . xii. 86  
 —God's lid; Troil. 43. . . . . viii. 238  
 —my hood; Merch. 173. . . . . v. 162  
 —th week; Love's L. 169. . . . . i. 65  
 By-peeping; Cymb. 77. . . . . xii. 181  
 By r lakin; Mids. Nt. 145. . . . . iii. 267

## C.

Cabin'd; Macb. 152. . . . . xi. 75  
 Cacodemon; Rich. III. 122. . . . . iv. 193  
 Caddises; Wint. T. 163. . . . . xiii. 75  
 Caddis-garter; 1 Hen. IV. 146. . . . . v. 250  
 Cade=cask; 2 Hen. VI. 251. . . . . ii. 260  
 Cade, reforms of; 2 Hen. VI. 257. . . . . ii. 270  
 Caesar, crown offered to; Jul. Cæs.  
 58. . . . . viii. 62  
 —doth not wrong; Jul. Cæs.  
 155. . . . . viii. 71  
 —fame as a swimmer; Jul. Cæs.  
 48. . . . . viii. 62  
 —number of wounds of; Jul.  
 Cæs. note 245. . . . . vii. 79  
 —persuaded by Decius; Jul. Cæs.  
 136. . . . . vi. 60  
 Cæsarion = Antony's son; Ant.  
 275. . . . . xi. 257  
 Caitiff; Rich. II. 53. . . . . iv. 68  
 Cains Ligarius (mistake as to  
 name); Jul. Cæs. 115. . . . . viii. 67  
 Calderon's El Mayor Encanto  
 Amor, parallel in, Temp. 1. . . . . xiii. 241  
 Calendar=register; Per. 95. . . . . x. 256  
 —card or; Haml. 610. . . . . ix. 259  
 Calfs-skin; John. 137. . . . . v. 70  
 Call in question; Romeo, 21. . . . . ii. 68  
 Callat; Wint. T. 77. . . . . xiii. 69  
 Calpurnia's dream; Jul. Cæs.  
 139. . . . . viii. 69  
 —Jul. Cæs. 127. . . . . viii. 69  
 Calves-guts; Cymb. 107. . . . . xii. 188  
 Cambridge, ingratitude of; Hen.  
 V. 104. . . . . i. 165  
 Cambysses, title-page of, Mids. Nt.  
 44. . . . . iii. 258  
 Cambysses' vein; 1 Hen. IV. 178. . . . . v. 253  
 Camelot; Lear, 199. . . . . x. 175  
 Came off; Two Gent. 38. . . . . i. 167  
 Camomile; 1 Hen. IV. 181. . . . . v. 258  
 Canakin clink; Oth. 103. . . . . ix. 87  
 Canary, as verb; Love's L. 54. . . . . i. 67  
 Cancel as noun; Per. 34. . . . . x. 250  
 Candle-cases; Shrew. 109. . . . . iii. 201  
 Candle-holder; Romeo, 47. . . . . ii. 64  
 Candles=stars; Macb. 89. . . . . xi. 68  
 —heaven's; Sonn. 54. . . . . xiv. 99  
 —ends; 2 Hen. IV. 192. . . . . vi. 78  
 —of the night; Merch. 362. . . . . v. 176  
 Candlesticks; Hen. V. 222. . . . . vi. 173  
 Candle-wasters; Ado, 324. . . . . vii. 96  
 Cane-colour'd; Merry W. 35. . . . . vi. 246  
 Canker; Ado, 71. . . . . vii. 67  
 Canker-blossom; Mids. Nt. 200. . . . . iii. 272  
 Cankers; Mids. Nt. 180. . . . . iii. 266  
 Cannons discharged in drinking  
 healths; Haml. 629. . . . . ix. 260  
 Canonic; Troil. 129. . . . . vii. 240  
 Canstick turned; 1 Hen. IV. 201. . . . . v. 255  
 Canterbury Tales, reference to;  
 Hen. V. 184. . . . . vi. 170  
 Cantherizing; Tim. 205. . . . . xi. 158  
 Cante; Ant. 233. . . . . xi. 254  
 Cantons; Tw. Nt. 66. . . . . vii. 242  
 Canvass, to; 1 Hen. VI. 85. . . . . ii. 180  
 Cap=scarlet hat; Hen. VIII.  
 202. . . . . xiii. 174  
 —metaphor; All's Wl. 63. . . . . viii. 143  
 —fortune's; Haml. 240. . . . . ix. 223  
 —wear his; Ado, 86. . . . . vii. 63  
 Capable; Lear, 171. . . . . x. 173  
 —of our flesh; Hen. VIII.  
 250. . . . . xiii. 180  
 Capitain; 3 Hen. VI. 274. . . . . iii. 85  
 Capitoul, as scene of Cæsar's assas-  
 sination; Jul. Cæs. 143. . . . . vii. 70  
 —lion in; Jul. Cæs. 78. . . . . vi. 64  
 Capitulate; Coriol. 810. . . . . xii. 98

Capocchio; Troil. 232. . . . . vol. p.  
 Capon (punningly); Cymb. 92. . . . . xii. 182  
 —(break up); Love's L. 95. . . . . i. 59  
 Capriccio; All's Wl. 105. . . . . viii. 151  
 Caps, Monmouth; Hen. V. 251. . . . . vi. 176  
 Captain; All's Wl. 17. . . . . viii. 145  
 —=chief; Sonn. 127. . . . . xiv. 103  
 Captains (pronunciation of); Macb.  
 11. . . . . xi. 61  
 Captious; All's Wl. 52. . . . . viii. 147  
 Capulet, character of; Romeo.  
 137. . . . . ii. 71  
 Carat; Errors, 94. . . . . i. 115  
 Carbonado; Coriol. 259. . . . . xii. 95  
 —1 Hen. IV. 313. . . . . v. 264  
 Carcanet; Sonn. 127. . . . . xiv. 103  
 Card or calendar, &c.; Haml.  
 610. . . . . ix. 259  
 —speak by the; Haml. 571. . . . . ix. 255  
 —of ten; Shrew. note 97. . . . . iii. 200  
 Carded; 1 Hen. IV. 223. . . . . v. 257  
 Cardinal (Bishop of Winchester);  
 1 Hen. VI. 227. . . . . ii. 165  
 Cards, game of (Bone-ace); Shrew.  
 52. . . . . iii. 196  
 Carduus Benedictus; Ado, 245. . . . . vii. 87  
 Careers; Hen. V. 101. . . . . i. 164  
 Carcanet; Errors, 59. . . . . i. 113  
 Carlot; As Y. L. 125. . . . . vii. 174  
 Carnal = carnivorous; Rich. III.  
 503. . . . . iv. 225  
 Carnation; Hen. V. 125. . . . . vi. 166  
 Carpet-knight; Tw. Nt. 225. . . . . vi. 251  
 Carpets; Shrew. 132. . . . . iii. 208  
 Carrack; Oth. 31. . . . . ix. 80  
 Carries, in archery; Ant. 227. . . . . xi. 254  
 Carry coals; Romeo, 3. . . . . ii. 61  
 —it away; Haml. 255. . . . . ix. 225  
 Carry't; Oth. 15. . . . . ix. 78  
 Cars, with; Tw. Nt. 142. . . . . vii. 246  
 Cart, Phœbus; Haml. 357. . . . . ix. 237  
 Carve for; Oth. 114. . . . . ix. 90  
 Carv'd to; Errors, 46. . . . . i. 112  
 Carves; Merry W. 24. . . . . vi. 245  
 Case=skin; Tw. Nt. 289. . . . . vii. 255  
 —(verb); Jul. Cæs. 76. . . . . viii. 64  
 —(in double sense); Ado, 33. . . . . vii. 68  
 —on the; Errors, 106. . . . . i. 116  
 —term in music; Hen. V. 150. . . . . vi. 167  
 —to (in hunting); All's Wl.  
 139. . . . . vii. 153  
 Cas'd used figuratively; Per. 284. . . . . x. 273  
 Caskets, inscription on; Merch.  
 198. . . . . v. 163  
 Cassado, Gregory de; Hen. VIII.  
 206. . . . . xii. 175  
 Cassandra, scope of, part of; Troil.  
 117. . . . . vii. 239  
 Cassibelan; Cymb. 141-147. . . . . ix. 185  
 Cassio penitent; Oth. 123. . . . . ix. 91  
 —wound of; Oth. 285. . . . . ix. 103  
 Cassius, character of; Jul. Cæs.  
 90. . . . . vii. 65  
 —as a politician; Jul. Cæs.  
 163. . . . . vii. 72  
 —the brother-in-law of Brutus;  
 Jul. Cæs. 100. . . . . viii. 66  
 Cast (falconry); Meas. 121. . . . . x. 70  
 —beyond, to; Haml. 206. . . . . ix. 221  
 Castilano vulgo; Tw. Nt. 28. . . . . vii. 259  
 Castle=helmet; Tit. A. 78. . . . . xii. 254  
 —on the head; Troil. 309. . . . . vii. 254  
 Cat, proverbial allusion; Temp.  
 136. . . . . xiii. 253  
 —gib; 1 Hen. IV. 54. . . . . v. 243  
 —in bottle; Ado, 43. . . . . vii. 64  
 —sight, of; Shrew. 56. . . . . iii. 194  
 Catalan; Tw. Nt. 98. . . . . vii. 244  
 —Merry W. 55. . . . . vi. 247  
 Cataplasm; Haml. 541. . . . . ix. 253  
 Catastrophe; Lear, 85. . . . . x. 167

Catch from song; Troil. 165. viii. 242  
 Cate (punningly); Shrew. 84. .iii. 199  
 Cate-cousins; Merch. 142. .v. 159  
 Caterpillars; Rich. II. 186. .iv. 79  
 Catgut; Ado. 140. .vii. 75  
 Catkins; Troil. 226. .viii. 243  
 Cato, Brutus influenced by, ex-  
 ample of; Jul. Cæs. 252. .viii. 89  
 Cat-o'-mountain; Temp. 216. xiii. 259  
 Cats, Prince of; Rom. 85. .ii. 67  
 Cause=action; John. 167. .v. 74  
 — (symbolically); Macb. 242. xi. 83  
 — the; Oth. 243. .ix. 104  
 Cautel; Haml. 83. .ix. 212  
 Cautelous; Coriol. 232. .xii. 93  
 Cautels=deceits; Compl. 30. .xiv. 124  
 Cavendish, Life of Wolsey, account  
 of banquet; Hen. VIII. 107. xiii. 165  
 Caxton's Troy-Book, parallel in;  
 Troil. 341. .viii. 237  
 — Troil. 290. .viii. 232  
 — Troil. 349. .viii. 238  
 — Troil. 311. .viii. 234  
 — Troil. 323. .viii. 236  
 Censer; Shrew. 170. .iii. 206  
 Censure; Jul. Cæs. 183. .viii. 74  
 Censured; John. 99. .v. 67  
 Centre, term in astronomy; Troil.  
 61. .viii. 234  
 — Romeo. 60. .ii. 66  
 Cerecloth; Merch. 178. .v. 162  
 Ceremony; Merch. 300. .v. 176  
 Cerimon, benignant character of;  
 Per. 176. .x. 264  
 Certain; Mids. Nt. 265. .iii. 278  
 Certainly; Cymb. 287. .xii. 195  
 "Certes," Oth. 5. .ix. 77  
 Certes as dissyllable; Hen. VIII.  
 39. .xiii. 159  
 Chafed; John. 146. .v. 72  
 Chain, rub your; Tw. Nt. 108.  
 141. .vii. 245  
 — (usurer's); Ado. 100. .vii. 71  
 Chair (figuratively); Coriol. 281. xii. 90  
 Challenge; Lear. 12. .x. 163  
 Chambers (punningly); 2 Hen. IV.  
 163. .vi. 76  
 — = ordinance; Hen. VIII.  
 113. .xiii. 166  
 Chameleon's dish; Haml. 345. .ix. 236  
 Champaigns; Lear. 17. .x. 162  
 Chance=fortune; Ant. 879. .xi. 266  
 — of goodness; Macb. 224. .xi. 81  
 Chances; Oth. 17. .ix. 78  
 Change, in technical sense; Sonn.  
 259. .xiv. 109  
 — of thoughts; Per. 44. .x. 251  
 Changeling; Mids. Nt. 70. .iii. 290  
 Channel; 3 Hen. VI. 146. .iii. 76  
 Chanson, pious; Haml. 202. .ix. 226  
 Chastities; Hen. V. 216. .vi. 172  
 Chantry; Tw. Nt. 266. .vii. 234  
 Chaoz; 3 Hen. VI. 210. .iii. 80  
 Chapman's illud. idea from; Troil.  
 211. .viii. 247  
 Chapman; Love's L. 31. .i. 55  
 — Troil. 227. .viii. 243  
 Characters; Rich. III. 304. .iv. 207  
 Characters, roots cut in; Cymb.  
 238. .xii. 192  
 — Troil. 86. .viii. 236  
 Charbon, name of; All's Wl. 143.  
 38. .viii. 146  
 Charcas; Ant. 847. .xi. 262  
 Charge; Ado. 24. .vii. 63  
 — (constable's); Ado. 216. .vii. 83  
 — Ado. 210. .vii. 84  
 Charge-house; Love's L. 157. .i. 84  
 Charing Cross; 1 Hen. IV. 96. .v. 243  
 Chartrain (pen in hand); All's  
 Wl. 75. .viii. 142

Charm for toothache; Ado. 200. vii. 82  
 — = to conjure; Jul. Cæs. 122. .viii. 68  
 — your tongue; Oth. 254. .ix. 106  
 Charming; Cymb. 34. .xii. 178  
 Charms (in witchcraft); Ado.  
 107. .vii. 71  
 Charneco; 2 Hen. VI. 136. .ii. 259  
 Charter (of Venice); Merch. 274. v. 169  
 Chartreux, monk of the; Hen.  
 VIII. 88. .xiii. 163  
 Chase, custom of the; John. 97. .v. 67  
 Chases (in tennis); Hen. V. 75. .vi. 162  
 Chastised; Tit. A. 4. .xii. 250  
 Chastity, to vow; Two Gent. 101. i. 173  
 Chat; Love's L. 136. .i. 63  
 Chatillon; John. 24. .v. 61  
 Chattels; Hen. VIII. 208. .xiii. 175  
 Chaucer's poem, allusion to; Tit.  
 A. 45. .xii. 252  
 — parallel scene in Troilus;  
 Troil. 253. .viii. 250  
 — reference to; Tw. Nt. 243. vii. 253  
 — Legend of Good Women,  
 parallels in; Merch. 323. .v. 173  
 — parallel in; Merch.  
 note 324. .v. 173  
 Cheap as good; 1 Hen. IV. 235. v. 258  
 Cheater; 2 Hen. IV. 170. .vi. 76  
 — Sonn. 387. .xiv. 115  
 'Cheator; Merry W. 27. .vi. 246  
 Check (falconry); Tw. Nt. 147. vii. 247  
 Checking, term in falconry; Haml.  
 525. .ix. 252  
 Check, bias; Troil. 255. .viii. 250  
 Cheer me ever; Macb. 252. .xi. 83  
 Cheers (hunting); Thm. 40. .xi. 147  
 Chequer'd; Tit. A. 49. .xii. 252  
 Chequins; Per. 224. .x. 268  
 Cherry-pit; Tw. Nt. 214. .vii. 250  
 Chertsey; Rich. III. 74. .iv. 190  
 Cherubim; Macb. 75. .xi. 67  
 Cherubins; Merch. 337. .v. 174  
 Chess; Temp. 236. .xiii. 260  
 Cheveril; Romeo. 93. .ii. 68  
 — Tw. Nt. 160. .vii. 247  
 — conscience; Hen. VIII.  
 147. .xiii. 169  
 Chewet; 1 Hen. IV. 282. .v. 261  
 Chickens, to scald; Thm. 69. .xi. 149  
 Child at; Two Gent. 35. .i. 167  
 Chides; 1 Hen. IV. 197. .v. 254  
 Chide with; Oth. 218. .ix. 102  
 Child=girl; Wint. T. 110. .xiii. 71  
 — bloody; Macb. 198. .xi. 78  
 Child-changed; Lear. 387. .x. 189  
 — with a crown; Macb. 195. xi. 78  
 — Roland, ballad of; Lear. 268. x. 183  
 Childhood (as adj.); Mids. Nt.  
 193. .iii. 271  
 Childing; Mids. Nt. 99. .iii. 263  
 Children, power of parents over;  
 Mids. Nt. 11. .iii. 255  
 Child's father; As Y. L. 23. .vi. 163  
 Chila, provincialism; Lear. 378. x. 189  
 China dishes; Meas. 61. .x. 65  
 Chinks=money; Romeo. 59. .ii. 66  
 Choice (as adj.); Jul. Cæs. 165. vii. 73  
 Choke their art; Macb. 5. .xi. 61  
 Choleric meats; Errors. 37. .iii. 113  
 — Shrew. 160. .iii. 205  
 — Shrew. 161. .iii. 205  
 Chopney; Haml. 265. .ix. 227  
 Choppy; Sonn. 152. .xiv. 104  
 Chorus; Romeo. L. .i. 61  
 Christendom; John. 190. .v. 76  
 Christendoms; All's Wl. 18. .viii. 145  
 Christom; Hen. V. 119. .vi. 166  
 Christopher; Shrew. 16. .iii. 193  
 Chriftelers (found); As Y. L. 139.  
 .vii. 175

Chronicle small beer; Oth. 85. .ix. 86  
 Chuck; Oth. 209. .ix. 101  
 Chuffs=churls; 1 Hen. IV. 115. v. 249  
 Church, scene in; Ado. 298. .vii. 92  
 Churchyard; Romeo. 210. .ii. 76  
 Cicero as a coward; Jul. Cæs.  
 109. .viii. 87  
 — death of; 2 Hen. VI. 244. .ii. 268  
 Cincture; John. 253. .v. 83  
 Cinque-pace; Ado. 88. .vii. 69  
 — Ado. 89. .vii. 69  
 Circulation of the blood, supposed  
 reference to; Jul. Cæs. 123. viii. 68  
 Circumstance; Oth. 160. .ix. 95  
 — Two Gent. 10. .i. 165  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 39. .ii. 350  
 — = details; Haml. 397. .ix. 240  
 — drift of; Haml. 292. .ix. 239  
 Cital; 1 Hen. IV. 298. .v. 263  
 Citizen (adj.); Cymb. 283. .xii. 192  
 Clatern-head; Love's L. 208. .i. 68  
 City used collectively; Per. 311. x. 275  
 Clivet; Ado. 196. .vii. 81  
 — As Y. L. 90. .vii. 169  
 Civil; Ado. 127. .vii. 72  
 Clack-dish; Meas. 144. .x. 72  
 Clamour=walling; Lear. 361. .x. 186  
 — Wint. T. note 170. .xiii. 76  
 Clap (thysell); Wint. T. 12. .xiii. 64  
 — to; Rich. II. 215. .iv. 81  
 Clapper-clawing; Troil. 320. .viii. 255  
 Clap up, to; John. 143. .v. 71  
 Clarence, as persona muta; Hen.  
 V. 272. .vi. 178  
 — children of; Rich. III. 240. iv. 208  
 Claret wine; 2 Hen. VI. 271. .ii. 272  
 Classical names, &c., anachronis-  
 tically introduced; 3 Hen. VI.  
 156. .iii. 76  
 Claudio, resolution of; Ado. 275. vii. 90  
 Claw, to; Ado. 70. .vii. 67  
 Clay, compounded with; Sonn.  
 176. .xiv. 105  
 Clean (adverbially); Jul. Cæs.  
 73. .viii. 64  
 Clear-stories; Tw. Nt. 254. .vii. 263  
 Cleopatra, complexion of; Ant.  
 7. 10. .xi. 238  
 Clepe=to call; Haml. 112. .ix. 215  
 Clergy, benefit of; 2 Hen. VI.  
 274. .ii. 272  
 Clerk; Ado. 94. .vii. 70  
 — of Chatham, arrest of; 2 Hen.  
 VI. 254. .ii. 270  
 Clerly (adv.); 3 Hen. VI. 163. .ii. 262  
 Cliff (term in music); Troil.  
 296. .viii. 253  
 Clifford, death of dramatically con-  
 sidered; 2 Hen. VI. 330. .ii. 277  
 Climate and flies; Oth. 16. .ix. 78  
 Climates; Haml. 24. .ix. 205  
 Cling, to; Macb. 265. .xi. 85  
 Clinguant; Hen. VIII. 30. .xiii. 159  
 Clock, count the, as anachronism;  
 Jul. Cæs. 113. .viii. 67  
 Close (in music); Rich. II. 104. iv. 72  
 — to; Meas. 208. .x. 77  
 Closeness; Temp. 30. .xiii. 243  
 Closet=study; Merry W. 40. .vi. 246  
 — Haml. 291. .ix. 230  
 — Lear. 76. .ix. 166  
 Closure; Rich. III. 351. .iv. 212  
 — Venus. 60. .xiv. 25  
 Cloten, as a coward; Cymb. 26. xii. 177  
 Clotharins; Hen. VIII. 67. .xiii. 164  
 Clothes painted; Troil. 350. .vii. 258  
 Cloth of gold of tissue; Ant. 116. xi. 245  
 Cloth-trade, regulations as to; Hen.  
 VIII. 72. .xiii. 162  
 Clotpoll; Lear. 98. .ix. 162  
 Cloud in his face; Ant. 195. .xi. 250



Clouted brogues; Cymb. 258. . . . . xii. 193  
 — shoon; 2 Hen. VI. 258. . . . . ii. 270  
 Clown = Launcelot; Merch. 121. v. 158  
 Clown's part, Hamlet on the; Haml.  
 336. . . . . ix. 235  
 Cloys (in falconry); Cymb. 308. xii. 197  
 Clubs (cry of); As Y. L. 168. . . . . vii. 178  
 Coast, to; 3 Hen. VI. 75. . . . . iii. 70  
 Coat, as term in heraldry; Compl.  
 24. . . . . xiv. 124  
 — household; Rich. II. 193. . . . . iv. 80  
 Cobbler (in punning allusions);  
 Jul. Cæs. 19. . . . . viii. 59  
 Cobham, Lord; Rich. II. 143. . . . . iv. 75  
 Cobloaf; Troil. 95. . . . . viii. 237  
 Cobweb; Mids. Nt. 167. . . . . iii. 269  
 Cock, superstition as to crowing  
 of the; Haml. 28. . . . . ix. 206  
 — = boat; Lear. 365. . . . . x. 188  
 Cock-a-hoop; Romeo. 56. . . . . ii. 65  
 Cockatrice; Rich. III. 457. . . . . iv. 221  
 Cockle; Coriol. 178. . . . . xii. 89  
 Cockle-hat; Haml. 474. . . . . ix. 248  
 Cockney; Lear. 229. . . . . x. 177  
 Cock-shut; Rich. III. 602. . . . . iv. 233  
 Cod's head; Oth. 84. . . . . ix. 85  
 Cour-de-Lion, heart of; 1 Hen.  
 VI. 168. . . . . ii. 158  
 Coffee, possible allusion to; Temp.  
 77. . . . . xiii. 248  
 Coffe, satin; Per. note 170. . . . . x. 263  
 Coffe of Darius; 1 Henry VI.  
 110. . . . . ii. 152  
 Coffin; Tit. A. 152. . . . . xii. 257  
 Cog, to; Ado. 342. . . . . vii. 99  
 Coigns = quarters; Per. 147. . . . . x. 261  
 Coll; Errors. 64. . . . . i. 113  
 — Two Gent. 23. . . . . ix. 232  
 — = turmoil; Haml. 303. . . . . ix. 232  
 Colbrand; Hen. VIII. 267. . . . . xiii. 181  
 — John, 56. . . . . v. 63  
 Cold, pronunciation of; Macb.  
 182. . . . . xi. 77  
 — comfort; John. 313. . . . . v. 88  
 Coleridge on use of rhymes; Rich.  
 II. 34. . . . . iv. 67  
 — on puns; Rich. II. 115. . . . . iv. 73  
 Collection; Cymb. 341. . . . . xiii. 109  
 — Haml. 470. . . . . ix. 247  
 Colley Cibber's Rich. III. Inco-  
 poration of scene in; 3 Hen. VI.  
 328. . . . . iii. 90  
 Collided; Oth. 119. . . . . ix. 90  
 — Mids. Nt. 25. . . . . iii. 256  
 Collier; Tw. Nt. 215. . . . . vii. 250  
 Colliers; Romeo. 4. . . . . ii. 61  
 Collop; 1 Hen. VI. 254. . . . . ii. 107  
 Colme-kill; Macb. 126. . . . . xi. 72  
 Coloquintida; Oth. 65. . . . . ix. 84  
 Colossus; Jul. Cæs. 52. . . . . vii. 62  
 Colour, double meaning of; Jul.  
 Cæs. 51. . . . . viii. 62  
 Colour'd hat; Shrew. 42. . . . . iii. 195  
 Colours = pretences; 1 Hen. VI.  
 124. . . . . ii. 154  
 — fear no; Tw. Nt. 42. . . . . vii. 240  
 — to wear; Love's L. 75. . . . . i. 88  
 Colt's tooth; Hen. VIII. 105. . . . . xii. 165  
 Columbine as emblems; Haml.  
 508. . . . . ix. 250  
 Co-mart; Haml. 13. . . . . ix. 204  
 Comb (punningly); Cymb. 92. . . . . xii. 182  
 Combat, the formalities of; Lear.  
 407. . . . . x. 191  
 Combustion; Macb. 112. . . . . xi. 71  
 Come cut and long-tail; Merry W.  
 109. . . . . vi. 250  
 Comedy of Errors, reminiscence  
 of; Shrew. 155. . . . . iii. 205  
 Come live with me, &c.; Pilgr.  
 23. . . . . xiv. 133

vol. p.  
 Come o'er the bourn, &c.; Lear.  
 301. . . . . x. 138  
 — off, to; Two Gent. 38. . . . . i. 167  
 Comfort, Count; Ado. 305. . . . . vii. 93  
 Comfort; Rich. II. 201. . . . . iv. 80  
 Comforting; Lear. 296. . . . . x. 183  
 — Wint. T. 71. . . . . xiii. 69  
 Comic scenes; Hen. V. 262. . . . . vi. 177  
 Coming-in; Merch. 146. . . . . v. 160  
 Comma; Haml. 600. . . . . ix. 258  
 Commandment (syllabically);  
 Merch. 320. . . . . v. 173  
 Commission; Romeo. 165. . . . . ii. 73  
 Commit, to; Lear. 273. . . . . x. 181  
 Committed; Oth. 213. . . . . ix. 101  
 Commodity; Merch. 45. . . . . v. 162  
 — Merch. 254. . . . . v. 167  
 — Meas. 175. . . . . x. 75  
 — Ado. 231. . . . . vii. 85  
 — Wint. T. 93. . . . . xiii. 70  
 Common; Love's L. 46. . . . . i. 56  
 — the = people; Coriol. 27. . . . . xii. 76  
 — to make a; Errors. 35. . . . . i. 112  
 — players; Haml. 254. . . . . ix. 225  
 Commonalty; Shrew. 20. . . . . iii. 194  
 Commonwealth, Gonzalo's; Temp.  
 111. . . . . xiii. 251  
 Commune, to; Haml. 510. . . . . ix. 251  
 Companies, trading, plays of;  
 Mids. Nt. 46. . . . . iii. 258  
 Companion; Jul. Cæs. note,  
 230. . . . . viii. 77  
 — Mids. Nt. 7. . . . . iii. 255  
 Companions; Coriol. 246. . . . . xii. 94  
 Company; All's Wl. 158. . . . . viii. 155  
 Comparisons; Ant. 261. . . . . xi. 256  
 — are odorous; Ado. 252. . . . . vii. 88  
 Compass'd; Troil. 35. . . . . viii. 232  
 — (with a pearl); Macb. 270. . . . . xi. 87  
 Competitor; Ant. 65. . . . . xi. 241  
 Competitors; Love's L. 38. . . . . i. 55  
 — Rich. III. 568. . . . . iv. 230  
 Compile = compose; Sonn. 195. . . . . xiv. 106  
 Complaint of Rosamond (Daniel's),  
 parallel in; Romeo. 222. . . . . ii. 77  
 Compliments; Love's L. 11. . . . . i. 53  
 Complete; Hen. VIII. 83. . . . . xiii. 163  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 65. . . . . ii. 148  
 Complete Angler, pastoral song  
 quoted in; Pilgr. 23. . . . . xiv. 133  
 Complexions; Coriol. 126. . . . . xii. 84  
 Compliment; Oth. 12. . . . . ix. 78  
 — dialogue of; John. 54. . . . . v. 63  
 Complots; Rich. III. 328. . . . . iv. 209  
 Compulsive; Haml. 16. . . . . ix. 205  
 Conus, imitated passage in;  
 Romeo. 118. . . . . ii. 70  
 Concocted; Tw. Nt. 233. . . . . vii. 252  
 Conclusion = problem; Per. 24. . . . . x. 248  
 Concoct; Love's L. 52. . . . . i. 56  
 Condition; Tim. 17. . . . . xi. 146  
 Conditionally; 3 Hen. VI. 65. . . . . iii. 69  
 Conditions; Two Gent. 73. . . . . i. 170  
 Condone; Mids. Nt. 47. . . . . iii. 258  
 Conduit; 2 Hen. VI. 271. . . . . ix. 272  
 — Wint. T. 223. . . . . xiii. 80  
 Confess, and be hang'd; Oth.  
 183. . . . . ix. 98  
 Confession's seal; Hen. VIII.  
 90. . . . . xiii. 163  
 Confine; Cymb. 277. . . . . xii. 194  
 Confiscate; 3 Hen. VI. 271. . . . . iii. 85  
 — Merch. 303. . . . . v. 171  
 Confound, to = to waste; Coriol.  
 73. . . . . xii. 79  
 Confusions; Merch. 130. . . . . v. 153  
 Confutation; Meas. 217. . . . . x. 78  
 Conger to eat; 2 Hen. IV. 191. . . . . vi. 78  
 Congring; Haml. 453. . . . . ix. 246  
 Conjurat; Oth. 44. . . . . ix. 82  
 Conjurat; Romeo. 218. . . . . ii. 77

vol. p.  
 Conjurat of spirits; 2 Hen. VI.  
 94. . . . . ii. 255  
 Conjur; Errors. 119. . . . . i. 117  
 Conjurat; 2 Hen. VI. 92-94. . . . . ii. 255  
 Conscience, cold; Per. 210. . . . . x. 267  
 — speech of Murderer on; Rich.  
 III. 189. . . . . iv. 198  
 Consent; Macb. 92. . . . . xi. 68  
 — prime; Per. 239. . . . . x. 269  
 — and sufferance; As Y. L.  
 39. . . . . vii. 165  
 Consented; 1 Hen. VI. 31. . . . . ii. 144  
 Conserve; Meas. 120. . . . . x. 70  
 Consider; Wint. T. 213. . . . . xiii. 79  
 Consort, to; Errors. 17. . . . . i. 110  
 Constable, speech of; Hen. V.  
 174. . . . . vii. 169  
 — of the watch; Ado. 209. . . . . vii. 83  
 Constables' gowns; Ado. 309. . . . . vii. 94  
 Constantly = firmly and with firm-  
 ness; Meas. 155. . . . . x. 73  
 Construction, inverted order of;  
 Macb. 179. . . . . xi. 77  
 Consummate; Meas. 211. . . . . x. 78  
 Contempt; Tim. 135. . . . . xi. 153  
 Contemptible; Ado. 158. . . . . vii. 76  
 Contented (intransitive); 3 Hen.  
 VI. 183. . . . . ii. 78  
 Con thanks, to; Tim. 181. . . . . x. 156  
 Continuance (of); Merch. 83. . . . . v. 181  
 Continue; Love's L. 224. . . . . i. 69  
 Contraction = contract; Haml.  
 409. . . . . ix. 241  
 Contrary feet; John, note 236. . . . . v. 80  
 Contrive; Shrew. 67. . . . . iii. 197  
 Control, to; Temp. 92. . . . . xiii. 249  
 Controller; 2 Hen. VI. 201. . . . . ii. 264  
 Controlling, as noun or participle;  
 Sonn. 51. . . . . xiv. 98  
 Convenient (adverbially); Haml.  
 32. . . . . ix. 208  
 Convented; Coriol. 140. . . . . xii. 85  
 — Hen. VIII. 240. . . . . xiii. 179  
 — Meas. 197. . . . . x. 76  
 Conventicles (accent on); 2 Hen.  
 VI. 167. . . . . ii. 262  
 Convert; Ado. 27. . . . . vii. 63  
 — pronunciation of; Sonn.  
 35. . . . . xiv. 98  
 — to; Tim. 131. . . . . xi. 158  
 Convertite; John. 263. . . . . v. 88  
 Convey; Macb. 214. . . . . xi. 80  
 Conveyances; Ado. 119. . . . . vii. 72  
 Convey'd; Cymb. 13. . . . . xii. 177  
 Convicted; John. 166. . . . . v. 74  
 Convince; Cymb. 49. . . . . xii. 179  
 — Macb. 85. . . . . xi. 67  
 Convinces; Macb. 225. . . . . xi. 81  
 Convoys; assistant; Haml. 79. . . . . ix. 211  
 Cooling card; 1 Hen. VI. 245. . . . . ii. 167  
 Copatins; Shrew. 199. . . . . iii. 207  
 Cope, to; Merch. 317. . . . . v. 172  
 — (as verb trans.); Hen.  
 VIII. 77. . . . . xiii. 162  
 Cop'd withal, conversation, imi-  
 tated passage; Haml. 337. . . . . ix. 235  
 Cophetua, King (ballad); Love's  
 L. 24. . . . . i. 55  
 Copp'd = crested; Per. 33. . . . . x. 250  
 Copy = original; Sonn. 27. . . . . xiv. 97  
 Coragio; Temp. 243. . . . . xiii. 260  
 Coranto; Hen. V. 170. . . . . vi. 169  
 Cordelia, character of; Lear. 152. . . . . x. 171  
 Core; Troil. 92. . . . . vii. 236  
 Corinth; Errors. 9. . . . . i. 109  
 — Tim. 69. . . . . xi. 149  
 Corinthian; 1 Hen. IV. 138. . . . . v. 250  
 Coriolanus, hanteur of; Coriol.  
 163. . . . . xii. 87  
 Corner-cap; Love's L. 111. . . . . i. 61  
 Corollary; Temp. 186. . . . . xiii. 256  
 277



- Corporal; Love's L. 115.....i. 61  
 — Mach. 38.....xi. 64  
 — of his field; Love's L. 74.....i. 68  
 Corpse (as plural); 1 Hen. IV. 25.....v. 240  
 — bleeding of; Rich. III. 70.....iv. 159  
 Corrigible; Ant. 333.....xi. 261  
 Costers; Tw. Nt. 104.....vii. 244  
 Cost = that on which money is spent; Sonn. 158.....xiv. 104  
 Costard; Love's L. 62.....i. 57  
 Costermonger times; 2 Hen. IV. 90.....vi. 72  
 Costly; Merch. 201.....v. 163  
 Coted; Hamlet. 245.....ix. 224  
 — Love's L. 116.....i. 61  
 Cot-grease; Romeo. 182.....ii. 74  
 Cotsall; Merry W. 6.....vi. 243  
 Cotswood; Rich. II. 163.....iv. 78  
 Couchings; Jul. Cæs. 152.....viii. 71  
 Count = make account of; Hamlet. 603.....ix. 258  
 — the; Tw. Nt. 38.....vii. 240  
 — Comfort; Ado. 305.....vii. 93  
 Counter, as hunting term; Hamlet. 491.....ix. 249  
 — to run; Errors. 104.....i. 116  
 Counter-caster; Oth. 10.....ix. 78  
 Counterfeit; Hamlet. 414.....ix. 242  
 — John. 133.....v. 70  
 — Troll. 132.....viii. 240  
 Counter-gate; Merry W. 97.....vi. 250  
 Counterpart; Sonn. 208.....xiv. 106  
 Counterpoints; Shrew. 94.....iii. 200  
 Counters; Jul. Cæs. note 223.....vii. 77  
 Counties; John. 260.....v. 83  
 Country base; Cymb. 294.....xii. 195  
 — life; Shakespeare's knowledge of; Ado. 111.....vii. 71  
 — matters; Hamlet. 349.....ix. 236  
 Count the clock (anachronism); Jul. Cæs. 113.....viii. 67  
 County of Maine; 2 Hen. VI. 32.....ii. 249  
 — Palatine; Merch. 54.....v. 153  
 Complets, golden; Hamlet. 589.....ix. 257  
 — rhyming sense of; Hamlet. 297.....ix. 221  
 Course, run his; Jul. Cæs. 32.....viii. 60  
 Court and guard; Oth. 129.....ix. 90  
 — holy-water; Lear. 253.....x. 179  
 Courtesy; 2 Hen. IV. 130.....vi. 74  
 Courtizans, denunciation of; Tim. 157.....xi. 155  
 Courtney, family of; Rich. III. 565.....iv. 230  
 Court-yard of inn (a scene); Merry W. 158.....vi. 253  
 Cousin; Ado. 58.....vii. 66  
 — 1 Hen. IV. 90.....v. 247  
 — Rich. II. 161.....iv. 77  
 — Tw. Nt. 18.....vii. 289  
 — mine; Rich. II. 316.....iv. 89  
 Cousins; Rich. III. 242.....ix. 203  
 Covent; Meas. 189.....x. 75  
 — Hen. VIII. 226.....xiii. 176  
 Cover (used punningly); Merch. 266.....v. 168  
 Cow, a God save her! Hen. VIII. 268.....xiii. 181  
 Cowley (actor's name); Ado. 306.....vii. 92  
 Cox my passion; All's Wl. 184.....viii. 156  
 Coxcomb; Lear. 198.....x. 165  
 Cox, as verb; Mids. Nt. 215.....xi. 273  
 — contemptuous; Venus. 11.....xiv. 22  
 Coy'd; Coriol. 235.....xi. 96  
 Coysdril; Per. 262.....x. 271  
 — Tw. Nt. 21.....vii. 229  
 Crack = boy; Coriol. 54.....xi. 78  
 — to = to boast; Love's L. 135.....i. 63  
 Crack'd crowns; 1 Hen. IV. 131.....v. 249  
 — within the ring; Hamlet. 260.....ix. 227  
 Cracks = breaks; Hamlet. 638.....ix. 262  
 Cranks = runs crookedly; Venus. 52.....xiv. 24  
 — Coriol. 24.....xiii. 76  
 Cranny; Mids. Nt. 267.....iii. 278  
 Crants; Hamlet. 578.....ix. 256  
 Crare; Cymb. 255.....xii. 193  
 Crazed; Mids. Nt. 17.....xiii. 286  
 Credent bulk; Meas. 188.....x. 76  
 Credit; Tw. Nt. 263.....vii. 253  
 Cressy, battle of; Hen. V. 58.....vi. 161  
 — Hen. V. 133.....vi. 166  
 Crested; Ant. 370.....xi. 265  
 Cribb'd; Mach. 152.....xi. 75  
 Cricket, winter; Shrew. 172.....iii. 206  
 Crickets, drouth of; Per. 144.....x. 261  
 Cries on; Oth. 238.....ix. 104  
 — havoc; Hamlet. 639.....ix. 262  
 Crimful; Hamlet. 514.....ix. 251  
 Crisp; 1 Hen. IV. 75.....v. 246  
 — Temp. 201.....xiii. 257  
 Crispian, feast of; Hen. V. 225.....vi. 173  
 Crispin, feast of; Hen. V. 229.....vi. 174  
 Critical; Oth. 81.....ix. 85  
 Critics; Troll. 303.....viii. 254  
 Crocodile's tears; Oth. 203.....ix. 100  
 Crone; Wint. T. 76.....xiii. 69  
 Crooked (age); Rich. II. 132.....iv. 74  
 Crosby Place; Rich. III. 95.....iv. 191  
 Cross = perverse; Hen. VIII. 196.....xiii. 174  
 — (punningly); As Y. L. 45.....vii. 165  
 — it (the ghost); Hamlet. 25.....ix. 205  
 Crosses (punningly); Love's L. 20.....i. 54  
 — to bear; 2 Hen. IV. 99.....vi. 72  
 Cross-garter'd; Tw. Nt. 152.....vii. 247  
 Crossing; Tim. 57.....xi. 148  
 Cross-row; Rich. III. 49.....iv. 188  
 Crossways, burial at; Mids. Nt. 207.....iii. 273  
 Crotchets, carry no; Romeo. 196.....ii. 75  
 Crow = crowing cock; John. 283.....v. 85  
 — (punningly); Errors. 68.....i. 114  
 Crow-flowers; Hamlet. 549.....ix. 253  
 Crown (metaphorically); Troll. 238.....viii. 249  
 — to (figuratively); 1 Hen. IV. 210.....v. 255  
 — imperial; Wint. T. 153.....xiii. 75  
 Crowner; Tw. Nt. 57.....vii. 241  
 Crowns, crack'd; 1 Hen. IV. 181.....v. 249  
 — French; Hen. V. 210.....vi. 171  
 Crush; Lear. 219.....x. 176  
 Cruels; Lear. 322.....x. 186  
 Crusadoes; Oth. 172.....ix. 96  
 Crush, to, a cup of wine; Romeo. 81.....ii. 63  
 Crush'd; Hen. V. 65.....vi. 161  
 Cry aim, to; John. 87.....v. 86  
 — havoc; Coriol. 198.....xii. 90  
 — John. 102.....v. 67  
 — "hem," 1 Hen. IV. 159.....v. 250  
 — mercy; Rich. III. 634.....iv. 237  
 — of cure; Coriol. 224.....xii. 92  
 — you mercy; Lear. 805.....x. 153  
 Crystal; 1 Hen. VI. 30.....ii. 144  
 — button; 1 Hen. IV. 145.....v. 250  
 C's, U's, T's; Tw. Nt. 144.....vii. 246  
 Cub-drawn; Lear. 247.....x. 179  
 Cuckolds, statue of; Troll. 292.....viii. 252  
 "Cuckoo" song; As Y. L. 139.....vii. 176  
 Cuckoo-buds; Love's L. 225.....i. 69  
 Cue; Mids. Nt. 151.....iii. 267  
 Cullionly; Lear. 183.....x. 174  
 Cullions; Hen. V. 153.....vi. 167  
 Cup, prepare the; Sonn. 288.....xiv. 110  
 Cupid's flower; Mids. Nt. 227.....iii. 273  
 Cur, Shylock's allusion; Merch. 87.....v. 156  
 Curb = bend; Hamlet. 432.....ix. 243  
 Curlew-bell; Romeo. 131.....ii. 74  
 Curiosity; Lear. 68.....x. 166  
 — Lear. 5.....x. 161  
 Curious; Wint. T. 193.....xiii. 78  
 Curious-knotted; Love's L. 16.....i. 54  
 Curled darlings; Oth. 34.....ix. 81  
 Cur'd my hair; Lear. 274.....x. 181  
 Currance; Hen. V. 42.....vi. 160  
 Current; 2 Hen. IV. 129.....vi. 74  
 — Rich. II. 86.....iv. 71  
 — 1 Hen. IV. 181.....v. 240  
 Currents, elliptical metaphor; Hamlet. 392.....ix. 240  
 Curtains, use of, on Elizabethan stage; Hen. VIII. 184.....xiii. 168  
 Curtal dog = turnspit; Errors. 89.....i. 115  
 Curtle-axe; As Y. L. 30.....vii. 163  
 Curtis, to; Shrew. 134.....iii. 204  
 — Rich. II. 100.....iv. 72  
 Cust-alorum; Merry W. 1.....vi. 243  
 Custard, leap into the; All's Wl. 111.....viii. 151  
 Custom (adverbially); Per. 11.....x. 247  
 Customed; John. 184.....v. 76  
 Customers; Errors. 120.....i. 117  
 Cut, call me; Tw. Nt. 118.....vii. 245  
 — bow-strings; Mids. Nt. 62.....iii. 259  
 Cuts; Ado. 235.....vii. 86  
 Cyme; Mach. 256.....xi. 84  
 Cynthia's brow, reflex of; Romeo. 141.....ii. 71  
 Cypress; Tw. Nt. 123.....vii. 245  
 Cyprus; Wint. T. 167.....xiii. 76  
 — a; Tw. Nt. 178.....vii. 243  
 — seaport in; Oth. note 69.....ix. 84  
 — gallants; Oth. 68.....ix. 87  
 — Turkish invasion of; Oth. 40.....ix. 81  
 Cylr Tournour's atheist's Tragedie, parallel in; Merch. 291.....v. 170  
 D  
 Dactyl, use of; Romeo. 126.....ii. 70  
 — Mach. 182.....xi. 77  
 — Shrew. 170.....iii. 206  
 Dædalus, reference to story of; 3 Hen. VI. 331.....xi. 90  
 Daffed; Ado. 157.....vii. 76  
 Dagger (as commonly worn); Rich. III. 312.....iv. 208  
 — of lath; 1 Hen. IV. 154.....v. 251  
 Daintry; 3 Hen. VI. 292.....iii. 87  
 Daisy as emblem; Hamlet. 505.....ix. 250  
 Dam = mother; Wint. T. 100.....xiii. 71  
 Dam-colour'd; Tw. Nt. 36.....vii. 240  
 Damask; Love's L. 187.....i. 66  
 Dame Partlet; 1 Hen. IV. 236.....v. 238  
 — Wint. T. 75.....xiii. 69  
 Damned, the punishment of; Meas. 124.....x. 70  
 Dams, daughters of, reference to; All's Wl. 53.....viii. 147  
 Dance attendance; Rich. III. 430.....vii. 212  
 — soldier's (in armour); Per. 127.....x. 259  
 — of death; Meas. 111.....x. 69  
 Dancing horse; Love's L. 21.....i. 54  
 — rapier; Tit. A. 38.....xii. 252  
 Dances as drunkards; Hamlet. 112.....ix. 216  
 Dangerous; Tim. 190.....xi. 157  
 Daniel's civil war, parallel in; Rich. II. 99.....iv. 71  
 — Rich. II. 111.....iv. 73  
 Danish drinking customs; Hamlet. 629.....ix. 260  
 Dank as a dog; 1 Hen. IV. 91.....v. 247  
 Daskers; Hamlet. 136.....ix. 220  
 Dare the field; Hen. V. 221.....vi. 173

vol. p.  
 Darius, coffer of; 1 Hen. VI. 110. ii. 152  
 Dark complexion of women; Love's  
 L. 132 ..... i. 62  
 Darker (hair) as bluish; Troil. 14. .... viii. 230  
 Dark house; All's Wl. 104. .... viii. 151  
 — As Y. L. 102 ..... vii. 171  
 — mind, to wear a; Cymb. 197. xii. 189  
 Darkness, artificial, on stage;  
 2 Hen. IV. 50. .... vi. 69  
 Dark Woman, allusion to; Sonn. 95. .... xiv. 101  
 — — — Sonn. 108. .... xiv. 101  
 — — — beauty of; Sonn. 385. xiv. 115  
 Dark-working; Errors, 21 ..... i. 110  
 Darlings, curled; Oth. 34 ..... ix. 81  
 Darnel; 1 Hen. VI. 165 ..... ii. 158  
 Date = term of life; Per. 196 ..... x. 266  
 — (in pie); Troil. 45 ..... viii. 238  
 Dates or debts? Tim. 64. .... xii. 149  
 Daub'd (figuratively); Rich. III. 390. .... iv. 216  
 Daughter, rhyme to; Lear, 148. x. 171  
 Dauphin, character of; Hen. V. 73. .... vi. 162  
 — — — Hen. V. 131 ..... vi. 166  
 Daws = fools; Coriol. 250 ..... xii. 94  
 Day-bad; Rich. III. 423 ..... ix. 219  
 — Tw. Nt. 140 ..... vii. 246  
 Day's beauty; 1 Hen. IV. 47 ..... v. 242  
 Day-woman; Love's L. 26 ..... i. 55  
 Dazzled, as trisyllable; Two Gent. 54 ..... i. 109  
 Dazzling; Love's L. note 3 ..... i. 53  
 Dead, meaning doubtful; Rich. II. 252 ..... iv. 84  
 — — — sailors' superstition as to the; Per. 165 ..... x. 263  
 — — — elm; 2 Hen. IV. 204 ..... vii. 70  
 — — — of sleep; Temp. 239 ..... xiii. 260  
 — — — seeing; Sonn. 164 ..... xiv. 104  
 — — — shepherd; As Y. L. 124 ..... vii. 174  
 Deadly use; Lear, 341 ..... x. 186  
 Deal; Pilgr. 17 ..... xiv. 132  
 — (elliptically); 1 Hen. VI. 69. ii. 148  
 — — — for his wife's soul; Per. 100 ..... x. 256  
 — — — in, to; Ado. 344 ..... vii. 99  
 Dear; Love's L. 223 ..... ii. 69  
 — — — Romeo, 216 ..... ii. 77  
 — — — (deer); 1 Hen. VI. 197 ..... ii. 161  
 — — — (in transposed sense); Rich. II. 78 ..... iv. 70  
 Dearest; Jul. Cæs. 170 ..... viii. 72  
 Dearest; Love's L. 30 ..... i. 55  
 — — — Hamlet. 64 ..... ix. 209  
 Dear'st; Temp. 110 ..... xiii. 250  
 Death, allegory of; Per. 178 ..... x. 264  
 — — — classical idea of; Oth. 87 ..... ix. 86  
 — — — dance of; Rich. II. 220 ..... ix. 82  
 — — — pressing to; Ado. 178 ..... vii. 79  
 Death's face (in ring); Love's L. 209 ..... i. 68  
 — — — fool; Meas. 111 ..... x. 69  
 — — — head; 2 Hen. IV. 188 ..... vi. 78  
 Death-tokens; Troil. 144 ..... viii. 241  
 Debonair; Troil. 76 ..... viii. 235  
 Debon'd; Lear, 130 ..... x. 170  
 — — — Temp. 152 ..... xiii. 254  
 Delator and creditor; Cymb. 311. xii. 197  
 Decapitation after death, practice of; 2 Hen. VI. 142 ..... ii. 260  
 Decay; Lear, 429 ..... x. 192  
 Desk (of cards); 3 Hen. VI. 297. iii. 37  
 Deck'd; Temp. 45 ..... xiii. 245  
 Decline; Errors, 79 ..... i. 114  
 — — — Rich. III. 513 ..... ix. 225  
 — — — (punningly); Troil. 134 ..... viii. 240  
 Dedicated words; Sonn. 201 ..... xiv. 106  
 Deep (adverbially); Rich. III. 320 ..... iv. 205

vol. p.  
 Deep-premeditated; 1 Hen. VI. 144 ..... ii. 156  
 Deer; Lear, 283 ..... x. 182  
 — — — (punningly); Tit. A. 74 ..... xii. 253  
 — — — weeping; As Y. L. 36 ..... vii. 164  
 — — — dear; 1 Hen. VI. 197 ..... ii. 161  
 Defeat = destruction; Hamlet. 287 ..... ix. 229  
 — — — = to undo; Oth. 217 ..... ix. 101  
 Defiance, take my; Meas. 128. x. 71  
 Defil'd; Tim. 59 ..... x. 148  
 Defuse; Lear, 95 ..... x. 168  
 Defus'd; Rich. III. 81 ..... iv. 190  
 Defy; 1 Hen. IV. 85 ..... v. 247  
 — — — = reject; Pilgr. 10 ..... xiv. 132  
 Delabreth; Hen. V. 171 ..... vi. 169  
 Delations; Oth. 142 ..... ix. 92  
 Detectable; Rich. II. 167 ..... iv. 78  
 Delicate; Ado. 294 ..... vii. 92  
 Delphos; Wint. T. 85 ..... xiii. 69  
 Demanded; Temp. 42 ..... xiii. 244  
 Demerits; Coriol. 41 ..... xii. 77  
 Democritus, Junior, quotation in; Venus, 65 ..... xiv. 25  
 Demure confidence; Hen. VIII. 91 ..... xiii. 164  
 Demurely; Ant. 307 ..... xi. 259  
 Denunciation; Meas. 26 ..... x. 62  
 Deny (with negative); Rich. III. 114 ..... iv. 193  
 Depart; Love's L. 43 ..... i. 56  
 Departing; 3 Hen. VI. 182 ..... iii. 78  
 — — — friend; 2 Hen. IV. 45 ..... vi. 69  
 Depend, to; Cymb. note 280 ..... xii. 194  
 Depose; Rich. II. 64 ..... iv. 69  
 Depraved; Tim. 54 ..... xi. 148  
 Deputy's wife of the ward; 1 Hen. IV. 240 ..... v. 258  
 Derby, name of character; Rich. III. 105 ..... iv. 192  
 Deriv'd in sense of caused; Hen. VIII. 161 ..... xiii. 170  
 Dern = dreary; Per. 147 ..... x. 261  
 Descent; Two Gent. 21 ..... i. 166  
 — — — Rich. III. 417 ..... iv. 219  
 Desdemona, name of; Oth. 262. ix. 107  
 Desert; Two Gent. 119 ..... i. 174  
 — — — = merit; Sonn. 216 ..... xiv. 107  
 Desire the court; Hen. VIII. 162 ..... xiii. 170  
 Detect = discover; Per. 94 ..... x. 256  
 Detected; Meas. 143 ..... x. 72  
 — — — Merry W. 120 ..... xiii. 261  
 Deucalion; Wint. T. 185 ..... xii. 77  
 Devil, complexion of; Merch. 66 ..... v. 154  
 — — — name of, omitted in F1; 2 Hen. IV. 160 ..... vi. 76  
 — — — on a fiddlestick; 1 Hen. IV. 188 ..... v. 258  
 Devil's crest; Meas. 94 ..... x. 68  
 Dewlap; Mids. Nt. 77 ..... iii. 261  
 Dew-lapp'd; Temp. 171 ..... xiii. 255  
 Deviously; Tw. Nt. 48 ..... vii. 240  
 Diana = the moon; Merch. 339. v. 175  
 — — — speech of; Per. 298 ..... x. 274  
 — — — in the fountain; As Y. L. 138 ..... vii. 175  
 Diana's foresters; 1 Hen. IV. 48. v. 242  
 Dian's bud; Mids. Nt. 227 ..... iii. 275  
 Dich; Tim. 42 ..... xi. 147  
 Dictynna; Love's L. 93 ..... i. 59  
 Die on, to; Two Gent. 46 ..... i. 168  
 — — — upon the hand, to; Mids. Nt. 120 ..... iii. 265  
 — — — with tickling; Ado. 180 ..... vii. 79  
 Died for hope; Rich. III. 625 ..... ix. 236  
 Dieted; All's Wl. 155 ..... viii. 155  
 Difference; Ado. 17 ..... vii. 62  
 Different, accentuation of, Errors, 122 ..... i. 117

vol. p.  
 Diffus'd; Hen. V. 270 ..... vi. 178  
 Dilated; Hamlet. 35 ..... ix. 207  
 Diminutives; Ant. 317 ..... xi. 280  
 Ding, dong, bell; Merch. 228 ..... v. 185  
 Dinner, hour of; Meas. 69 ..... x. 66  
 — — — Shrew. 174 ..... ii. 206  
 Directly; Coriol. 258 ..... xii. 95  
 Disappointed; Hamlet. 156 ..... ix. 218  
 Disasters in the sun; Hamlet. 21. ix. 205  
 Discandying; Ant. 276 ..... xi. 257  
 Disease; Temp. 229 ..... xiii. 260  
 Discharge; 2 Hen. VI. 86 ..... ii. 254  
 Disclaiming from; Hamlet. 624. ix. 260  
 Disclose, the; Hamlet. 323 ..... ix. 254  
 Discontent, thrall'd; Sonn. 320. xiv. 112  
 Discourse; Tw. Nt. 264 ..... vii. 253  
 — — — of reason; Hamlet. 57 ..... ix. 208  
 — — — Troil. 120 ..... viii. 239  
 — — — of thought; Oth. 216 ..... ix. 101  
 Discoveries; Troil. 230 ..... viii. 252  
 Discovery, voyages of; Two Gent. 27 ..... i. 167  
 Dis-ease; Mach. 252 ..... xi. 83  
 Diseases; Lear, 47 ..... x. 164  
 Disgest; Coriol. 26 ..... xii. 76  
 Dismember; John. 153 ..... v. 73  
 Dismes; Troil. 105 ..... viii. 238  
 Disnatur'd; Lear, 137 ..... x. 171  
 Dispar'd; Rich. II. 192 ..... iv. 50  
 Dispense with = pardon; Lucr. 72 ..... xiv. 55  
 Displease; Mids. Nt. 177 ..... iii. 270  
 Dispos'd; Love's L. 51 ..... i. 56  
 Disposer; Troil. 162 ..... viii. 242  
 Disposition; Troil. note 225 ..... viii. 248  
 Dispriz'd love; Hamlet. 306 ..... ix. 232  
 Dissembling; Rich. III. 42 ..... iv. 187  
 Dissentious; Venus, 49 ..... xiv. 24  
 Distance; Mach. 138 ..... xi. 73  
 Distemperature; Mids. Nt. 97. iii. 268  
 Distillation, summer's; Sonn. 12 ..... xiv. 96  
 Distill'd; Hamlet. 70 ..... ix. 209  
 Distilled; Romeo, 169 ..... ii. 73  
 Distraction; Merry W. 118 ..... vi. 251  
 Distrain; Rich. III. 648 ..... iv. 238  
 Division (in music); Romeo, 142. ii. 71  
 Doctor Shaw; Rich. III. 401 ..... iv. 217  
 Doctrine; Romeo, 23 ..... ii. 63  
 — — — as trisyllable; Wint. T. 10. xiii. 64  
 Document; Hamlet. 502 ..... ix. 250  
 Dog at a catch; Tw. Nt. 95 ..... vii. 243  
 — — — cut throat; Merch. 97 ..... v. 156  
 — — — dank as a; 1 Hen. IV. 91 ..... v. 247  
 — — — will have his day; Hamlet. 587 ..... ix. 257  
 Dogberry, name of; Ado. 207. vii. 82  
 — — — self-esteem of; Ado. 218. vii. 84  
 — — — vanity of; Ado. 318 ..... vii. 95  
 Dogs, racing; Merry W. 6 ..... v. 243  
 — — — whipper of; Two Gent. 103. i. 173  
 — — — of war; Jul. Cæs. 178 ..... vii. 73  
 Do him dead; 3 Hen. VI. 108. iii. 72  
 Doit; Coriol. 68 ..... xii. 79  
 Dole (in proverbial phrase); Shrew. 38 ..... iii. 195  
 Dolour (punningly); Temp. 100. xiii. 250  
 Dolphin; All's Wl. 87 ..... viii. 150  
 — — — 1 Hen. VI. 100 ..... xi. 151  
 — — — &c.; Lear, 279 ..... x. 181  
 Dolphin-chamber; 2 Hen. IV. 122 ..... vi. 74  
 Dolts; Ant. 317 ..... xi. 280  
 Don, as general title; Two Gent. 43 ..... i. 168  
 — — — John, hypocrisy of; Ado. 278 ..... vii. 90  
 — — — malevolence of; Ado. 77 ..... vii. 88  
 — — — plot of; Ado. 205 ..... vii. 82  
 — — — selfishness of; Ado. 69. vii. 87

Don Pedro in relation to Hero; Ado, 272. . . . . vii. 90  
 — Quixote, reference to; Shrew, 160. . . . . iii. 205  
 Done=finished; Mach. 72. . . . . xi. 66  
 Donzel del Febo, El, allusion to; 1 Hen. IV. 45. . . . . v. 242  
 Door, as dissyllable; Shrew, 135, iii. 204  
 Do't. Cymb. 97. . . . . xii. 188  
 Double-fatal yew; Rich. II. 216, iv. 81  
 — tongue of adders; Rich. II. 203. . . . . iv. 81  
 Doublet (anachronism); Jul. Cæs. 62. . . . . vii. 63  
 Dough, my cake is; Shrew, 204, iii. 208  
 Douglas as trisyllable; 1 Hen. IV. 294. . . . . v. 262  
 Dont=do out; Hen. V. 219. . . . . vi. 172  
 Douts=extinguishes; Hamlet, 552, ix. 253  
 Dove, Mahomet inspired by; 1 Hen. VI. 73. . . . . ii. 140  
 Dover Castle; John. 284. . . . . v. 83  
 Doves, to eat; Troil. 167. . . . . viii. 243  
 Do withal; Merch. 262. . . . . v. 168  
 Dowland, the musician, allusion to; Pilgr. 4. . . . . xiv. 132  
 Dowle; Temp. 175. . . . . xiii. 255  
 Down (in bed); Romeo, 146. . . . . ii. 72  
 — "Down a-down," &c.; Hamlet, 499. . . . . ix. 250  
 Doxy; Wint. T. 121. . . . . xiii. 72  
 Dozen, in indefinite sense; Hamlet, 615. . . . . ix. 250  
 Drachmas; Jul. Cæs. note 196, vii. 75  
 Dragon (metaphor); Lear, 33. . . . . x. 164  
 Dragons; 2 Hen. VI. 219. . . . . ii. 266  
 — Mids. Nt. 205. . . . . iii. 272  
 Dramatic treatment of events in; 2 Hen. IV. 29. . . . . vi. 68  
 Dram of eate; Hamlet, 114. . . . . ix. 215  
 Draw, to; Meas. 65. . . . . x. 66  
 — to (in execution); Ado, 191, vii. 80  
 — together; Troil. 384. . . . . viii. 256  
 Dress, anachronism in; Coriol. 68. . . . . xii. 79  
 — of Englishmen; Ado, 198, vii. 81  
 Dressing; Sonn. 189. . . . . xiv. 106  
 Dribbling; Meas. 35. . . . . x. 62  
 Dried cakes; 2 Hen. IV. 173. . . . . vi. 76  
 Drink, as good a deed as; 1 Hen. IV. 97. . . . . v. 248  
 Drinking customs in England; Oth. 104, 105. . . . . ix. 87  
 Drive upon; Tit. A. 52. . . . . xii. 263  
 Drollery; 2 Hen. IV. 134. . . . . vi. 74  
 — Temp. 167. . . . . xiii. 256  
 Dropping industry; Per. 218. . . . . x. 267  
 Drown; Ant. 296. . . . . xi. 259  
 Drown, honest; Ado, 110. . . . . vii. 71  
 Drowning, those saved from, superstition as to; Tw. Nt. 73. . . . . vi. 242  
 Drugs=drugges; Tim. 168. . . . . xi. 155  
 Drum; All's Wl. 136. . . . . viii. 153  
 — (metaphorically); 1 Hen. IV. 245. . . . . v. 258  
 Dry=thirsty; Troil. 151. . . . . vii. 241  
 — Temp. 86. . . . . xiii. 244  
 — dull; As Y. L. 60. . . . . vi. 166  
 Dry-bast; Romeo, 109. . . . . ii. 69  
 Dryden's play founded on "Troilus and Cressida." Troil. 301. . . . . vii. 254  
 Dry hand; Ado, 97. . . . . vii. 70  
 Dry-foot; Errors, 104. . . . . i. 116  
 Ducas, dead for; Hamlet, 404, ix. 241  
 — Venetian; Merch. 68. . . . . v. 164  
 Buckdams; As Y. L. 53. . . . . vii. 166  
 Dudgeon; Mach. 95. . . . . xi. 68  
 Due (as verb); 1 Hen. VI. 194. . . . . ii. 161  
 Duelling; As Y. L. 180. . . . . vii. 159  
 Duels, law as to; 2 Hen. VI. 136. . . . . ii. 239

Dugs=breast; Rich. III. 248. . . . . iv. 203  
 Duke = sovereign ruler; Hamlet, 364. . . . . ix. 238  
 — of Venice; Merch. 268. . . . . v. 168  
 Dull earth; Romeo, 60. . . . . ii. 66  
 Duller than a thaw; Ado, 118, vii. 72  
 Dull-ey'd; Merch. 253. . . . . v. 167  
 Dullness = drowsiness; Sonn. 134. . . . . xiv. 103  
 Dumb-show, why introduced; Hamlet, 353. . . . . ix. 236  
 Dump=dance; Romeo, 194. . . . . ii. 75  
 Dun, to draw, &c.; Romeo, 49. . . . . ii. 65  
 Duncan, successor to; Mach. 49, xi. 65  
 Dung; Ant. 362. . . . . xi. 265  
 Dunsmore Heath; 3 Hen. VI. 290. . . . . iii. 87  
 Dun's the mouse; Romeo, 48. . . . . ii. 64  
 Durance; Errors, 112. . . . . i. 117  
 — 1 Hen. IV. 51. . . . . v. 243  
 Dust, to shovel in; Wint. T. 183. . . . . xiii. 77  
 Dusty (death); Mach. 262. . . . . xi. 85  
 Dye, used punningly; John, 97, v. 67

## E.

E, mute, pronounced; Errors, 97. . . . . i. 115  
 Eager=bitter; Sonn. 302. . . . . xiv. 111  
 — =sharp; Hamlet, 107. . . . . ix. 214  
 — Hamlet, 164. . . . . ix. 218  
 Eagle, gazing at sun; 3 Hen. VI. 120. . . . . iii. 74  
 Eaning time; Per. note 195. . . . . x. 265  
 Eanlings; Merch. 90. . . . . v. 156  
 Ears, fire in (superstition); Ado, 183. . . . . vii. 80  
 Earth; Romeo, 25. . . . . ii. 63  
 — dull; Romeo, 60. . . . . ii. 66  
 Earthquake, historical; Romeo, 38. . . . . ii. 64  
 Earth's as dissyllable; Temp. 198. . . . . xiii. 257  
 Earthy cold; Hen. VIII. 233. . . . . xii. 177  
 Eastern; Hamlet, 81. . . . . ix. 206  
 Eaves-dropper; Rich. III. 633. . . . . iv. 237  
 Ebrew Jew; 1 Hen. IV. 155. . . . . v. 251  
 Echo=eke; Per. 145. . . . . x. 261  
 Ecclipses; Lear, 79. . . . . x. 106  
 Ecstasy; Mach. 228. . . . . xi. 81  
 Ed, final, unelided; Ado, 306, vii. 93  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 96. . . . . v. 151  
 — John, 25. . . . . v. 61  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 108. . . . . v. 257  
 — retained for metre; Mids. Nt. 86. . . . . iii. 262  
 — John, 318. . . . . v. 89  
 Edict; Mids. Nt. 23. . . . . iii. 266  
 — accent on; Meas. 77. . . . . x. 66  
 Edmund as atheist; Lear, 60. . . . . x. 105  
 Edward, King, march of army to Coventry; 3 Hen. VI. 294. . . . . iii. 87  
 Edward, Prince, murder of; 3 Hen. VI. 323. . . . . iii. 89  
 Edward III, doubtful play, allusion to; Sonn. 231. . . . . xiv. 108  
 Edward IV., badge of; 3 Hen. VI. 114. . . . . iii. 73  
 — accusations against; Rich. III. 898. . . . . iv. 217  
 — contract of marriage with Lady Lucy; Rich. III. 408. . . . . v. 218  
 — Lady Bona; Rich. III. 408. . . . . v. 218  
 — allegations against; Rich. III. 409. . . . . iv. 218  
 Eels, awaked by thunder; Per. 231. . . . . x. 268

Eel-skins; John, 42. . . . . v. 62  
 Effect=agent; Rich. III. 89. . . . . iv. 191  
 Effeminate; Rich. II. 305. . . . . iv. 88  
 Effect; Ado, 315. . . . . vii. 95  
 Egally; Rich. III. 447. . . . . iv. 221  
 Egerton, MS. play; Rich. II. 87, iv. 67  
 — Rich. II. 49. . . . . iv. 68  
 — Rich. II. 55. . . . . iv. 68  
 — Rich. II. 101. . . . . iv. 72  
 — Rich. II. 107. . . . . iv. 72  
 — Rich. II. 110. . . . . iv. 73  
 — Rich. II. 121. . . . . iv. 74  
 — Rich. II. 135. . . . . iv. 75  
 — Rich. II. 138. . . . . iv. 75  
 — Rich. II. 146. . . . . iv. 76  
 — Rich. II. 186. . . . . iv. 79  
 — Rich. II. 189. . . . . iv. 79  
 — Rich. II. 209. . . . . iv. 81  
 — Rich. II. 235. . . . . iv. 83  
 — Rich. II. 276. . . . . iv. 86  
 — Rich. II. 324. . . . . iv. 90  
 — John, 72. . . . . v. 65  
 Egg, as epithet; Mach. 206. . . . . xi. 80  
 Eggs for money, to take; Wint. T. 22. . . . . xiii. 65  
 Eggplantine; Mids. Nt. 125. . . . . iii. 265  
 Egyptian; Oth. 174. . . . . ix. 96  
 — Per. 183. . . . . x. 264  
 — thief; Tw. Nt. 288. . . . . vii. 254  
 Eisel; Hamlet, 584. . . . . ix. 256  
 — Sonn. 279. . . . . xiv. 110  
 Either, as monosyllable; Errors, 95. . . . . i. 113  
 — as monosyllable; Rich. III. 523. . . . . iv. 227  
 Elbows him; Lear, 352. . . . . x. 196  
 Eld; Merry W. 149. . . . . vi. 252  
 Element; Jul. Cæs. note 88. . . . . vii. 65  
 — un-Shakespearean use of; Hen. VIII. 39. . . . . xiii. 159  
 Elements; Ant. 192. . . . . xi. 250  
 — Sonn. 112. . . . . xiv. 102  
 — Hen. V. 190. . . . . vi. 170  
 — the four; Ant. 386. . . . . xi. 266  
 — the four; Tw. Nt. 83. . . . . vii. 242  
 Elephant, joints of; Troil. 137, vii. 241  
 Elephants, how caught; Jul. Cæs. 114. . . . . iii. 97  
 Eleven and twenty; Shrew, 152, iii. 205  
 Elizabeth, Princess, proclamation of; Hen. VIII. 280. . . . . xiii. 188  
 — Queen, addresses to; Mids. Nt. 261. . . . . iii. 278  
 — reference to; Mids. Nt. 109. . . . . iii. 264  
 — supposed allusion to death of; Sonn. 285. . . . . xiv. 109  
 — tribute to complexion of; Love's L. 132. . . . . i. 62  
 — Woodville, family of; Rich. III. 443. . . . . iv. 220  
 Elvish-mark'd; Rich. III. 136. . . . . iv. 104  
 Ely House; Rich. II. 102. . . . . iv. 72  
 Embarkements; Coriol. 95. . . . . xii. 81  
 Embassade; 3 Hen. VI. 257. . . . . iii. 94  
 Ember-eyes; Per. 3. . . . . x. 246  
 Emblems worn by gallants; Per. 110. . . . . x. 257  
 Embossed; All's Wl. 138. . . . . vii. 153  
 Emboss'd; Shrew, 8. . . . . ii. 192  
 Emmanuel; 2 Hen. VI. 255. . . . . ii. 270  
 Emperor; Tit. A. 77. . . . . xii. 254  
 — Sigismund, the reference to; Hen. V. 269. . . . . v. 177  
 — at Milan; Two Gent. 29. . . . . i. 167  
 Emulator; As Y. L. 9. . . . . vii. 160  
 Enamell'd; Mids. Nt. 126. . . . . iii. 265  
 Enamoured on; Ado, 104. . . . . vii. 71  
 Encounter; Wint. T. 89. . . . . xiii. 70  
 End, to; Coriol. 325. . . . . xii. 99  
 Endamagement; John, 88. . . . . v. 66



End crowns all; Troil. 275. . . . . viii. 251  
 Ended the market; Love's L. 67. i. 58  
 Endless (night); John. 306. . . . . v. 87  
 Endymion, prefixed line in; Sonn. 45. . . . . xiv. 98  
 Enforce, to; Coriol. 167. . . . . xii. 88  
 Enfranchising; Venus. 31. . . . . xiv. 23  
 Engaged; All's W. 192. . . . . viii. 157  
 Engine; Lear. 135. . . . . x. 171  
 Engineer; Haml. 442. . . . . ix. 245  
 — Troil. 180. . . . . viii. 240  
 England—the king; John. 176. v. 75  
 — partitioning of; 1 Hen. IV. 195. . . . . v. 254  
 England's Helicon, epithet in; Venus. 13. . . . . xiv. 23  
 — Helicon, pastoral song in; Pilgr. 23. . . . . xiv. 133  
 English as trisyllable; 1 Hen. VI. 100. . . . . ii. 152  
 — fashions; Ado. 141. . . . . vii. 74  
 — grammar, old, quotation from; Ado. 261. . . . . vii. 89  
 Englishmen as linguists; Merch. 67. . . . . v. 153  
 — dress of; Ado. 103. . . . . vii. 81  
 — fashion of dress of; Merch. 57. v. 153  
 Engross; Rich. III. 424. . . . . iv. 219  
 Engrossing; Romeo. 223. . . . . ii. 77  
 Ennius, passage from; Tit. A. 26. . . . . xii. 251  
 Enormous; Lear. 211. . . . . x. 176  
 Enrings; Mids. Nt. 224. . . . . iii. 274  
 Enseamed; Haml. 425. . . . . ix. 243  
 Enshield; Meas. 100. . . . . x. 68  
 Entertainment; Coriol. 239. . . . . xii. 93  
 Entitled; Sonn. note 93. . . . . xiv. 101  
 Entrance; 1 Hen. IV. 22. . . . . v. 240  
 — Per. 123. . . . . v. 258  
 Enviously; Haml. 460. . . . . ix. 247  
 Envy, accentuation of; Rich. II. 33. . . . . ix. 66  
 Epicurean; Ant. 91. . . . . xi. 225  
 Epicurea, the English; Macb. 247. . . . . xi. 83  
 Epidantium; Errors. 5. . . . . i. 109  
 Epidantus; Errors. 9. . . . . i. 109  
 Epilepsy, Othello's; Oth. 134, 135. ix. 98  
 Epithet, inverted position of; Macb. 170. . . . . xi. 77  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 174. . . . . ii. 159  
 — misplacement of; 1 Hen. VI. 200. . . . . vi. 162  
 — Rich. II. 333. . . . . iv. 83  
 Equal pound; Merch. 104. . . . . v. 167  
 Equipage; Merry W. 64. . . . . v. 248  
 Erasmus Colloquies, parallel passage in; Mids. Nt. 14. . . . . ii. 255  
 Ercole, reference to old play; Mids. Nt. 43. . . . . iii. 253  
 Ergo; Merch. 135. . . . . v. 159  
 Escoted; Haml. 252. . . . . ix. 225  
 Espials; Haml. 249. . . . . ix. 251  
 Essay; Lear. 74. . . . . x. 196  
 Essex, Earl of, arrest of; Hen. V. 258. . . . . vi. 177  
 Estate unto; Mids. Nt. 18. . . . . iii. 256  
 Estimation; Ado. 133. . . . . vii. 73  
 Estridges; 1 Hen. IV. 256. . . . . v. 250  
 Eternal; Haml. 640. . . . . ix. 262  
 — 3 Hen. VI. 223. . . . . iii. 82  
 — Jul. Cæs. 65. . . . . viii. 62  
 — blazon; Haml. 136. . . . . ix. 217  
 Ethics; Shrew. 26. . . . . iii. 194  
 Ethiope; Mids. Nt. 197. . . . . iii. 272  
 Et tu, Brute! Jul. Cæs. 158. . . . . vii. 73  
 Eumuch; Tw. Nt. 16. . . . . vii. 238  
 Euphues, influence of; Hen. V. 63. vi. 161  
 — Rich. II. 92. . . . . iv. 71  
 — Rich. II. 94. . . . . iv. 71  
 — parallel in; Haml. 454. . . . . ix. 246

Euphues, parallel in; Haml. 90. ix. 212  
 Euphuism, instances of; 1 Hen. IV. 47. . . . . v. 242  
 Evasions; Troil. 93. . . . . viii. 238  
 Even—as; Merry W. 167. . . . . vi. 253  
 — Christian; Haml. 556. . . . . ix. 254  
 Evening mass; Romeo. 163. . . . . ii. 73  
 Ever, as colloquialism; Coriol. 113. . . . . xii. 83  
 Everlasting garment; Errors. 102. i. 116  
 Evermore acknowledge thee; Sonn. 95. . . . . xiv. 101  
 Every day; Ado. 182. . . . . vii. 80  
 Evil, the=scrofula; Macb. 226. xi. 81  
 Evils; Meas. 88. . . . . x. 67  
 Example, as verb; Sonn. 207. xiv. 106  
 Exasperate; Macb. 177. . . . . xi. 77  
 Except before excepted; Tw. Nt. 10. . . . . vii. 230  
 Exclaim on; Merch. 239. . . . . v. 166  
 Excommunication, form of; John. 160. . . . . v. 73  
 — sentence of; John. 140. . . . . v. 71  
 Excrement; Love's L. 159. . . . . i. 65  
 Excrements; Haml. 480. . . . . ix. 243  
 Excusing; Sonn. 92. . . . . xiv. 101  
 Exempt; Errors. 52. . . . . i. 112  
 Exercise; Temp. 75. . . . . xiii. 247  
 — (physical); John. 207. . . . . v. 78  
 Exhalations; 1 Hen. IV. 170. . . . . v. 252  
 Exhale; Hen. V. 93. . . . . vi. 164  
 Exhibit a bill; Merry W. 48. . . . . vi. 247  
 Exhibitors; Hen. V. 47. . . . . vi. 161  
 Exhibition; Ado. 312. . . . . vii. 94  
 — Cymb. 79. . . . . xii. 181  
 — Two Gent. 33. . . . . i. 167  
 Exhortation; Merch. note 29. . . . . v. 151  
 Exigent; 1 Hen. VI. 132. . . . . i. 154  
 Exorcisms; 2 Hen. VI. 89. . . . . ii. 255  
 Exorcist; All's W. 201. . . . . viii. 157  
 Expedient; John. 69. . . . . v. 65  
 Expense, dear; Mids. Nt. 39. . . . . iii. 257  
 Expiate; Rich. III. 357. . . . . iv. 212  
 — Sonn. 56. . . . . xiv. 99  
 Expostulate; Haml. 225. . . . . ix. 221  
 — Rich. III. 445. . . . . iv. 220  
 Exposure; Coriol. 238. . . . . xii. 93  
 Extemporal; 1 Hen. VI. 145. . . . . ii. 156  
 Extend; Cymb. 7. . . . . xiii. 176  
 Extended; All's W. 80. . . . . viii. 149  
 — Ant. 82. . . . . xi. 239  
 Extent; As Y. L. 74. . . . . vii. 168  
 — Tw. Nt. 245. . . . . vii. 252  
 Extinct; Rich. II. 85. . . . . iv. 71  
 Extrip; Meas. 141. . . . . x. 72  
 Extracting; Tw. Nt. 299. . . . . vii. 256  
 Extra syllable, use of; John. 196. v. 246  
 — use of; 2 Hen. VI. 209. ii. 265  
 Extravagance, proverbial expression as to; As Y. L. 65. . . . . vii. 167  
 Extravagancy; Tw. Nt. 70. . . . . vii. 242  
 Extreme; Love's L. 216. . . . . i. 68  
 Eyases; Haml. 249. . . . . ix. 225  
 Eyas-musket; Merry W. 91. . . . . vi. 249  
 Eye, in, of; Two Gent. 30. . . . . i. 167  
 — in his; Haml. 463. . . . . ix. 247  
 — (of); Temp. 105. . . . . xiii. 250  
 — of death; 1 Hen. IV. 78. . . . . v. 246  
 — of heaven; Rich. II. 91. . . . . iv. 71  
 — (sees not itself); Jul. Cæs. 37. . . . . viii. 61  
 — table of (reflection in); John. 117. . . . . v. 68  
 — used as complex metaphor; Jul. Cæs. 45. . . . . viii. 61  
 Eyes=disposition; Coriol. 302. xi. 97  
 — =hawseholes; Ant. 118. . . . . xi. 245  
 — dark, typical of female beauty; Sonn. 329. . . . . ix. 112  
 — drop millstones; Rich. III. 160. . . . . iv. 197

## F.

Fables (verb); 1 Hen. VI. 195. . . . . ii. 161  
 Face, doubtful sense of; Per. 9. . . . . x. 247  
 — to a garment; 1 Hen. IV. 236. . . . . v. 262  
 Faced it (at cards); Shrew. 97. iii. 200  
 Face-royal; 2 Hen. IV. 64. . . . . vi. 70  
 Faces, upon their; Cymb. 271. . . . . xii. 194  
 Fact=evil deed; Wint. T. 91. . . . . xiii. 70  
 — =deed; Per. 233. . . . . x. 268  
 Fadge; Love's L. 162. . . . . i. 65  
 — Tw. Nt. 81. . . . . vii. 242  
 Faerie Queene, parallel in; Sonn. 173. . . . . xiv. 105  
 Fail, deep plots do; Haml. 589. ix. 257  
 Faint (primrose); Mids. Nt. 35. iii. 257  
 Fair=fairness; Mids. Nt. 32. . . . . iii. 257  
 — as dissyllable; Rich. III. 59. . . . . iv. 139  
 — (in abstract sense); Love's L. 81. . . . . i. 59  
 — (lords); 2 Hen. VI. 172. . . . . ii. 262  
 — not born; Sonn. 330. . . . . xiv. 112  
 Fairies, favours done by; Mids. Nt. 74. . . . . iii. 261  
 — disappearing at dawn; Mids. Nt. 210. . . . . iii. 273  
 Fair-play as adj.; John. 267. . . . . v. 84  
 Fair wife; Oth. 7. . . . . ix. 77  
 Fahry; Errors. 103. . . . . i. 116  
 — as trisyllable; Mids. Nt. 81. iii. 261  
 — Tales, Grimm's, parallel in; Ado. 38. . . . . vii. 64  
 Faithful Shepherdess, Fletcher's; Venus, note 17. . . . . xiv. 23  
 Fainters; 2 Hen. IV. 175. . . . . vi. 77  
 Falcon; As Y. L. 113. . . . . vii. 173  
 — Troil. 178. . . . . viii. 243  
 Falconry, simile from; Ado. 135. vii. 80  
 — terms in; Ant. 271. . . . . xi. 257  
 — term in; Oth. 154. . . . . ix. 94  
 — Tim. 113. . . . . xi. 152  
 Falcon's bells; Lucr. 86. . . . . ix. 54  
 Fall=fault; Tim. 206. . . . . xi. 153  
 — used punningly; 2 Hen. VI. 252. . . . . ii. 260  
 — to=to let fall; As Y. L. 120. vi. 173  
 — to, transitively; Jul. Cæs. 211. . . . . viii. 76  
 — to, in causative sense; Lear. 238. . . . . x. 178  
 Falling-sickness; Jul. Cæs. 60. viii. 48  
 False (verb); Cymb. 112. . . . . xii. 184  
 — (verb); Romeo. 114. . . . . ix. 40  
 — gallop; As Y. L. 83. . . . . vii. 169  
 — hair; Love's L. 184. . . . . i. 63  
 — use of; Merch. 227. . . . . v. 165  
 — Ado. 234. . . . . vi. 86  
 Falsehood; Merch. 95. . . . . v. 156  
 Falsing; Errors. 42. . . . . i. 112  
 Falstaff, euphuism in speeches; 1 Hen. IV. 47. . . . . iv. 242  
 — exaggeration of; 1 Hen. IV. 159. . . . . v. 251  
 — as man of family; 1 Hen. IV. 320. . . . . v. 264  
 — disguised as a woman; Merry W. 165. . . . . vi. 253  
 Fame as verb; Sonn. 208. . . . . xiv. 106  
 Fan (of nurse); Romeo. 94. . . . . ix. 93  
 — and wind; Troil. 315. . . . . viii. 255  
 Fancies; Shrew. 113. . . . . iii. 202  
 Fancy; Merch. 223. . . . . v. 165  
 Fangled; Cymb. 360. . . . . xii. 197  
 — Love's L. 6. . . . . i. 53  
 Fantasy; Mids. Nt. 10. . . . . iii. 255  
 Far=farther; Wint. T. 185. . . . . xiii. 77  
 Farced; Hen. V. 213. . . . . vi. 172  
 Fardel; Wint. T. 203. . . . . xiii. 79

Fardels; Haml. 309. . . . . ix. 238  
 Farewell = parting; 3 Hen. VI.  
 284. . . . . iii. 86  
 — dear heart, &c.; Tw. Nt. 106, vii. 244  
 Farming of the realm; Rich. II.  
 101. . . . . iv. 72  
 Fashion-monging; Ado. 341. . . . . vii. 99  
 Fashions, English; Ado. 141. . . . . vii. 74  
 — foreign; Rich. II. 107. . . . . iv. 72  
 Fa sol; Lear. 86. . . . . x. 167  
 Fast and loose; John. 144. . . . . v. 71  
 Fast in fires; Haml. 182. . . . . ix. 216  
 Fastolfe, Sir John, conduct of;  
 1 Hen. VI. 47. . . . . ii. 146  
 Fat and scant of breath; Haml.  
 631. . . . . ix. 260  
 Father = old man; Lear. 382. . . . . x. 189  
 — Merch. 136. . . . . v. 159  
 — had a; Sonn. 34. . . . . xiv. 97  
 Father-in-law; Rich. III. 605. . . . . iv. 234  
 Fat men, bill to put down; Merry  
 W. 48. . . . . vi. 247  
 — Caesar's preference for;  
 Jul. Cæs. 57. . . . . viii. 62  
 — rascals; 2 Hen. IV. 166. . . . . vi. 76  
 Fat-room; 1 Hen. IV. 134. . . . . v. 250  
 Fats; Ant. 150. . . . . xi. 249  
 Fawcett; 1 Hen. IV. 40. . . . . v. 241  
 Faucet, Helen, Miss, as Rosalind;  
 As. Y. L. 22. . . . . vii. 102  
 — 97. . . . . vii. 171  
 — 103. . . . . vii. 171  
 — 136. . . . . vii. 175  
 — 167. . . . . vii. 177  
 — 192. . . . . vii. 181  
 Favour; As Y. L. 176. . . . . vii. 179  
 — 1 Hen. IV. note 227. . . . . v. 257  
 Favours; Mids. Nt. 225. . . . . ix. 235  
 Fawning; Haml. 339. . . . . ix. 235  
 Fear = danger; 2 Hen. IV. 44. . . . . vi. 69  
 — (transitively); Meas. 49. . . . . x. 64  
 — to; Shrew. 65. . . . . iii. 197  
 Fear'd hopes; Cymb. 125. . . . . xii. 184  
 — Meas. 92. . . . . x. 68  
 Fears = objects of fear; Macb. 42. xi. 64  
 Feast, English, ending of; Rich.  
 II. 67. . . . . iv. 60  
 Feast-won, fast-lost; Tim. 78. . . . . xi. 150  
 Feated; Cymb. 11. . . . . xi. 176  
 Feather, fool and; Hen. VIII.  
 101. . . . . xiii. 164  
 Feathers worn on stage; Haml.  
 370. . . . . ix. 238  
 Feature; As Y. L. 107. . . . . vii. 172  
 — Two Gent. 44. . . . . i. 168  
 Fechter, reading of; Oth. 201. ix. 190  
 — reading of (iv. l. 245) v. 2. 1.  
 Oth. 243. . . . . ix. 104  
 Fed as well &c.; Jul. Cæs. 47, viii. 62  
 Fedary; Cymb. 157. . . . . xiii. 186  
 — Meas. 105. . . . . x. 68  
 Federary; Wint. T. 62. . . . . xii. 67  
 Feeders; Ant. 270. . . . . xi. 257  
 — Tim. 76. . . . . xi. 150  
 Fee-farm; Troil. 177. . . . . viii. 243  
 Fee-grief; Macb. 231. . . . . xi. 82  
 Fees; Tim. 122. . . . . xi. 153  
 Fell-lurking; 2 Hen. VI. 340. . . . . ii. 276  
 Fell of hair; Macb. 260. . . . . xi. 85  
 Fellow; Shrew. 129. . . . . ix. 203  
 — Rich. III. 576. . . . . iv. 231  
 Fellowly; Temp. 227. . . . . xiii. 260  
 Fellowship in woe, &c.; Lucr.  
 55. . . . . xiv. 65  
 Fells; As Y. L. 79. . . . . vii. 169  
 Felonious; 2 Hen. VI. 163. . . . . ii. 261  
 Felt, horses shod with; Lear. 375, x. 138  
 Female; Rich. II. 215. . . . . iv. 81  
 — (fairies); Cymb. 259. . . . . xii. 193  
 — interest in Rich. II. . . . . Rich.  
 II. 114. . . . . iv. 73

Fencing as leading to quarrelling;  
 Haml. 187. . . . . ix. 220  
 Fencing-scene, stage-direction in;  
 Haml. 632. . . . . ix. 261  
 Fennel as emblem; Haml. 605, ix. 250  
 — to eat; 2 Hen. IV. 191. . . . . vi. 78  
 Ferdinand, cousin, introduction  
 of; Shrew. 138. . . . . iii. 204  
 Fere = companion; Per. 8. . . . . x. 247  
 — Tit. A. 101. . . . . xii. 255  
 Fern-seed; 1 Hen. IV. 106. . . . . v. 248  
 Fet; Rich. III. 262. . . . . iv. 204  
 Fetches; Lear. 226. . . . . x. 177  
 Fettle; Romeo, 152. . . . . ii. 72  
 Fewer; Hen. V. 206. . . . . vi. 171  
 Pierce = excessive; Hen. VIII.  
 40. . . . . xiii. 160  
 Fierly Trigon; 2 Hen. IV. 198. . . . . vi. 73  
 Fife, Earl of; 1 Hen. IV. 31. . . . . v. 240  
 Fifteenth, a = a tax; 2 Hen. VI.  
 43. . . . . ii. 250  
 Fights; Merry W. 73. . . . . vi. 248  
 Figo; Hen. V. 182. . . . . vi. 170  
 Figures, world of; 1 Hen. IV. 84, v. 247  
 File = list; Hen. VIII. 45. . . . . xiii. 160  
 FIL'd; Macb. 132. . . . . xi. 73  
 — Sonn. 210. . . . . xiv. 106  
 Filled = polished; Pilgr. 20. . . . . xiv. 133  
 Fill-horse; Merch. 139. . . . . v. 150  
 Fills = shifts; Troil. 175. . . . . viii. 243  
 Finch-egg; Troil. 239. . . . . viii. 252  
 Find = to find out; Haml. 325. ix. 234  
 — (out); to; Hen. V. 54. . . . . vi. 161  
 Finder of madmen; Tw. Nt. 216, vi. 251  
 Fine = end; Ado. 42. . . . . vii. 64  
 — noun; Meas. 71. . . . . x. 66  
 — in double sense; Haml. 568, ix. 255  
 — to; Meas. 71. . . . . x. 66  
 Finsbury; 1 Hen. IV. 213. . . . . v. 256  
 Fire as dissyllable; Jul. Cæs.  
 160. . . . . vii. 72  
 — (cosmic system); Hen. V. 20, vi. 159  
 — drives out fire; Jul. Cæs.  
 166. . . . . vii. 72  
 — in ears; Ado. 183. . . . . vii. 80  
 — walking; Lear. 231. . . . . x. 182  
 Firebrand brother; Troil. 119, viii. 230  
 Fire-drake; Hen. VIII. 270. . . . . xiii. 182  
 Fire-new; Love's L. 12. . . . . i. 54  
 Fireworks, fights; Hen. VIII.  
 102. . . . . xiii. 164  
 Firk; Hen. V. 238. . . . . vi. 175  
 First-born of Egypt; As Y. L. 54, vi. 166  
 First-good; Hen. VIII. 109. . . . . xiii. 166  
 First-head, of the; Love's L. 62. i. 59  
 First house, gentlemen of the;  
 Romeo, 88. . . . . ii. 63  
 Fish, eat no; Lear. 96. . . . . x. 168  
 — strange; Temp. 130. . . . . xiii. 252  
 — ballad of; Wint. T. 174, xiii. 77  
 — street; 2 Hen. VI. 284. . . . . ix. 273  
 Fishmonger; Haml. 236. . . . . ix. 222  
 Fish-skin, cover for books; Romeo,  
 45. . . . . ii. 64  
 Hitchew; Troil. 298. . . . . viii. 252  
 Fits (technical term); Troil. 160, viii. 242  
 — (verb), formed from fit = par-  
 oxysm; Per. 95. . . . . x. 256  
 Five wits; Ado. 15. . . . . vii. 62  
 — Lear. 269. . . . . x. 180  
 — Tw. Nt. 258. . . . . vii. 253  
 Flaky darkness; Rich. III. 606, iv. 224  
 Flame-coloured; 1 Hen. IV. 42, v. 242  
 Flap-dragon; Love's L. 132. . . . . i. 64  
 Flap-dragns; 2 Hen. IV. 192, v. 78  
 Flap-long; Temp. 113. . . . . xiii. 261  
 Flaw (of wind); Coriol. 309. . . . . xi. 93  
 — winter's; Haml. 575. . . . . ix. 266  
 Flax and white eggs; Lear. 327, x. 185  
 Flay'd; Wint. T. 200. . . . . xiii. 78  
 Flea'd; Love's L. 173. . . . . i. 68

Fleet = float; Ant. 277. . . . . xi. 257  
 Flesh, to; John. 269. . . . . v. 84  
 Flesh'd; Tw. Nt. 248. . . . . vii. 252  
 Flibbertigibbet; Lear. 282. . . . . x. 182  
 Flight (in archery); Merch. 35. v. 151  
 — at the; Ado. 9. . . . . vii. 61  
 Flood; Mids. Nt. 103. . . . . iii. 263  
 — in a; Hen. V. 41. . . . . vi. 160  
 Floods, residence of spirits; Mids.  
 Nt. 207. . . . . iii. 273  
 Florentine; Oth. 6. . . . . ix. 77  
 — Oth. 134. . . . . ix. 91  
 Florentius, story of; Shrew. 53, iii. 196  
 Flote; Temp. 62. . . . . xiii. 246  
 Flourish = ornament; Sonn. 147, xiv. 108  
 — (figuratively); Rich. III. 138, iv. 104  
 — to (transitively); Meas. 161, x. 73  
 Flouted; Coriol. 164. . . . . xii. 88  
 Flouting Jack; Ado. 84. . . . . vii. 65  
 Flow in grief; Ado. 296. . . . . ix. 92  
 — o the Nile; Ant. 160. . . . . xi. 249  
 Flower-de-luce; Wint. T. 154, xiii. 75  
 Flowers, custom of strewing graves  
 with; Per. 212. . . . . x. 267  
 — dew on, compared to tears;  
 Lucr. 83. . . . . xiv. 66  
 — weeping; Troil. 26. . . . . viii. 232  
 Flower sonnet, xlix.; Sonn. 239, xiv. 108  
 Mowery tenderness; Meas. 119, x. 70  
 Flush = full of vigour; Haml. 306, ix. 240  
 Flushing; Haml. 58. . . . . ix. 208  
 Fly-slow; Rich. II. 77. . . . . iv. 70  
 Fob off, to; Coriol. 16. . . . . xii. 75  
 — to give a; Errors, 111. . . . . i. 117  
 Fob'd; Oth. 230. . . . . ix. 102  
 Foll = defeat; Cymb. 117. . . . . xii. 184  
 — = enhancement; Rich. II. 83, iv. 71  
 Folls, exchange of; Haml. 632, ix. 261  
 Foining; Ado. 338. . . . . vii. 99  
 Foison; Sonn. 130. . . . . xiv. 103  
 Foisons; Macb. 216. . . . . xi. 80  
 Fond and winnowed; Haml. 619, ix. 260  
 Fond on; Sonn. 200. . . . . xiv. 106  
 Fool = Cordelia; Lear. 431. . . . . x. 192  
 — death of; Lear. 310. . . . . x. 184  
 — (female); All's Wl. 162, viii. 155  
 — and a physician; Merry W.  
 112. . . . . vi. 251  
 — and death, allegory of; Per.  
 173. . . . . x. 264  
 — and feather; Hen. VIII.  
 101. . . . . xiii. 164  
 — and light; Hen. VIII. 30, xiii. 159  
 Fools, livery of; Romeo, 67. . . . . ii. 66  
 Fool's influence on Lear; Lear,  
 309, 310. . . . . x. 184  
 — attended (satirical allusion);  
 As Y. L. 13. . . . . vii. 161  
 Foot-cloth; 2 Hen. VI. 227. . . . . ii. 267  
 For = as; 3 Hen. VI. 340. . . . . iii. 91  
 — = for fear of; Sonn. 125, xiv. 102  
 — = for that; Meas. 54. . . . . x. 64  
 — = for fear of; 2 Hen. VI. 231, ii. 267  
 — = in spite of all; Mids. Nt.  
 115. . . . . iii. 204  
 For alliance; Ado. 181. . . . . vii. 73  
 For and — and cke; Haml. 564, ix. 255  
 "For donny sweet Robin," &c.;  
 Haml. 507. . . . . ix. 250  
 For mine ease; Haml. 608. . . . . ix. 259  
 For that = inasmuch as; Mids. Nt.  
 118. . . . . iii. 265  
 For the heavens; Ado. 83. . . . . vii. 69  
 "For the Lord's sake"; Meas.  
 176. . . . . x. 75  
 For why = because; Errors, 85. i. 115  
 Forage; John. 295. . . . . v. 84  
 Forbid; Love's L. 2. . . . . i. 52  
 Force = power; Merch. 191. . . . . v. 167  
 — to = to care; Love's L. 196. i. 63  
 — a play; Hen. V. 31. . . . . vi. 163



Ford's Love's Sacrifice; Oth. 141, ix. 92  
 Forehead; Two Gent. 112.....i. 174  
 Foresters, Diana's; 1 Hen. IV.  
 48.....v. 242  
 Forfeit; Rich. III. 232.....iv. 202  
 — in barber's shop; Meas. 207, x. 77  
 Forfeiture; Tim. 67.....xi. 149  
 Forgiveness, to ask; Meas. 165, x. 74  
 Fork (of arrow); Lear, 39.....x. 164  
 Forked; As Y. L. 35.....vii. 164  
 Forlorn; 1 Hen. VI. 57.....ii. 147  
 — as sub.; 3 Hen. VI. 219.....iii. 81  
 Form (punningly); Romeo, 89.....ii. 68  
 — to set a; Sonn. 217.....xiv. 107  
 Formal; Rich. III. 305.....iv. 207  
 Former = foremost; Jul. Cæs. 248.....viii. 79  
 Formerly; Merch. 310.....v. 172  
 Forsake (used absolutely); Hen. VIII. 128.....xiii. 108  
 Forspoke; Ant. 230.....xi. 254  
 Forth of; Jul. Cæs. 200.....viii. 75  
 Fortify; Sonn. 155.....xiv. 104  
 Fortinbras, expedition of; Hamlet. 461.....ix. 246  
 Fortune's Tennis Ball, plagiarisms in; Venus, 53.....xiv. 24  
 Forty = indefinite number; Errors, 116.....i. 117  
 — pence = half a noble; Hen. VIII. 153.....xiii. 169  
 — thousand; Oth. 165.....ix. 96  
 — winters; Sonn. 3.....xiv. 96  
 Forwearied; John, 90.....v. 66  
 Foundations (punningly); Cymb. 216.....xii. 190  
 Four = indefinite number; Hamlet. 235.....ix. 222  
 Fourteen years purchase; Tw. Nt. note 241.....vii. 252  
 Fowl, hurt; Ado, 111.....vii. 71  
 Fox = sword; Hen. V. 234.....vi. 174  
 Foxes, to fire; Lear, 408.....x. 191  
 Foxe's Acts and Monuments, incident from; Hen. VIII. 236, xiii. 177  
 Foxship; Coriol. 236.....ix. 98  
 Frame = order; Ado, 279.....vii. 90  
 — = to adapt; Sonn. 308.....xiv. 111  
 Frank'd up; Rich. III. 151.....iv. 196  
 Fraught; Cymb. 20.....xi. 177  
 Fraughting; Temp. 16.....xiii. 242  
 Fray'd; Troil. 173.....xiii. 243  
 Breckles (in cowslips); Mids. Nt. 67.....iii. 200  
 Freeman; Jul. Cæs. 254.....viii. 81  
 Free-town; Romeo, 11.....ii. 62  
 French, as spoken by the king; Hen. V. 974.....vi. 178  
 — character of; Merch. 55.....v. 153  
 — servility of; Hen. V. 163.....vi. 168  
 — heckleness imputed to the; 1 Hen. VI. 176.....ii. 159  
 — Sir Toby's; Tw. Nt. 169.....vii. 248  
 — vanity of; Hen. V. 163.....vi. 168  
 — crown-colour; Mids. Nt. 60, iii. 259  
 — crowns; Hen. V. 210.....vi. 171  
 — falcons; Hamlet. 267.....ix. 227  
 — fashions, imitation of; Hen. VIII. 101.....xiii. 164  
 — hose; Macb. 109.....xi. 71  
 — spoken on the stage; Hen. V. 168.....vi. 168  
 Frets; Shrew, 80.....iii. 199  
 Friar Laurence, eloquence of; Romeo, 133.....ii. 71  
 — Penker; Rich. III. 401.....v. 217  
 Friday, fair on; Troil. 19.....viii. 231  
 Friend = lover; Cymb. 45.....xi. 179  
 — Ado, 90.....vii. 69  
 — Romeo, 145.....vii. 72  
 Friendled; Hamlet. 182.....ix. 219

Friendled by his wish; Hen. VIII. 85.....xiii. 163  
 Friendships; Wint. T. 117.....xiii. 72  
 Frippery; Temp. 218.....xiii. 268  
 From = away from; Rich. III. 640.....iv. 237  
 — = beyond; Coriol. 181.....xii. 89  
 — = outside of; Rich. III. 532, iv. 227  
 Front, summer's; Sonn. 249.....xiv. 109  
 Frontier; 1 Hen. IV. 67.....v. 246  
 Frontlet; Lear, 118.....x. 169  
 Froth and lime; Merry W. 20.....vi. 245  
 Frush; Troil. 337.....viii. 256  
 Frustrate; Ant. 141.....xiii. 229  
 Fulfilling; Troil. 6.....viii. 229  
 Full (adverbially); Ado, 172.....vii. 78  
 — of bread; Hamlet. 395.....ix. 240  
 — of face; Per. 9.....x. 247  
 — of view; Cymb. 198.....xii. 189  
 Falsome; Rich. III. 616.....iv. 235  
 — Merch. 91.....v. 186  
 — Oth. 182.....ix. 97  
 Fumble with the sheets; Hen. V. 120.....vi. 106  
 Funeral bak'd meats; Hamlet. 63, ix. 209  
 Funerals; Tit. A. 25.....xii. 251  
 Fury = inspiration; Sonn. 244, xiv. 108  
 Fustilarian; 2 Hen. IV. 119.....vi. 73

G.

Gaberdine; Merch. 98.....v. 156  
 Gad, upon the; Lear, 73.....x. 166  
 Gadsbill; 1 Hen. IV. 60.....v. 245  
 — mistrust of; 1 Hen. IV. 98, v. 248  
 "Gag" use of; Ado, 311.....vii. 94  
 Galen, ref. to; Coriol. 111.....xii. 83  
 Gallant; Rich. III. note 202.....iv. 199  
 Galled eyes; Hamlet. 58.....ix. 208  
 — jade wince; Hamlet. 365.....ix. 238  
 — shore; Lucr. 104.....xiv. 57  
 Galliard; Tw. Nt. 33.....vii. 240  
 — Hen. V. 71.....vi. 162  
 Gallimaufry; Merry W. 52.....vi. 247  
 — Wint. T. 178.....xiii. 77  
 Galloway nags; 2 Hen. IV. 181, vi. 77  
 Gallowglasses; Macb. 6.....xi. 61  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 208.....ii. 274  
 Gallows, as epithet; Love's L. 165, i. 65  
 — in proverbial phrase; Temp. 9.....xiii. 242  
 Gam, Davy; Hen. V. 256.....vi. 176  
 Game (Philippine), allusion to a; Ado, 126.....vii. 72  
 Gamester; As Y. L. 10.....vii. 160  
 Gamut; Shrew, 108.....iii. 201  
 Gaping; Hen. VIII. 264.....xiii. 181  
 — pig; Merch. 275.....v. 169  
 Gaps = intervals; Per. 245.....x. 269  
 Garbolls; Ant. 54.....xii. 241  
 Garden-house; Meas. 200.....x. 76  
 Gardiner, Bishop; Hen. VIII. 140.....xiii. 168  
 Gargon; Love's L. 70.....i. 58  
 Gargantua's mouth; As Y. L. 92, vii. 170  
 Garland, wear the; Rich. III. 334.....ix. 210  
 Garments hung by the walls; Cymb. 182.....xii. 188  
 — to rip (figuratively); Cymb. 182.....xii. 188  
 Garrick as Lear; Lear, 235.....x. 178  
 Garters (in double sense); 1 Hen. IV. 111.....v. 248  
 Cascoigne's Supposes, reference to; Shrew, 49.....iii. 196  
 Gastress; Oth. 241.....ix. 104  
 Gather; 1 Hen. VI. 140.....ii. 155

Gaudy; Ant. 278.....xi. 257  
 — as epithet applied to day; 2 Hen. VI. 219.....v. 151  
 Gear; Merch. 80.....v. 157  
 Geck; Cymb. 306.....xii. 197  
 Gem = carbuncle; Hen. VIII. 151.....xiii. 169  
 General; Rich. III. 255.....iv. 204  
 — the; Jul. Cæs. 91.....viii. 65  
 — Meas. 95.....x. 68  
 — services; Cymb. 230.....xii. 191  
 Generation, under; Meas. 178.....x. 75  
 Generosity; Coriol. 30.....xiii. 191  
 Genius = guardian spirit; Macb. 130.....xi. 72  
 — (as herald of death); Troil. 245.....viii. 250  
 — Jul. Cæs. 98.....viii. 66  
 Gentility; Love's L. 9.....i. 53  
 Gentle; Macb. 158.....x. 75  
 — Temp. 94.....xiii. 249  
 "Gentleman" (character in Hamlet. 468.....ix. 247  
 Gentlemen of the first house; Romeo, 88.....ii. 68  
 Gentry = courtesy; Hamlet. 214.....ix. 221  
 George, order of the; Rich. III. 545.....iv. 228  
 — Stanley, age of; Rich. III. 608.....iv. 234  
 German boar; Cymb. 137.....xii. 185  
 — clock; Love's L. 77.....i. 58  
 — hunting; 2 Hen. IV. 185.....vi. 78  
 Germens; Macb. 194.....xii. 78  
 Gest; Wint. T. 5.....xiii. 64  
 Gestes; Ant. 299.....xi. 259  
 Ghost; 2 Hen. VI. 198.....ii. 264  
 — appears to Brutus; Jul. Cæs. 239.....viii. 78  
 Ghosted; Ant. 152.....xi. 248  
 Ghosts, superstition as to cross-ing; Hamlet. note 25.....ix. 205  
 — as to hidden treasure; Hamlet. 26.....ix. 206  
 — as to cock-crowing; Hamlet. 28.....ix. 206  
 — as to Hamlet. 71.....ix. 210  
 Ghost scene; Rich. III. 618.....iv. 234  
 Giant; Tw. Nt. 61.....vii. 241  
 Giant-dwarf; Love's L. 72.....i. 58  
 Giants; Cymb. 166.....xii. 187  
 Gib, name for a cat; Hamlet. 439, ix. 244  
 — cat; 1 Hen. IV. 54.....v. 243  
 Gifts, win with; Two Gent. 62.....i. 169  
 Giglot; 1 Hen. VI. 217.....ii. 164  
 Giglots, as noun; Meas. 209.....x. 77  
 Gild (with blood); Macb. 104.....xi. 70  
 Gilded; Temp. 246.....xiii. 261  
 Gillivors; Wint. T. 149.....xiii. 74  
 Gilt (punningly); Hen. V. 80.....vi. 163  
 — (with blood); John, 96.....v. 67  
 — nutmeg; Love's L. 211.....i. 68  
 Gimmals; 1 Hen. VI. 60.....ii. 147  
 Gipsy; Ant. 12.....xiii. 238  
 Gird, to; Coriol. 39.....xii. 77  
 Girdle break; 1 Hen. IV. 242.....v. 253  
 — round about the earth, to put; Mids. Nt. 112.....iii. 264  
 Give me favour; Hen. VIII. 61.....xiii. 161  
 — the boots; Two Gent. 7.....i. 165  
 — the nod; Troil. 42.....viii. 238  
 Glanced it; Errors, 124.....i. 117  
 Glass = beryl-stone; Meas. 78.....x. 66  
 — gray as; Two Gent. 111.....i. 174  
 — of light; Per. 29.....x. 249  
 Glasses; 2 Hen. IV. 133.....vii. 74  
 Glee; to; Mids. Nt. 162.....iii. 268  
 — to give the; Romeo, 195.....ii. 75  
 Glendower, introduction of; Rich. II. 197.....iv. 80



- Glendower, portents at birth of;  
1 Hen. IV. 195.....v. 254  
Glendower's daughter, poetical  
imagery of; 1 Hen. IV. 211.....v. 256  
Glib, to; Wint. T. 58.....xiii. 68  
Globe Theatre, motto of the; As Y.  
L. 66.....viii. 167  
— referred to; Hen. V. 31.vi. 160  
Glorious; Cymb. 62.....xii. 180  
Glory to his hand; John. 244.....v. 81  
Gloss; Ado. 187.....viii. 80  
Gloster, as trisyllable; Rich. III.  
367.....iv. 214  
— 1 Hen. VI. 80.....ii. 149  
— 1 Hen. VI. 89.....ii. 150  
— 1 Hen. VI. 179.....ii. 159  
— hypocrisy of; Rich. III. 416.iv. 218  
— Rich. III. 439.....iv. 220  
— made protector; Rich. III.  
104.....iv. 192  
— versatility of; Rich. III. 439.iv. 222  
— speech of; 3 Hen. VI. 210.....iii. 80  
— Duchess of, trial of; 2 Hen.  
VI. 138.....ii. 259  
— opposition to king's marriage;  
1 Hen. VI. 268.....ii. 170  
— speech of; 2 Hen. VI. 321.ii. 276  
— innocence of; 2 Hen. VI. 160.ii. 261  
— as heir of York; Rich. III.  
561.....iv. 230  
— abuse of the cardinal; 1 Hen.  
VI. 146.....ii. 156  
Gloucester, death of; Rich. II.  
37.....iv. 67  
— in Egerton play; Rich. II.  
37.....iv. 67  
— Lingard's opinion of; Rich.  
II. 37.....iv. 67  
— Holingbroke's relationship to;  
Rich. II. 38.....iv. 67  
Gloves (in cap); Lear, note 275.....x. 181  
— (perfumed); Ado. 242.....viii. 37  
Glow-worm, eyes of; Mids. Nt.  
103.....iii. 269  
Glozd; Troil. 125.....viii. 240  
Gnat, to; Temp. 13.....xiii. 242  
Gnatton, the; 2 Hen. IV. 68.....vi. 71  
Gnat; Love's L. 124.....i. 62  
Gnats, princes compared to; Per.  
122.....x. 258  
Go, pass current; 2 Hen. IV. 89, vi. 72  
— about with, to; Ado. 314. vii. 95  
— by, Jeronimy; Shrew. 3.....iii. 182  
— to the world, to; Ado. 132. vii. 73  
— All's Wl. 32.....viii. 146  
Goblets; 2 Hen. VI. 234.....ii. 267  
Gobbo, name of; Merch. 128.....v. 158  
— as clown; Merch. 121.....v. 158  
God=genius; Coriol. 130.....xii. 84  
— (statute of James I.); All's  
Wl. 149.....viii. 154  
— name of in text; 2 Hen. VI.  
365.....ii. 275  
— omission of name of; Mids.  
Nt. 282.....iii. 279  
— John. 316.....v. 89  
— 2 Hen. IV. 76.....vi. 71  
— 2 Hen. VI. 339.....ii. 278  
— 1 Hen. IV. 57.....v. 244  
— omission of phrase with name  
of; 2 Hen. IV. 171.....vi. 76  
— omission of passage with name  
of, in Ft.; 2 Hen. IV. 133.....v. 75  
— omission of name of, in Ft.;  
2 Hen. IV. 66.....vi. 71  
— as alternative to Heaven;  
2 Hen. IV. 82.....vi. 68  
— be w/ you; Haml. 198.....ix. 220  
— forbid significance of, Romeo,  
36.....ii. 64  
— Ado; Mach. 56.....xi. 86

- God 'lid you; Haml. 478.....ix. 243  
— sort all! Merch. 350.....v. 175  
God-den; Coriol. 110.....xii. 83  
God's senties; Merch. 132.....v. 159  
— yield, &c.; Ant. 284.....xi. 253  
Goes along; Per. 247.....x. 269  
Gold, value of; Merch. 179.....v. 162  
Golden blood; Mach. 118.....xi. 71  
— head, arrow with; Mids. Nt.  
30.....iii. 257  
— letter; Love's L. 168.....i. 65  
— gull; Sonn. 210.....xiv. 106  
Golding's Ovid, parallel in; Temp.  
221.....xiii. 259  
— Shrew. 190.....iii. 207  
Goudola; As Y. L. 129.....viii. 174  
Gondolier; Oth. 22.....ix. 79  
Gone out, as term in falconry; 2  
Hen. VI. 98.....ii. 256  
Goneril, character of; Lear, 117, x. 169  
— name of; Lear, 13.....x. 162  
Good; Temp. 2.....xiii. 241  
— = wealthy; Coriol. 6.....xii. 75  
— deed; Wint. T. 6.....xiii. 64  
— even; Haml. 61.....ix. 209  
— "horse to hire"; Ado. 46.....vi. 65  
— leave to leave; 1 Hen. IV.  
68.....v. 246  
— (man); Merch. 71.....v. 154  
— night (figuratively); 1 Hen.  
IV. 82.....v. 247  
— wine needs, &c.; As Y. L.  
193.....viii. 181  
Goodman; Lear, 188.....x. 174  
Goods; Shrew. 69.....iii. 198  
Good-year; Ado. 67.....viii. 67  
— years; Lear, 404.....x. 191  
Goose of Winchester; Troil. 351.viii. 258  
Gorballed; 1 Hen. IV. 114.....v. 249  
Gorhucud; Tw. Nt. 253.....viii. 253  
Gord (figuratively); Sonn. 276. xiv. 110  
— Troil. 216.....viii. 247  
Gorgon's head; Troil. 347.....viii. 257  
Gormandise; Merch. 155.....v. 160  
Gospell'd; Mach. 136.....xi. 73  
Gossip's bowl; Mids. Nt. 76.....iii. 261  
Goths (punningly); As Y. L. 108.vii. 172  
Gouts; Mach. 63.....xi. 68  
Governor of Paris; 1 Hen. VI.  
188.....ii. 160  
Gower, archaic language of cho-  
ruses; Per. 2.....x. 246  
Gower's Confessio Amantis; Per.  
passim  
— gown=dressing-gown; Romeo, 9.ii. 62  
Gowns, rug; Ado. 309.....viii. 94  
— of office; Ado. 309.....viii. 94  
Grace=favour; Ado. 71.....viii. 67  
— Mach. 281.....xi. 87  
— of grace; Mach. 281.....xi. 87  
— state of (quibblingly); Troil.  
157.....viii. 242  
Gracious; Two Gent. 83.....i. 171  
— (as peculiar epithet); Haml.  
300.....ix. 231  
— (of beauty); Ado. 270.....viii. 90  
Grant; Rich. III. 494.....viii. 290  
Grained; Coriol. 252.....xiii. 94  
— spots; Haml. 424.....ix. 243  
Grammar, peculiarities of:  
— Ablative absolute, instance of;  
Mach. 154.....xi. 75  
— Adjective, proleptic use of; Coriol.  
34.....xii. 76  
— used as adverb; Rich. III.  
385.....iv. 213  
— Rich. III. 43.....ix. 168  
— Rich. II. 59.....ix. 69  
— used as noun; 2 Hen. VI.  
80.....ii. 255  
— used as subs.; Wint. T. 96.xiii. 71

- Grammar, peculiarities of (cont.):  
— Adverb, used as adj.; Tit. A.  
129.....xii. 256  
— used for adj.; Temp. 123.xiii. 252  
— with verb of motion not ex-  
pressed; Coriol. 49.....xii. 77  
— Adverbs as nouns; Oth. 23.....ix. 79  
— After (as latinism); All's Wl.  
62.....viii. 148  
— Anacoluthon, instance of; Tim.  
169.....xi. 155  
— And, conditional; Coriol. 157. xii. 87  
— As=the relative; Lear, 28.....x. 168  
— redundant use of; Romeo,  
232.....ii. 78  
— much to say as; Tw. Nt.  
47.....viii. 240  
— that=because; Meas. 90.....x. 67  
— then=then; Meas. 196.....x. 76  
— Besides as preposition; Tw. Nt.  
258.....viii. 253  
— By, peculiar use of; Ado. 284.vii. 91  
— Can, elliptical use of; Haml.  
529.....ix. 252  
— Comparative, incorrect use of;  
Coriol. 56.....xii. 78  
— double, instance of; Hen.  
VIII. 56.....xiii. 161  
— Construction, elliptical; Per. 71.x. 253  
— Hen. VIII. 141.....xiii. 168  
— grammatical, difficult; Per.  
82.....x. 254  
— proleptic, instance of; Hen.  
VIII. 138.....xiii. 168  
— Dangerous, as adverb; 3 Hen. VI.  
38.....iii. 67  
— Dative case, elliptical use of;  
Merch. 255.....v. 168  
— Despised, use of participle for  
adj.; Rich. II. 182.....iv. 79  
— Double negative, instance of;  
Mach. 175.....xi. 70  
— Elision of final syllable in past  
participle; Love's L. note 35.....i. 55  
— Elliptical construction; Per. 71. x. 253  
— Rich. II. 272.....iv. 85  
— Errors, 107.....i. 116  
— John. 165.....v. 74  
— Mids. Nt. 108.....viii. 264  
— Mids. Nt. 256.....viii. 277  
— Merch. 15.....v. 160  
— line; Shrew. 7.....iii. 183  
— Shrew. 118.....iii. 202  
— expression; John. 237.....v. 81  
— Embarked, inverted position of  
participle; Mids. Nt. 103.....iii. 263  
— Escapen, as plural verb; Per.  
85.....x. 255  
— Fell=fallen; Tim. 169.....xi. 155  
— Genitive, double form of; John.  
41.....v. 62  
— subjective, instance of; Hen.  
VIII. 211.....xiii. 175  
— Grammar fault; Mach. 151. xi. 74  
— Grammatical accuracy, disregard  
of; Errors, 51.....i. 112  
— construction, difficult; Per.  
82.....x. 254  
— Heaven, as plural; Rich. II. 50. iv. 68  
— His=neuter possessive; Coriol.  
87.....xii. 80  
— as genitive; Tw. Nt. 197.vii. 250  
— as neuter possessive; Haml.  
72.....ix. 210  
— I, ungrammatical use of; Jul.  
Ces. 188.....viii. 74  
— Infinitive, contracted form of;  
All's Wl. 45.....viii. 147  
— old form of; Per. 83.....x. 254  
— the, to before; Tim. 136. xi. 153  
— as gerund; Tim. 48.....xi. 148

	vol. p.
Grammar, peculiarities of ( <i>cont.</i> ):	
Infinitive, gerundive; Tim. 65, xi.	149
— used without to; Jul. Cæs.	
224	viii.
It = them; Love's L. 1.	57
— sing. used instead of plural;	
Ant. 89	xi.
— as indefinite objective; Per.	
130	x.
— as possessive; Cymb. 199, xii.	189
— Lear, 123	x.
— Timou, 206	xi.
— used redundantly; Son.	
296	xiv.
— vaguely objective; Oth. 15, ix.	78
Its = possessive it; 2 Hen. IV.	
80	vi.
— Hamlet, 72	ix.
— Itself = herself; Ado, 271	ix.
Latinism, instance of; All's Wl.	
62	viii.
Lies (verb), as plural form; Temp.	
217	xiii.
Me (conversationally); Coriol.	
22	xii.
— for me; Temp. 34	xiii.
— ungrammatical use of; Jul.	
Cæs. 79	xi.
Mean, as singular; Ant. 191	x.
Merchandise, as plural; Ant.	
149	xi.
More better; Temp. 17	xiii.
Negative double, instance of;	
Cymb. 39	xii.
— Errors, 100	i.
2 Hen. VI. 211	ii.
News, as plural; Ant. 15	x.
Number, as plural; Tw. Nt. 10	vii.
Of, irregular use of; Temp. 101	xiii.
Participial form, old, terminating	
ende; Per. 85	x.
— form, irregular; Ant. 299, x.	255
— form, absolute, use of;	
3 Hen. VI. note 82	iii.
— irregular form of; Tw. Nt.	
67	vii.
— present, used for passive;	
Coriol. 117	xii.
Past participle in active sense;	
Merch. 238	v.
Pate, use of singular instead of	
plural; 1 Hen. VI. 152	ii.
Person of verb, irregular use of;	
Sonn. 49	xiv.
Plural instead of singular, use of;	
Love's L. 139	i.
— noun and singular verb;	
Mids. Nt. 184	iii.
— Rich. III. 358	iv.
3 Hen. VI. 119	iv.
— Merch. 92	v.
2 Hen. VI. 138	ii.
— Cymb. 235	xii.
— verb with singular substan-	
tive; John. 275	v.
— 1 Hen. IV. 221	v.
— verb ending in <i>es</i> ; Meas. 82	x.
— verb, 3rd person, ending in	
<i>s</i> ; Hamlet, 362	ix.
Positive joined to superlative	
adj.; Rich. III. 383	iv.
— Meas. 193	x.
— Merch. 248	v.
Possessive inflection, omission of;	
2 Hen. VI. 264	ii.
— 1 Hen. VI. 151	ii.
— neuter = his; Coriol. 87	xii.
Preposition omitted; Coriol.	
122	xii.
Present tense used instead of	
past; Ado, 265	vii.

	vol. p.
Grammar, peculiarities of ( <i>cont.</i> ):	
Preterite used for participle; 3	
Hen. VI. 82	iii.
Pronoun, first person, omission	
of; Meas. 103	x.
Pronouns, irregular use of; Cymb.	
18	xii.
Safe (as adv.); Lear, 411	x.
She, loose grammar for; Ant.	
268	xi.
Singular instead of plural, use	
of; 1 Hen. VI. 152	ii.
— Romeo, 6	ii.
— noun and plural verb; Lucr.	
11	xiv.
— noun and verb with plural	
possessive; Per. 76	x.
— noun with plural verb; 2	
Hen. VI. 178	ii.
— verb with plural noun; John.	
275	v.
— Rich. II. 106	iv.
— Romeo, 81	iv.
Sire = father; 1 Hen. VI. 138	ii.
Speken (as old infinitive); Per. 83	x.
353	xiii.
Subjunctive, obsolete form of;	
Coriol. 135	xii.
— use of; John. 268	x.
— used optatively; Ado, 105	vii.
Superlative adjective joined with	
positive; Rich. III. 388	iv.
Supply as singular or plural; John.	
294	v.
Than, mistaken for preposition;	
Jul. Cæs. 79	viii.
That, used elliptically; Jul. Cæs.	
92	viii.
Them, incorrectly for they; John.	
208	v.
Thou, used elliptically; Troil.	
note 276	viii.
To, redundant use of preposition;	
Hen. VIII. 126	xiii.
— omission of preposition;	
Mids. Nt. 16	xii.
— before infinitive; Tim. 136	xi.
— redundant infinitive, inser-	
tion before; All's Wl. 6	viii.
— irregular use before infinitive;	
Cymb. 304	xii.
— omission of before infinitive;	
Jul. Cæs. 224	viii.
— Meas. 151	x.
— Mids. Nt. 105	iii.
— be = of being; Coriol. 40	xii.
Took, as participle; 3 Hen. VI.	
82	iii.
Verb, irregular use of person of;	
Sonn. 49	xiv.
— mood of not agreeing with	
antecedent; Cymb. 129	xii.
— not agreeing with subject;	
Cymb. 38	xii.
— 3rd person plural, ending in	
<i>s</i> ; Cymb. 103	xii.
— singular with plural noun;	
Cymb. 103	xii.
— Temp. 7	xiii.
— Temp. 96	xiii.
Verbs ending in <i>t</i> , variation	
of 2nd person singular; Cymb.	
84	xii.
— ending in <i>t</i> ; Cymb. 278	xii.
Which the, as archaism; Merch.	
69	v.
— who; Rich. II. 286	iv.
— whom; Rich. III. 579	iv.
— following such; 3 Hen. VI.	
185	iii.

	vol. p.
Grammar, peculiarities of ( <i>cont.</i> ):	
Which substituted for who;	
Merch. 174	v.
Who, ungrammatical use of; Two	
Gent. 67	i.
Whom, for who; John. 222	v.
Grammar (Lilly's); Tit. A. 107	xii.
Grand-jurors; 1 Hen. IV. 116	v.
Grand tyrant; Rich. III. 502	iv.
Grange; Meas. 184	x.
— Oth. 19	ix.
Grant; Ado, 57	vii.
Granted to; 3 Hen. VI. 72	iii.
Grape, one, left; All's Wl. 94	viii.
Grating; Hamlet, 293	ix.
Grave = grievous; Ant. 314	x.
Graves, custom of strewing, with	
flowers; Per. 212	x.
Gravity; 2 Hen. IV. 87	vii.
Gravy; 2 Hen. IV. 87	vii.
Gray = russet; Mids. Nt. 212	iii.
— as glass, eyes; Two Gent.	
111	i.
Great-belly (as adj.); Hen. V.	
247	vi.
— (as contemporary allu-	
sion); 2 Hen. IV. 85	vii.
— morning; Troil. 239	viii.
Greed = agreed; Ant. 156	x.
Greek; Tw. Nt. 240	vii.
— merry; Troil. 34	viii.
— spoke; Jul. Cæs. 64	viii.
Green; Love's L. 23	ii.
— Shrew. 123	iii.
— (doubtful sense of); Love's	
L. 22	i.
— (fantastic allusion); Shrew.	
191	iii.
— grassy hillock; Per. 212	x.
Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia,	
parallels in; Wint. T. 86	xiii.
— imitated passages; Wint.	
T. notes 106, 109, 112	xiii.
— parallel in; Wint. T.	
145	xiii.
— Groatworth Worth of Wit,	
parodied line in; 3 Hen. VI.	
106	iii.
Green-eyed; Oth. 146	ix.
Grievances; Two Gent. 102	i.
Griffin's Fiddessa, parallel in; Plig.	
8	xiv.
Grim looks; Per. 12	x.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, parallel in;	
Ado, 88	vi.
Gripping grief; Romeo, 197	ii.
Grise; Tw. Nt. 180	vii.
Grizzled; Hamlet, 76	ix.
Groans (as affecting the blood);	
Merch. 21	v.
Groat, half-faced; John. 38	v.
Grossness; Troil. 86	viii.
— of this age; Rich. III. 295	iv.
Ground; Rich. III. 417	iv.
Groundlings; Hamlet, 329	ix.
Grounds more relative than this;	
Hamlet, 291	ix.
Grow, to (figuratively); All's Wl.	
66	viii.
— great; 1 Hen. IV. 320	v.
— to, to; Merch. 124	v.
Grudge, to; 1 Hen. VI. 159	ii.
Grudging, to eat without; Ado,	
247	vii.
Grumbling York; 2 Hen. VI.	
72	ii.
Grumio as clown; Shrew, 61	iii.
Grunt, to; Hamlet, 810	ix.
Guarded; Ado, 49	vii.
Guards = stars; Oth. 74	ix.
Gudgeon; Merch. 28	v.



	vol. p.
Guidon; Hen. V. 223.....	vi. 173
Guildestern, name of; Hamlet.	
209.....	ix. 221
Guiled; Merch. 228.....	v. 165
Guilt (punningly); Macb. 104.....	xi. 70
Guiltly creatures at a play; Hamlet.	
290.....	ix. 230
Gules; Hamlet. 272.....	ix. 228
Gull=cuckoo; 1 Hen. IV. 285.....	v. 261
(figuratively); Tim. 63.....	xi. 149
Gulls; Rich. III. 155.....	iv. 196
Gum; med'cinable; Oth. 265.....	ix. 107
— which oozes; Tim. 8.....	xi. 145
Gumm'd velvet; 1 Hen. IV. 109, v.	248
Gum-stones; Hen. V. 77.....	vi. 163
Gurney, James, characterized;	
John, 57.....	v. 64
Gust; Tim. 110.....	xi. 152
Guts, as coarse expression; Hamlet.	
443.....	ix. 245

## H.

H, the letter; Ado. 240.....	vii. 87
H, used punningly; Ant. 298.....	xi. 250
Haberdasher's wife of small wit;	
Hen. VIII. 271.....	xiii. 182
Habit=tabor; Hen. V. 186.....	vi. 170
Haiting; Oth. 45.....	ix. 82
Hadrian, Grotto's, parallel in;	
Romeo, 15.....	xi. 62
Haggard; Oth. 153.....	ix. 94
Haggard; Ado. 170.....	vii. 77
Ha, ha, he! (as quotation); Ado.	
291.....	vii. 89
Hail, thick as; Macb. 36.....	xi. 64
Hair=character; 1 Hen. IV.	
252.....	v. 250
— figuratively = wire; Sonn.	
note 337.....	xiv. 112
— against the; Troil. 29.....	vii. 232
— false; Love's L. 134.....	xi. 63
— Ado. 234.....	vii. 86
— Hen. V. 193.....	vi. 170
— practice of dyeing the; Sonn.	
330.....	xiv. 112
Haleyn; Lear. 196.....	x. 175
1 Hen. VI. 71.....	ii. 148
Hale, to (frequent recurrence of);	
1 Hen. VI. 253.....	ii. 168
Half-faced goat; John. 38.....	v. 62
— sun; Rich. III. 38.....	iv. 157
Half-faced sun; 2 Hen. VI. 296.....	ii. 268
Half-moon = room in tavern; 1	
Hen. IV. 144.....	v. 250
Halfpence (of silver); Ado. 156, vii.	76
Half that face; John. 37.....	v. 62
Hallowmas; Rich. II. 290.....	iv. 37
— custom; Two Gent. 34.....	i. 167
Haite (punningly); 1 Hen. IV.	
172.....	v. 252
Hamlet, Hystorie of, parallel in;	
Hamlet. 399.....	ix. 268
Hamlet, addition of actor in FI;	
Hamlet. 637.....	ix. 261
— age of; Hamlet. 50.....	ix. 268
— Hamlet. 571.....	ix. 255
— arranged for murder; Hamlet.	
599.....	ix. 253
— courtesy of; Hamlet. 59.....	ix. 269
— exclamatory line in Ghost's	
speech; Hamlet. 157.....	ix. 218
— freedom from superstitious	
beliefs; Hamlet. 71.....	ix. 210
— his bearing to his friends;	
Hamlet. 78.....	ix. 211
— immature line in Qq. not given	
in FI; Hamlet. 358.....	ix. 237

	vol. p.
Hamlet in fencing scene; Hamlet.	
632.....	ix. 261
— in relation to Players' Scene;	
Hamlet. 326.....	ix. 264
— insertion of "gag" (?); Hamlet.	
475.....	ix. 248
— interpolation by Qq.; Hamlet.	
483.....	ix. 240
— lines spoken as an aside;	
Hamlet. 431.....	ix. 243
— madness of, question of;	
Hamlet. 179.....	ix. 219
— mental acuteness of; Hamlet.	
74.....	ix. 210
— Mr. Irving's hye-play illus-	
trating "pajock;" Hamlet. 374, ix.	239
— Mr. Irving's interpretation of	
difficult passage; Hamlet. 291, ix.	230
— nervous excitement of, after	
scene with Ghost; Hamlet. 164, ix.	218
— Hamlet. 169.....	ix. 218
— omission of passage in FI;	
Hamlet. 126.....	ix. 216
— opening scene in; Hamlet. 1, ix.	202
— paradox in; Hamlet. 452.....	ix. 246
— parallel in; John. 174.....	v. 75
— Rich. III. 628.....	iv. 236
— Love's L. 202.....	i. 68
— Per. 95.....	x. 256
— parallel in Timon; Hamlet.	
562.....	ix. 254
— parallel scene in; Love's L.	
153.....	i. 64
— passage as in FI adopted;	
Hamlet. 468.....	ix. 247
— passage in prose (?); Hamlet.	
490.....	ix. 250
— omitted in FI; Hamlet.	
536.....	ix. 252
— restored in stage-version;	
Hamlet. 449.....	ix. 245
— passage suggested by North's	
Plutarch; Hamlet. 20.....	ix. 205
— printer's error in Qq.; Hamlet.	
503.....	ix. 257
— prose passage in Qq.; Hamlet.	
485.....	ix. 240
— reading adopted from Q. 1;	
Hamlet. 451.....	ix. 246
— sent to England; Hamlet. 441, ix.	244
— soliloquies in; Sonn. 161, xiv.	104
— speech of on seeing his uncle	
praying; Hamlet. 398.....	ix. 240
— Hamlet. 400.....	ix. 241
— Hamlet. 400.....	ix. 241
— of some dozen or six-	
teen lines; Hamlet. 238.....	ix. 229
— stage-direction in Qq. FI, re-	
vision of; Hamlet. 497.....	ix. 250
— twofold nature of; Hamlet.	
622.....	ix. 260
— use of inverted commas in	
text; Hamlet. 60.....	ix. 212
— words omitted in FI; Hamlet.	
543.....	ix. 253
— words omitted in Qq.; Hamlet.	
544.....	ix. 253
Hammering; Two Gent. 28.....	i. 167
Hand, to=to handle; Temp. 8, xiii.	242
— woman's, Shakespeare's re-	
verence for; Troil. 15.....	viii. 230
Handkerchief episode; Oth. 163, ix.	95
Handiest (punningly); Troil. 15, viii.	230
Hand-saw; Hamlet. 257.....	ix. 225
Handy-dandy; Lear. 371.....	x. 188
Hang (in punning allusion); Ado.	
191.....	vii. 50
— by the walls to; Cymb. 132, xii.	188
Hangers; Hamlet. 614.....	ix. 259
Hanging and drowning, &c. (pro-	
verb); Two Gent. 14.....	i. 165

	vol. p.
Hanging and wiving goes by des-	
tiny; Merch. 200.....	v. 163
Hangman (adj.); Two Gent. 106, i.	173
— =Cupid; Ado. 189.....	vii. 80
— wardrobe of; 1 Hen. IV. 53, v.	243
Hangman's axe; Merch. 283.....	v. 170
Hannibal, reference to; 1 Hen.	
VI. 103.....	ii. 151
— Gonsaga, saying of; 2 Hen.	
IV. 179.....	vi. 77
Ha, no, nonny; Lear. 278.....	x. 181
Happiest=most favourable; Hen.	
VIII. 31.....	xiii. 159
Happy man be his dole; 1 Hen.	
IV. 113.....	v. 249
— Shrew. 38.....	iii. 195
— Merry W. 110.....	vi. 250
Harbinger; Macb. 50.....	xi. 65
Hard-favour'd Richard; 3 Hen.	
VI. 327.....	iii. 89
Hardness; Cymb. 218.....	xii. 190
Hardy; 3 Hen. VI. 280.....	iii. 86
Hare, emblem of melancholy; 1	
Hen. IV. 56.....	v. 244
Harebell; Cymb. 261.....	xii. 193
Hare-finder; Romeo. 96.....	ii. 68
Harlot; Wint. T. 67.....	xiii. 68
Harlots; Errors, 185.....	i. 118
— branding of; Errors. 48.....	i. 112
Harmony in immortal souls;	
Merch. 338.....	v. 174
Harp, miraculous; Temp. 106, xiii.	250
Harpier; Macb. 181.....	xi. 77
Harried; Ant. 200.....	xi. 251
Harrows; Hamlet. 8.....	ix. 203
Harsnet, ref. to; Lear. 298.....	x. 180
— Lear. 274.....	x. 181
— Lear. 302.....	x. 183
— Lear. 317.....	x. 184
Hart (punningly); Jul. Cæs. 172, viii.	72
— Tw. Nt. 2.....	vii. 237
Hastings, sent to Tower; Rich.	
III. 52.....	iv. 188
Hatch, o'er the; John. 47.....	v. 63
— take the; John. 287.....	v. 85
Hatch'd, in silver; Troil. 58.....	viii. 234
— door; Per. 220.....	x. 208
Hats worn at meals; Merch. 140, v.	160
Haught; 2 Hen. VI. 71.....	ii. 253
Have after; Hamlet. 130.....	ix. 216
Have-at-him; Hen. VIII. 137, xiii.	168
Have it full; Ado. 25.....	vii. 63
— with you; Coriol. 134.....	xiii. 85
Havoc, cries on; Hamlet. 639.....	ix. 262
— cry; see Cry havoc.	
Hazard (at tennis); Hen. V. 74, vi.	162
He, unaccented or slurred; 1 Hen.	
IV. 200.....	v. 254
Head, crisp; 1 Hen. IV. 75.....	v. 246
Head of Suffolk brought on stage;	
2 Hen. VI. 243.....	ii. 265
— of war; John. 285.....	v. 85
— decapitated; exhibited on	
stage; Per. 21.....	x. 248
Headborough; Ado. 249.....	vii. 88
Hearken for; Shrew. 68.....	iii. 197
Heart (in old medical systems);	
Coriol. 20.....	x. 76
— (punningly); Jul. Cæs. 172, viii.	72
Heartburn'd; Ado. 79.....	vii. 68
Heat=heated; John. 193.....	v. 77
— to=to race; Wint. T. 11, xiii.	64
— take the; 2 Hen. IV. 292.....	v. 79
Heaven low; Love's L. 13.....	i. 54
— and the main; Oth. 70.....	ix. 54
— as plural; Per. 69.....	x. 252
— to earth; 1 Hen. IV. 300.....	v. 303
Heavens for the; Ado. 83.....	vii. 69
Hebenon; Hamlet. 152.....	ix. 217
Hebrew Jew; Two Gent. 55.....	i. 169
Hecate; Macb. 174.....	xi. 76

- Hecate, pronunciation of; Macb. 172. . . . . xi. 76  
 — song of; Macb. 174. . . . . xi. 76  
 — as dissyllable; Lear, 30. . . . . x. 163  
 Hecite; Haml. 450. . . . . ix. 246  
 Hedges = shuffles; Hen. VIII. 131. . . . . xlii. 172  
 Heed (in peculiar sense), subs.;  
 Love's L. 3. . . . . i. 53  
 Height, in the; Ado. 301. . . . . vii. 92  
 Heir (punningly); Errors, 87. . . . . i. 115  
 Helen, abduction of; Troil. 115. viii. 230  
 — Heine on; Troil. 165. . . . . viii. 242  
 Helicetus; Troil. 44. . . . . viii. 233  
 Helicanus, original of; Per. 43. x. 251  
 Hell = prison; Errors, 105. . . . . i. 116  
 — as plural; Rich. III. 508. . . . . iv. 225  
 Helm; 2 Hen. VI. 132. . . . . ii. 259  
 Helpful; Errors, 10. . . . . i. 110  
 Help of hatchet; 2 Hen. VI. 279. ii. 273  
 "Hem!" cry; 1 Hen. IV. 130. . . . . v. 250  
 Henchman; Mids. Nt. 101. . . . . iii. 268  
 Hendiadys, instance of; Meas. 28. . . . . x. 62  
 Henry IV., age of, exaggerated;  
 1 Hen. IV. 281. . . . . v. 261  
 — apoplexy of; 2 Hen. IV. 78. vi. 71  
 Henry V., conversion of; Hen. V. 39. . . . . vi. 100  
 — irony of; Hen. V. 178. . . . . vi. 162  
 — characteristic of; Hen. V. 162. . . . . vi. 168  
 — dismounted in battle; Hen. V. 254. . . . . vi. 176  
 — parallel in; 1 Hen. VI. 191. ii. 161  
 Henry VI., accession of; 2 Hen. VI. 292. . . . . ii. 274  
 — age on accession; 1 Hen. VI. 180. . . . . ii. 159  
 — escape of; 3 Hen. VI. 34. . . . . iii. 67  
 — coronation of; 1 Hen. VI. note 182. . . . . ii. 160  
 — fickleness of; 2 Hen. VI. 207. . . . . ii. 274  
 — marriage of; 1 Hen. VI. 266. ii. 169  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 34. . . . . ii. 249  
 — effects of marriage of; 1 Hen. VI. 273. . . . . ii. 170  
 — visit to France; 1 Hen. VI. 177. . . . . ii. 159  
 — age when married; 1 Hen. VI. 228. . . . . ii. 165  
 — escape of; 2 Hen. VI. 336. ii. 277  
 — momentary anger of; 3 Hen. VI. 59. . . . . iii. 68  
 Henry VIII., authorship of; Hen. VIII. 72. . . . . xlii. 162  
 — authorship of; Hen. VIII. 83. . . . . xlii. 163  
 — authorship of; Hen. VIII. 101. . . . . xlii. 164  
 — (v. 3) change of scene introduced; Hen. VIII. 249. . . . . xlii. 180  
 Hent; Haml. 398. . . . . ix. 241  
 — Meas. 104. . . . . x. 76  
 — Wint. T. 140. . . . . xlii. 74  
 Heuton, Nicholas; Hen. VIII. 87. . . . . xlii. 163  
 Her (banks); Jul. Cæs. 27. . . . . viii. 60  
 Heraldry, new; Oth. 173. . . . . ix. 96  
 Herb of grace; Rich. II. 250. . . . . iv. 84  
 Hercules, reference to; Merch. 118. . . . . v. 157  
 — shave; Ado. 227. . . . . vii. 84  
 Here-approach; Macb. 221. . . . . xi. 81  
 — as expletive; 2 Hen. VI. 152. ii. 300  
 Hereby (in double sense); Love's L. 27. . . . . i. 55  
 Hereford, as dissyllable; Rich. II. 29. . . . . iv. 66  
 — Rich. III. 476. . . . . iv. 23
- Hereford, Earldom of; Rich. III. 476. . . . . iv. 232  
 Hermione, dignified birth of; Wint. T. 69. . . . . xlii. 68  
 Herod of Jewry; Ant. 26. . . . . xi. 239  
 Hero of Sestos; As Y. L. 135. . . . . vii. 175  
 Herring without a roe; Troil. 293. . . . . viii. 252  
 He's mad, &c.; Lear, 300. . . . . x. 183  
 Hesperides; Per. 19. . . . . x. 248  
 Hey, dance the; Love's L. 164. . . . . i. 65  
 — nonino; As Y. L. 173, 174. vii. 179  
 — nonny, &c.; Ado. 150. . . . . vii. 75  
 Hey-day; Haml. 418. . . . . ix. 242  
 "Hey Robin" &c.; Tw. Nt. 257. vii. 253  
 Heywood's Woman kille, &c., allusion to; Shrew. 144. . . . . iii. 210  
 Hic et ubique; Haml. 174. . . . . ix. 219  
 Hide fox, &c.; Haml. 463. . . . . ix. 246  
 Hideousness, outward; Ado. 343. vi. 99  
 Hideous storm; Hen. VIII. 48. xlii. 160  
 High cross; Shrew. 37. . . . . iii. 195  
 — Italy; All's Wl. 63. . . . . viii. 148  
 High-gravel-blind; Merch. 129. v. 158  
 High-ones; Romeo, 41. . . . . ii. 64  
 High-proud; Lucr. 2. . . . . xiv. 53  
 Hilding; Hen. V. 220. . . . . vi. 173  
 — Shrew. 70. . . . . iii. 198  
 Hilt-sillock; 3 Hen. VI. 159. iii. 77  
 Hillo, ho, &c.; Haml. 169. . . . . ix. 218  
 Hilt; 1 Hen. IV. 157. . . . . v. 251  
 — Jul. Cæs. 255. . . . . viii. 81  
 Hind; Love's L. 25. . . . . i. 55  
 Hint, as a subject; Temp. 40. xlii. 244  
 Hippolyta; Mids. Nt. 1. . . . . iii. 255  
 Hiren; 2 Hen. IV. 175. . . . . vi. 77  
 Historical events; treatment of;  
 2 Hen. IV. 29. . . . . vi. 68  
 — episode; Love's L. 42. . . . . i. 50  
 — sequence altered for dramatic purposes; 3 Hen. VI. 296. . . . . iii. 87  
 Hit, as a verb; Merch. 245. . . . . v. 167  
 Hoar; Tim. note 158. . . . . xi. 155  
 — leaves; Haml. 547. . . . . ix. 253  
 Hob and Dick; Coriol. 161. . . . . xlii. 161  
 Hobby-horse; Love's L. 59. . . . . i. 57  
 — Ado. 201. . . . . vii. 82  
 Hog nob; Tw. Nt. 228. . . . . vii. 251  
 Hog in sloth, &c.; Lear, 277. . . . . x. 181  
 Hoise; 2 Hen. VI. 45. . . . . ii. 250  
 Hold, as interjection; Meas. 9. x. 60  
 — Jul. Cæs. 81. . . . . viii. 64  
 Hoking; Ant. 173. . . . . xi. 249  
 Hold up the hand on death-bed;  
 to; 2 Hen. VI. 218. . . . . ii. 268  
 Holladay; Hen. VIII. 243. . . . . xlii. 179  
 Hollashed, dramatist's adherence to; Hen. VIII. 159. . . . . xlii. 170  
 Hollar to cry; As Y. L. 93. . . . . vii. 170  
 Holland, price of; 1 Hen. IV. 237. v. 258  
 Holofernes, self-conceit of; Love's L. 99. . . . . i. 60  
 Holyst; Rich. III. 501. . . . . iv. 224  
 Holy = righteous; Temp. 226. xlii. 260  
 — King Henry; Rich. III. 574. iv. 231  
 Holy-ales; Per. 3. . . . . x. 246  
 Home-keeping; Two Gent. I. 1. i. 164  
 Homely; Two Gent. I. 1. . . . . i. 164  
 Homo (quotation); 1 Hen. IV. 108. . . . . v. 248  
 Honest (in familiar sense); Per. 95. . . . . x. 256  
 Honey (anointed with); Wint. T. 212. . . . . xlii. 70  
 Honey-bag; Mids. Nt. 216. . . . . iii. 273  
 Honey-dew; Tit. A. 75. . . . . xi. 253  
 Honey-heavy; Jul. Cæs. 118. . . . . viii. 60  
 Honey-stalks; Tit. A. 133. . . . . iii. 256  
 Honeysuckle; Mids. Nt. 223. . . . . iii. 274  
 Honorificabilitudinitatibus; Love's L. 151. . . . . i. 64
- Honour, your; Tim. 22. . . . . xi. 146  
 Hood, by my; Merch. 173. . . . . v. 102  
 Hoodman-blind; Haml. 421. . . . . ix. 242  
 Hooping; As Y. L. 90. . . . . vii. 170  
 Hope = expect; Ant. 94. . . . . xi. 248  
 Hopes, leaves of; Hen. VIII. 210. xlii. 175  
 Hopkins, Nicholas; Hen. VIII. 63. . . . . xlii. 161  
 Horace, reminiscence of; Sonn. 267. . . . . xiv. 110  
 Horatio, incredulity of; Haml. 5. ix. 208  
 — in relation to Ghost; Haml. 71. . . . . ix. 210  
 Horizon; 3 Hen. VI. 278. . . . . iii. 85  
 Horn (punningly); 2 Hen. IV. 69. vi. 71  
 — (cuckold's); Troil. 24. . . . . vii. 231  
 Horned moon; Mids. Nt. 274. . . . . iii. 279  
 Horologe; Oth. 110. . . . . ix. 89  
 Horse-hair producing serpents; Ant. 48. . . . . xi. 246  
 Horse of Dauphin; Hen. V. 189. vi. 170  
 Horses, diseases of; Shrew. 54. . . . . iii. 196  
 — training of; Merch. 167. . . . . v. 161  
 Horse's health; Lear, 300. . . . . x. 188  
 Hose, French; Macb. 109. . . . . xi. 71  
 Hostess's arithmetick; Troil. 218. viii. 248  
 Hot at hand; Jul. Cæs. 210. . . . . viii. 78  
 — days, influence of; Romeo, 104. . . . . ii. 69  
 — livers; 1 Hen. IV. 171. . . . . v. 252  
 Hotspur and his prisoners; 1 Hen. IV. 35. . . . . v. 241  
 — characteristic of; 1 Hen. IV. 129. . . . . v. 240  
 — character of; 1 Hen. IV. 106. v. 254  
 — imagination of; 1 Hen. IV. 83. v. 247  
 — age of; 1 Hen. IV. 225. . . . . v. 257  
 — name of; 1 Hen. IV. 293. . . . . v. 262  
 — dying reflections of; 1 Hen. IV. note 316. . . . . v. 264  
 — haughtiness of; Rich. II. 173. . . . . iv. 78  
 Hounds of Sparta; Mids. Nt. 234. . . . . ii. 275  
 Hours of dress; Sonn. 877. . . . . xiv. 114  
 Household coat; Rich. II. 198. iv. 80  
 Houses, all; Meas. 20. . . . . x. 61  
 Housewife; Ant. 343. . . . . xi. 262  
 Hovel, the; Lear, 292. . . . . x. 188  
 Howe, Mr., as Antonio; Ado. 330. . . . . vii. 98  
 Howlet; Macb. 185. . . . . xi. 77  
 Howling; Meas. 124. . . . . x. 70  
 "How should I" &c.; Haml. 473. . . . . ix. 248  
 Hoxes; Wint. T. 30. . . . . xlii. 66  
 Hubert, tempted by John; John. 231. . . . . v. 80  
 Huddled; Merch. 272. . . . . v. 169  
 Hue = form; Sonn. 51. . . . . xiv. 98  
 Hunger-mugger; Haml. 488. . . . . ix. 249  
 Hurling; Hen. VIII. 168. . . . . xlii. 171  
 Hum, to; Coriol. 283. . . . . xlii. 97  
 Human; Macb. 158. . . . . xi. 75  
 — mortals; Mids. Nt. 94. . . . . iii. 262  
 Humane; Troil. 228. . . . . viii. 248  
 Humbled; All's Wl. 27. . . . . viii. 146  
 Humble tongue; Love's L. 215. . . . . i. 68  
 Humorous; As Y. L. 24. . . . . vii. 162  
 — Coriol. 99. . . . . xlii. 81  
 Humour = temperament; 2 Hen. VI. 54. . . . . ii. 251  
 — = mental disposition; Haml. 212. . . . . ix. 221  
 Humours; Hen. V. 101. . . . . v. 164  
 Humphrey hour; Rich. III. 522. iv. 228  
 Hundred merry tales; Ado. 99. vii. 70  
 Hungarian; Merry W. 21. . . . . v. 245  
 Hunger-starved; 1 Hen. VI. 162. ii. 151  
 Hungry, the, now; John. 159. . . . . vi. 73  
 Hunt counter; 2 Hen. IV. 75. . . . . vi. 71



	vol. p.
Huntington as persona muta;	
Hen. V. 272.....	vi. 178
Hunt's up; Romeo, 144.....	ii. 72
Hurliburl; Macb. 2.....	xi. 60
Hurling; As Y. L. 153.....	vii. 177
Hash! Per. 61.....	x. 252
Huswife; Hen. V. 260.....	vi. 177
Hybla; 1 Hen. IV. 40.....	v. 243
Jul. Cæs. 243.....	viii. 79
Hymen, robes of; As Y. L. 184, vii. 180	
Hyperion; Hen. V. 214.....	vi. 172
Haml. 54.....	ix. 208
accent on; Tit. A. 150.....	xii. 257
Hyrcanian; Merch. 176.....	v. 162

## I.

Iachimo, duplicity of; Cymb.	
53.....	xii. 179
Iago, motive of; Oth. 67, 68.....	ix. 84
subtlety of; Oth. 130.....	ix. 97
and Roderigo; Oth. 18.....	ix. 78
Iceland dog; Hen. V. 90.....	vi. 163
Idea of March; Jul. Cæs. 33.....	viii. 61
Jul. Cæs. 95.....	viii. 65
Idle = barren; Errors, 54.....	i. 113
= crazy; Haml. 344.....	ix. 235
If case = in case; 3 Hen. VI. 314, iii. 89	
Ignomy; 1 Hen. IV. 318.....	v. 264
Meas. 104.....	x. 68
Ilad, parallel in; Troil. 331.....	viii. 256
Troil. 332.....	viii. 256
Troil. 344.....	viii. 257
Ilum; Troil. 30.....	viii. 232
I'll be with you straight; Shrew.	
140.....	iii. 204
Il-inhabited; As Y. L. 109.....	vii. 172
Il-nurtured; 2 Hen. VI. note 58, ii. 251	
Ilustrious; Cymb. 77.....	xii. 181
Il-well; Ado. 96.....	vii. 70
Ilyria; Tw. Nt. 8.....	vii. 238
Imagery, painted; Rich. II. 293, iv. 87	
Imbarr; Hen. V. 56.....	v. 101
Imitations; Jul. Cæs. 207.....	viii. 75
Immures; Troil. 3.....	viii. 220
Imogen, eyelids of; Cymb. 98, xii. 183	
Imp; Love's L. 18.....	i. 54
Impasted; Haml. 274.....	ix. 228
Impetech; Rich. II. 46.....	iv. 68
Impediment, inward; Ado. 259, vii. 88	
Imperfect line; 1 Hen. IV. 248.....	v. 253
Ado. 203.....	vii. 89
Impertious; Two Gent. 48.....	i. 168
Haml. 574.....	ix. 256
Impervious; Cymb. 231.....	xii. 191
Impertinuity; Lear. 379.....	x. 188
Impertinent; Temp. 41.....	xiii. 244
Impetuous, &c.; Tw. Nt. 89.....	vii. 243
Important; Ado. 86.....	vii. 69
Errors, 129.....	i. 118
Imposition; Merch. 63.....	v. 154
Impossible; Ado. 119.....	vii. 72
Impossthume; Haml. 466.....	ix. 247
Imprese; Rich. II. 193.....	iv. 80
Impress; Haml. 12.....	ix. 204
Troil. 101.....	viii. 238
Imprisons; Two Gent. 76.....	i. 171
Improvident; 1 Hen. VI. 112.....	ii. 152
In air; Rich. III. 379.....	iv. 215
arms (punningly); John. 134, v. 79	
by th' week; Love's L. 109.....	i. 65
capiti; 2 Hen. VI. 232.....	ii. 273
eye of; Two Gent. 30.....	i. 167
good time; Two Gent. 31.....	i. 167
happy time; Romeo, 149.....	ii. 72
his buttons; Merry W. 93, vi. 249	
his eye; Haml. 463.....	ix. 247
lieu of; Merch. 395.....	v. 176
Temp. 38.....	xiii. 244

In question; Ado. 232.....	vii. 85
stuff; Love's L. 109.....	i. 65
the effect; 2 Hen. IV. 182, vi. 74	
height; Ado. 301.....	vii. 92
neck of; 1 Hen. IV. 275, v. 200	
quill; 2 Hen. VI. 65.....	ii. 282
tub; Meas. 140.....	x. 72
way, wine; 2 Hen. VI.	
140.....	ii. 260
thy books; Shrew. 88.....	iii. 200
use; Merch. 313.....	v. 172
way of truth; Troil. 128.....	viii. 240
"In witness thereof"; Troil.	
179.....	viii. 244
"In youth", &c.; Haml. 559.....	ix. 254
Incapable; Rich. III. 246.....	iv. 203
Incardine; Macb. 105.....	xi. 70
Incarnation; Merch. 127.....	v. 158
Incens'd; Hen. VIII. 239.....	xiii. 179
Inch-meal; Temp. 127.....	xiii. 252
Incision (practice of lovers);	
Merch. 110.....	v. 157
Inclusive; All's Wl. 57.....	viii. 147
Incony; Love's L. 68.....	i. 58
Incorporal; Haml. 429.....	ix. 248
Indeed; Ado. 339.....	vii. 99
la; Haml. 482.....	ix. 249
Index; Haml. 412.....	ix. 242
Rich. III. 511.....	iv. 225
Indexes; Troil. 88.....	viii. 286
Indian; Oth. 263.....	ix. 107
dead; Temp. 130.....	xiii. 252
strange; Hen. VIII. 269, xiii. 181	
beauty; Merch. 229.....	v. 165
stones; 3 Hen. VI. 194.....	iii. 79
Indifferent; Shrew. 133.....	iii. 203
Indirection; Jul. Cæs. 222.....	viii. 77
John. 68.....	v. 65
Indirectly = wrongfully; John.	
68.....	v. 65
Sonn. note 164.....	xiv. 104
Indistinguish'd; Lear. 334.....	x. 189
Indite; Romeo, 95.....	ii. 68
Induction, analysis of; Shrew. 21, iii. 194	
Inductions; Rich. III. 46.....	iv. 185
Indurance; Hen. VIII. 244.....	xiii. 170
Industriously; Wint. T. 31.....	xiii. 66
Inexorable; Merch. 284.....	v. 170
Infallible; 2 Hen. VI. 117.....	ii. 253
Infection; Rich. II. 109.....	iv. 73
Infante; Ado. 153.....	vii. 76
Infam'd; John. 259.....	v. 83
Informal; Meas. 202.....	x. 76
Inform'd; Macb. 55.....	xi. 65
Ingenser; Oth. 77.....	ix. 85
Ingenuous instrument; Cymb.	
254.....	xiii. 193
Ingenuously; Tim. 83.....	xi. 150
Ingenuous sense; Haml. 582.....	ix. 256
Ingredients; Macb. 74.....	xi. 66
Inhabit; Macb. 168.....	xi. 75
Inhibition (of players); Haml.	
247.....	ix. 224
Iniquity (the Vice); Rich. III.	
305.....	iv. 207
Meas. 63.....	x. 65
Injury; John. 91.....	v. 67
Inkle; Love's L. 69.....	i. 58
Per. 264.....	x. 271
Inky blots; Rich. II. 112.....	iv. 73
Arm (figuratively); Rich. II. 282, iv. 86	
Innocence, as quadrasyllable; Rich.	
II. 79.....	iv. 79
Insnare root; Macb. 34.....	xi. 64
Insane; Love's L. 143.....	i. 64
Insanity, Shakespeare's treatment	
of; Lear. 355.....	x. 187
Insolup'd upon; Merch. 189.....	v. 162
Insisture; Troil. 62.....	viii. 235
Instance; All's Wl. 146.....	viii. 154
Instinct; 2 Hen. IV. 42.....	vi. 69

Instruction; Oth. 184.....	ix. 98
Insulating; 1 Hen. VI. 72.....	ii. 148
Insultment; Cymb. 216.....	xii. 190
Insuppressive; Jul. Cæs. 106, viii. 67	
Intelligencing; Wint. T. 73.....	xiii. 69
Intelligent; Wint. T. 40.....	xiii. 66
Intend = pursue; Sonn. 72.....	xiv. 100
Intending = pretending; Tim. 82, xi. 215	
Rich. III. 885.....	iv. 159
Interchanged; Mids. Nt. 136.....	iii. 206
Interress'd; Lear. 25.....	x. 163
Interjections; Ado. 261.....	vii. 89
Interlude, characters in; Mids.	
Nt. 54.....	iii. 250
Shakespeare's opinion of;	
Mids. Nt. 259.....	iii. 277
Intermissive; 1 Hen. VI. 41.....	ii. 145
Interpolated lines; Lear. 156.....	x. 172
passage? Lear. 202.....	x. 189
Interpret (at puppet-show); Two	
Gent. 37.....	i. 167
Tim. 11.....	xi. 146
Haml. 306.....	ix. 238
Interrogation, note of confusion as	
to use of; Hen. VIII. 209.....	xiii. 175
Interrogatories; John. 139.....	v. 71
Interrogatories; Merch. 367.....	v. 176
Intestate joys; Rich. III. 517, iv. 226	
Into = unto; All's Wl. 59.....	viii. 148
(truth); Temp. 23.....	xiii. 244
Intrenchant; Macb. 272.....	xi. 86
Intrinsic; Lear. 194.....	x. 174
Intrinsicate; Ant. 357.....	xi. 298
Inventory, Wolsey's; Hen. VIII.	
215.....	xiii. 175
Invisible (adverbially); John. 310, v. 88	
Inward bruise; 1 Hen. IV. 72.....	v. 248
impediment; Ado. 239.....	vii. 88
Inwardness; Ado. note 295.....	vii. 92
Ireland, freedom from venomous	
serpents; Rich. II. 128.....	iv. 74
Irish rat; As Y. L. 89.....	vii. 70
song, or ballad, reference to;	
Hen. V. 233.....	vi. 174
Irving, Mr., stage-direction (t. 3,	
230); Oth. 64.....	ix. 83
Is = he is; Errors, 107.....	i. 116
Island = Lesbos; Per. 274.....	x. 272
Islanders (in vague sense); 2 Hen.	
VI. 246.....	ii. 268
Islands, to discover; Two Gent. 27, i. 167	
I spy (children's game); Troil.	
163.....	viii. 242
Issue (as plural); Per. 52.....	x. 252
Italian, blunders in; Shrew. 25, iii. 194	
Italians as poisoners; Cymb. 156, xii. 186	
Italy, practice of travelling in;	
As Y. L. 129.....	vii. 174
fashions from; Rich. II. 107, iv. 72	
Iteration, damnable; 1 Hen. IV.	
58.....	v. 244
I the name of me; Wint. T. 123, xiii. 73	
Ivanhoe, parallel in; Merch. 14, v. 150	
Ivy, browsing of; Wint. T. 169, xiii. 71	
female; Mids. Nt. 224.....	iii. 274
I-wis; Merch. 197.....	v. 168
Iwis; Rich. III. 116.....	iv. 193

## J.

Jack (of clock); Rich. III. 489, iv. 223	
to kiss thee; Cymb. 88.....	xii. 193
to play thee; Temp. 211.....	xiii. 258
guardant; Coriol. 285.....	xii. 97
o' the clock; Rich. II. 521, iv. 89	
Jack-a-vent; Merry W. 92.....	vi. 249
Merry W. 188.....	vi. 253
Jacks; Ado. 349.....	vii. 90
Rich. III. 110.....	iv. 192

Jacks; Tim. 125 ..... xi. 153  
 — = tankards; Shrew. 131. .... iii. 203  
 Jacob's staff; Merch. 161 ..... v. 161  
 Jade = horse; Shrew. 86 ..... iii. 199  
 — = tired horse; 2 Hen. IV.  
 86 ..... vi. 68  
 Jaded, term of contempt; 2 Hen.  
 VI. 226 ..... ii. 267  
 — = spurned; Hen. VIII. 201, xiii. 174  
 James I., act of (3 Jac. I.), inter-  
 diction of name of God, &c.;  
 1 Hen. IV. 57 ..... v. 244  
 — act of; Rich. III. 195 ..... iv. 199  
 — Rich. III. 215 ..... iv. 201  
 — Rich. III. 449 ..... iv. 221  
 — John. 316 ..... v. 89  
 — statute for protection of trees;  
 Hen. VIII. 81 ..... xiii. 163  
 Jaques, as dissyllable; Love's L.  
 35 ..... i. 55  
 Jar = tick of clock; Rich. II. 320, iv. 39  
 — o' the clock; Wint. T. 7. xiii. 64  
 Jarracing; Rich. II. 325 ..... iv. 90  
 Jealous complexion; Ado. 127, vii. 72  
 Jealous hood; Romeo. 184 ..... ii. 74  
 Jephthah, ballad of; Hamlet. 261, ix. 226  
 Jest, to = to play, &c.; Rich. II.  
 71 ..... iv. 70  
 — upon, to; Errors. 35 ..... i. 112  
 — and pathos mingled; Merch.  
 303 ..... v. 171  
 Jet upon, to; Rich. III. 287 ..... iv. 206  
 Jew (an Hebrew); Two Gent. 55, i. 169  
 — as colloquialism; Love's L.  
 68 ..... i. 58  
 — of Malta (Marlowe's), parallel  
 line in; 3 Hen. VI. 174 ..... iii. 78  
 Jews, in relation to Christians;  
 Merch. 77 ..... v. 155  
 Jewel, seen in darkness; Sonn.  
 note 73 ..... xiv. 100  
 Jewess' eye; Merch. 162 ..... v. 161  
 Jig, in double sense; Hamlet. 278, ix. 223  
 Jig-maker; Hamlet. 850 ..... ix. 236  
 Jills = tankards; Shrew. 131 ..... iii. 203  
 Jinking passage; Ado. 4 ..... vii. 60  
 Joan; Love's L. 79 ..... i. 58  
 — of Arc, capture of; 1 Hen. VI.  
 238 ..... ii. 166  
 — execution of; 1 Hen. VI.  
 260 ..... ii. 168  
 — repudiates her parents;  
 1 Hen. VI. 253 ..... ii. 167  
 — scene with the fiends;  
 1 Hen. VI. 232 ..... ii. 165  
 — her birth; 1 Hen. VI. 64, ii. 143  
 — beauty of; 1 Hen. VI. 66, ii. 148  
 — stratagem of; 1 Hen. VI.  
 161 ..... ii. 159  
 — appeal to Duke of Bur-  
 gundy; 1 Hen. VI. 172 ..... ii. 158  
 — of Arc's recognition of the  
 king; 1 Hen. VI. 63 ..... ii. 148  
 Jog on; Wint. T. 139 ..... xiii. 73  
 John king, criminality of; John.  
 230 ..... v. 80  
 John's dreams; Hamlet. 286 ..... ix. 229  
 John Drum's entertainment; All's  
 Wl. 137 ..... viii. 153  
 John of Gaunt, age of; Rich. II.  
 37 ..... iv. 66  
 Join hands, to (at betrothal); John.  
 119 ..... v. 69  
 Joining; Ant. 31 ..... xi. 230  
 Joint-stool; Shrew. 85 ..... iii. 199  
 Jowl; All's Wl. 39 ..... viii. 146  
 Jourdan, Marjory; 2 Hen. VI.  
 123 ..... ii. 253  
 — prophecy of; 2 Hen. VI.  
 223 ..... ii. 266  
 Journal = daily; Meas. 178 ..... x. 75

Jove substituted for God; Tw. Nt.  
 210 ..... vii. 250  
 Jove's accord; Troil. 77 ..... viii. 235  
 — tree; 3 Hen. VI. 306 ..... iii. 83  
 Joy's soul; Troil. 43 ..... viii. 233  
 Judas, red beard of; As Y. L. 116, vii. 173  
 — Iscariot, reference to; Wint.  
 T. 43 ..... xiii. 66  
 Judgment, note of; Troil. 139, viii. 241  
 — before the; Errors. 105 ..... i. 116  
 Jug, as epithet; Lear. 125 ..... x. 170  
 Juliet, kissing; Romeo. 53 ..... ii. 65  
 — calmness of; Romeo. 157 ..... ii. 72  
 — speech of; Romeo. 74 ..... ii. 67  
 — suspicion of; Romeo. 173, ii. 74  
 — passion of; Romeo. 73 ..... ii. 67  
 — age of; Romeo. 24 ..... ii. 63  
 — tenderness of; Romeo. 77, ii. 67  
 Julietta, introduction of; Meas.  
 22 ..... x. 61  
 — pregnancy of; Meas. 91 ..... x. 61  
 Julio Romano; Wint. T. 224. xiii. 80  
 Julius Caesar, Polonius reference  
 to play of; Hamlet. 347 ..... ix. 236  
 Jump to = to risk; Macb. 73 ..... xi. 67  
 — to = to risk; Coriol. 190 ..... xii. 90  
 — = just; Hamlet. 11 ..... ix. 204  
 — = hazard; Ant. 230 ..... xi. 254  
 — = to agree; Tw. Nt. 295 ..... vii. 256  
 Jupiter, transformation of; Troil.  
 292 ..... viii. 252  
 Jure (coined word); 1 Hen. IV.  
 116 ..... v. 249  
 Justice, to do (colloquially); Oth.  
 107 ..... ix. 88  
 Justles; Troil. 244 ..... viii. 250  
 Just to the time; Sonn. 272 ..... xiv. 110  
 Juvenal; Mids. Nt. 153 ..... iii. 208  
 — proverb from; Troil. 339 ..... viii. 257

## K.

Kam, clean; Coriol. note 199. xii. 90  
 Kate, used punningly; Shrew. 34, iii. 199  
 Katharina, character of, in old  
 play; Shrew. 164 ..... iii. 205  
 — form of name; Shrew. 29, iii. 194  
 Katharine's lessons in English;  
 Hen. V. 163 ..... vi. 168  
 Kean, Charles, as Rich. II.; Rich.  
 II. 238 ..... iv. 83  
 — version of; Rich. II. 241, iv. 83  
 — John. 233 ..... v. 80  
 — John. 255 ..... v. 82  
 — John. 30 ..... v. 61  
 — revival of Hen. V. 81, v. 163  
 — Edmund, intensity of; Oth.  
 161 ..... ix. 95  
 — as Shylock; Merch. 75, v. 155  
 — Merch. 96 ..... v. 156  
 — introduction of song;  
 Rich. II. 243 ..... iv. 83  
 — studying Cassio; Oth.  
 109 ..... ix. 89  
 Keech = a lump of fat; 2 Hen. IV.  
 125 ..... vi. 74  
 — Hen. VIII. 41 ..... xiii. 160  
 Keel the pot; Love's L. 227 ..... i. 69  
 Keeper, lines assigned to; Rich.  
 III. 64, lines assigned to; iv. 189  
 — scope of character; Rich. III.  
 176 ..... iv. 197  
 Kemble as Cassio; Oth. 109 ..... ix. 89  
 Kemble's arrangement; Troil.  
 (i. l.) ..... viii. 230  
 Kemp as preface; Ado. 308 ..... vii. 93  
 Kendal green; 1 Hen. IV. 160 ..... v. 251  
 Kenilworth, entertainment at;  
 Mids. Nt. 109 ..... iii. 264

Kennel; 2 Hen. VI. 230 ..... ii. 267  
 Kent, people of; 2 Hen. VI. 276, ii. 272  
 Kerchief; Jul. Cas. 125 ..... viii. 68  
 Kerns; Macb. 6 ..... xi. 61  
 — Macb. 271 ..... xi. 61  
 — Rich. II. 127 ..... iv. 74  
 Kettle = kettle-drum; Hamlet. 629, ix. 260  
 Kettle-drum; Hamlet. 109 ..... xi. 215  
 Key (in music); Temp. 29 ..... xiii. 243  
 Kickshaws; Tw. Nt. 81 ..... vii. 239  
 Kicks-wicky; All's Wl. 108 ..... viii. 151  
 Kid-fox; Ado. 146 ..... vii. 75  
 Kill (figuratively); Troil. 229, viii. 249  
 — a wife with kindness; Shrew.  
 144 ..... iii. 204  
 — the heart, to; 1 Hen. VI. 251, ii. 167  
 Kill-hole; Wint. T. 169 ..... xiii. 76  
 Kin; Rich. II. 206 ..... iv. 85  
 Kin .. kind; Hamlet. 41 ..... ix. 207  
 Kind = human nature; Rich. II.  
 206 ..... iv. 85  
 — = natural; Lucr. 102 ..... xiv. 87  
 — in double meaning; Hamlet.  
 41 ..... ix. 207  
 — of self; Troil. 184 ..... viii. 244  
 Kindly; Ado. 269 ..... vii. 39  
 King, speech of; All's Wl. 60, viii. 148  
 — and the beggar; Love's L. 24, i. 65  
 — Edward, bastardy of; Rich.  
 III. 390 ..... iv. 216  
 — of France, attitude of; Hen.  
 V. 187 ..... vi. 170  
 — of Scots; Hen. V. 62 ..... vi. 161  
 — Stephano (ballad of); Temp.  
 212 ..... xiii. 258  
 "King Stephen was a worthy  
 peer"; Oth. 108 ..... ix. 87  
 King'd; John. 105 ..... v. 67  
 Kingly-poor; Love's L. 185 ..... i. 66  
 Kinsman = akin; Errors. note 126, i. 117  
 Kiss (at betrothal); Two Gent. 39, i. 167  
 — Rich. II. 239 ..... iv. 87  
 Kiss the mistress (term at bowls);  
 Troil. 176 ..... viii. 243  
 Kissing, custom of; Romeo. 53, ii. 65  
 — after dancing, custom of;  
 Hen. VIII. 117 ..... xiii. 167  
 — at wedding; Shrew. 120 ..... iii. 202  
 — carillon, a good; Hamlet. 237, ix. 222  
 Kite; Lear. 184 ..... xi. 171  
 —, lazar; Hen. V. 95 ..... vi. 164  
 Knapp'd; Lear. 230 ..... xi. 177  
 Knee, tribute of the; Rich. II.  
 100 ..... iv. 72  
 Knife (of time); Sonn. 133 ..... xiv. 105  
 Knives brought by guests; Tim.  
 41 ..... xi. 147  
 — women wearing; Romeo.  
 163 ..... ii. 73  
 Knock it (expression used of  
 music); Hen. VIII. 113 ..... xiii. 167  
 Knot-grass; Mids. Nt. 203 ..... iii. 272  
 Know = to examine; Meas. 50 ..... x. 64

## L.

Label; Romeo. 164 ..... ii. 73  
 Lace = adorn; Sonn. 163 ..... xiv. 104  
 Lac'd mutton; Two Gent. 11 ..... i. 165  
 Lad of the Castle; 1 Hen. IV.  
 50 ..... v. 243  
 Lade; 3 Hen. VI. 208 ..... iii. 80  
 Lady-bird; Romeo. 35 ..... ii. 64  
 Lady Lingare; Hen. V. 55 ..... vi. 161  
 Lady-smocks; Love's L. 225 ..... i. 69  
 Laertes in fencing scene; Hamlet.  
 682 ..... ix. 261  
 Laid (figuratively in bosom); Rich.  
 III. 620 ..... iv. 235



	vol.	p.
Lamb, as metaphor; Jul. Cæs.		
223.....	viii.	77
Laine, made; possible personal allusion to poet; Sonn. 97.....	xiv.	101
Lamentable; Mids. Nt. 44.....	ii.	258
Lammas-tide; Romeo, 37.....	ii.	64
Lamond; Hamlet 581.....	ix.	232
Lancaster, age of; Rich. II. 27, iv. 66.....		
— Duke of (incorrect title); 2 Hen. IV. 109.....	vi.	73
Land-damn; Wint. T. 57.....	xiii.	67
Landless; John, 48.....	v.	63
Landlord of England; Rich. II. 121.....	iv.	74
Langley; Rich. II. 241.....	iv.	83
Language in the eye; Troil. 259, viii. 251.....		
Languish as subs.; Ant. 305.....	xi.	265
Lantern; Romeo, 219.....	ii.	77
— in the poop; 1 Hen. IV. 232, v. 257.....		
Lap, in your; Hamlet 348.....	ix.	236
Lapland; Errors, 160.....	i.	116
Lapse to; Cymb. 217.....	xii.	190
Lapsed; Tw. Nt. 198.....	vii.	250
Lapwing; Ado, 169.....	vii.	77
— Errors, 101.....	i.	116
—, to seem the; Meas. 44.....	x.	68
—, shell on head of; Hamlet 617, ix. 259.....		
Larded; Hamlet 479.....	ix.	248
Lark, eyes of; Romeo, 143.....	ii.	71
— song of; Romeo, 142.....	ii.	71
Larks, how caught; Hen. VIII. 202.....	xiii.	174
Larum-bell; 2 Hen. IV. 210.....	vi.	79
Last, not least; Lear, 23.....	x.	168
— Jul. Cæs. 169.....	viii.	72
Latch; Macb. note 230.....	xi.	82
— twofold sense of; Sonn. 235, xiv. 110.....		
Latehold; Mids. Nt. 175.....	ii.	270
Lated; Ant. 240.....	xi.	255
— Macb. 143.....	xi.	74
Lath, dagger of; 1 Hen. IV. 154, v. 251.....		
Latin, jocular translation of; Shrew, 101.....	iii.	201
— lawyers pleading in; Hen. VIII. 175.....	xiii.	171
— used in exorcisms; Hamlet 7.....	ix.	203
Launcelot, original of speech of; Merch. 125.....	v.	168
Launce-launce; Ant. 366.....	xi.	263
Larvæ; Hen. V. 170.....	vi.	169
Law (at Venice); Merch. 254.....	v.	167
— (not dead); Meas. 76.....	x.	66
— as to victuals; 2 Hen. IV. 203.....	vi.	79
— of arms, in king's palace; 1 Hen. VI. 181.....	ii.	100
— as to parents and children; Mids. Nt. 11.....	ii.	255
Lawful act; All's Wl. 143.....	viii.	154
— prize; Oth. 32.....	ix.	80
Law-tricks, Day's, parallel in; Per. 92.....	x.	255
— Per. 91.....	x.	255
Lawyer, a character of; 1 Hen. VI. 125.....	vi.	154
Lawyers, satirical allusions to; Per. 92.....	x.	255
Lay about; Troil. 31.....	viii.	232
— a-hold, to; Temp. 11.....	xiii.	242
— to, double sense of; Tim. 115.....	xi.	152
— the devil; Hamlet 434.....	ix.	243
Lazar kite; Hen. V. 95.....	vi.	164
Lazars; Troil. 133.....	viii.	249
Lazarus in painted cloth; 1 Hen. IV. 266.....	x.	260
Lazy pacing; Romeo, 70.....	ii.	68
Lead = leaden coffin; 1 Hen. VI. 38.....	ii.	145
Lead apes in hell; Ado, 32.....	vii.	68

	vol.	p.
Lead apes in hell; Shrew, 72.....	xiii.	198
League; Merch. 215.....	v.	164
Lear, death of; Lear, 432.....	x.	192
— insanity of; Lear, 155.....	x.	172
— Lear, 260.....	x.	180
— Lear, 291.....	x.	182
— Lear, 355.....	x.	187
— Lear, 376.....	x.	188
— recovery of; Lear, 391.....	x.	190
— Lear, 402.....	x.	190
— tranquillized by Fool; Lear, 309, 310.....	x.	184
Lease, in; Sonn. 32.....	xiv.	97
— out by; Two Gent. 117.....	i.	174
Leash; 1 Hen. IV. 135.....	v.	250
Leasing; Tw. Nt. 52.....	vii.	241
Leathern jerkin; 1 Hen. IV. 145, v. 250.....		
Leave, to = to part with; Two Gent. 107.....	i.	173
— and pardon; Hamlet 38.....	ix.	207
Leaven (figuratively); Cymb. 184, xii. 188.....		
Leaven'd; Meas. 11.....	x.	61
Leavy; Macb. 267.....	xi.	86
Lecture, to read a; Rich. II. 274, iv. 86.....		
Leeks, to wear; Hen. V. 250.....	vi.	176
Leer = complexion; As Y. L. 130, vii. 175.....		
Leese, to = to loose; Sonn. 13.....	xv.	96
Leet; Shrew, 18.....	xiii.	193
Leets; Oth. 144.....	ix.	92
Legal knowledge, Shakespeare's. See Shakespeare as a lawyer. — terms, enumeration of; Hamlet 567.....	ix.	255
Legatine; Hen. VIII. note 207, xiii. 175.....		
Legerity; Hen. V. 204.....	vii.	171
Legions; 1 Hen. VI. 235.....	ii.	166
Legs (punningly); Tim. 60.....	xii.	149
Leicester as locality of scene; Hen. V. 35.....	vi.	160
Leiger; Meas. 117.....	x.	70
— Cymb. 59.....	xii.	180
Lent, license to butchers to kill in; 2 Hen. VI. 260.....	ii.	271
Lenten; Hamlet 244.....	ix.	223
— answer; Tw. Nt. 43.....	vii.	240
Leuay; Love's L. 63.....	i.	57
— Love's L. 65.....	i.	57
Leonato, anger of; Ado, 336.....	v.	98
Leontes, unkindly act of; Wint. T. 31.....	xiii.	69
Let down the wind; Oth. 154.....	ix.	94
Let his humorous blood; Troil. 140.....	viii.	241
Let slip, to; 1 Hen. IV. 59.....	v.	247
Let the world slide; Shrew, 2.....	iii.	162
Lether; Jul. Cæs. 171.....	viii.	72
Lether as a monosyllable; Romeo, 283.....	ii.	78
Letters, Cardinal's; Hen. VIII. 180.....	xiii.	172
— termination of; Ado, 48.....	vii.	65
— Ado, 50.....	vii.	65
— a letter; Lear, 380.....	x.	180
Letters-patents; Hen. VIII. 200, xiii. 174.....		
Level = aim; Wint. T. 68.....	xiii.	68
— Compl. 32.....	xiv.	124
— Sonn. 300.....	xiv.	111
— Hen. VIII. 70.....	xiii.	162
— figurative use of adj.; Tim. 144.....	xi.	164
Libbard; Love's L. 205.....	i.	68
Liberal; Ado, 272.....	vii.	90
— Merch. 148.....	v.	160
Liberties of sin; Errors, 22.....	i.	110
Libertines, slanderous; Ado, 100, vii. 70.....		
Lichas; Ant. 219.....	xi.	260
Lie, giving the; As Y. L. 180, vii. 180.....		
— in the woollen; Ado, 31.....	vii.	68
Lie (punningly); Jul. Cæs. 46, viii. 61.....		
Lieutenant's scarf; Ado, 109.....	vii.	71
Life, good; Temp. 177.....	xiii.	256

	vol.	p.
Life, pain of; Rich. II. 76.....	iv.	70
— in death; 2 Hen. VI. 196.....	ii.	264
Life's mortality; Lucr. 30.....	ix.	54
Lifter; Troil. 36.....	viii.	232
Light (doubtful meaning of); Troil. 25.....	viii.	231
— (punningly); Merch. 349.....	v.	175
— Meas. 205.....	x.	77
— o' love; Ado, 237.....	vii.	86
— "Light o' love"; Two Gent. 20, i. 166.....		
Lightning before death; Romeo, 230.....	ii.	77
Like of = like; Sonn. 55.....	xiv.	99
Likelihood; Rich. III. 368.....	iv.	214
Lilly, influence of; Ado, 23.....	vii.	62
— 1 Hen. IV. 47.....	v.	242
— Merch. 47.....	v.	152
— Ado, 174.....	vii.	79
Lilly's (parallel in Campaspe); Rich. III. 40.....	iv.	187
— (parallel in Endimion); Love's L. 154.....	i.	64
— (parallel in Euphues); Rich. II. 92.....	iv.	71
— Rich. II. 94.....	iv.	71
— grammar, passage from; Shrew, 40.....	iii.	195
Limbeck; Macb. 86.....	xi.	88
Limbo; Titus, 76.....	xii.	253
— Patrum; Hen. VIII. 275, xiii. 182.....		
Limbs of Limehouse; Hen. VIII. 274.....	xiii.	182
Lime, froth and; Merry W. 20, vi. 245.....		
— in sack; 1 Hen. IV. 152.....	v.	251
Lim'd; 2 Hen. VI. 75.....	ii.	253
Lincolnshire bagpipe; 1 Hen. IV. 55.....	v.	244
Line = lime-tree; Temp. 210.....	xiii.	258
Limes of life; Sonn. 40.....	xiv.	98
Ling; Temp. 14.....	xiii.	242
Lingers (transitively); Mids. Nt. 2.....	iii.	255
Link = torch; Shrew, 137.....	iii.	204
Links = torches; 1 Hen. IV. 234.....	v.	257
Linstock; Hen. V. 143.....	vi.	187
Lion (figuratively, in political sense); Tim. 175.....	xi.	156
— (with pole-axe); Love's L. 207.....	i.	68
— disposition of; As Y. L. 152, vii. 177.....		
— among ladies; Mids. Nt. 149, iii. 267.....		
Lions, superstition regarding; 1 Hen. IV. 166.....	v.	252
— in Capitol; Jul. Cæs. 78.....	viii.	64
Lipsbury; Lear, 177.....	x.	175
Liquor'd; 1 Hen. IV. 105.....	v.	248
Lisping; 2 Hen. IV. 199.....	vii.	78
Listen after; 2 Hen. VI. 83.....	ii.	264
Lists (in tournaments); Rich. II. 65.....	iv.	69
— (anachronism); Troil. (iv. 5) viii. 250.....		
— of advice; Meas. 2.....	x.	69
Lither; 1 Hen. VI. 215.....	ii.	104
Little finger, to break; 1 Hen. IV. 123.....	v.	249
Little-seeming; Lear, 50.....	x.	165
Live, to (of a ship); Tw. Nt. 11, vii. 235.....		
Livelihood; All's Wl. 5.....	viii.	144
Liver, the (figuratively); Cymb. 315.....	xii.	197
Livers, white; Merch. 225.....	v.	165
Liver-vein; Love's L. 113.....	i.	61
Livery, sue his; Rich. II. 152.....	iv.	74
Lizards, sting of; 2 Hen. VI. 208, ii. 295.....		
— 3 Hen. VI. 145.....	iii.	76
Lob; Mids. Nt. 69.....	iii.	260
Lobby, voiding; 2 Hen. VI. 232, ii. 267.....		
Lock to wear a; Ado, 229.....	vii.	85
Lockhart; Coriol. 124.....	xii.	34
Loecine, parallel in; Hamlet 545, ix. 253.....		
— Rich. III. 98.....	iv.	192

Lode-stars: Mids. Nt. 33. . . . . iii. 257  
 Lodg'd: 2 Hen. VI. 190. . . . . ii. 264  
 — Macb. 193. . . . . xi. 78  
 Lodge in a warren: Ado. 118. . . . . vii. 71  
 Lodge's Rosalynde: As Y. L. *passim*.  
 Loffe: Mids. Nt. 79. . . . . iii. 261  
 Loggats, to play at: Haml. 563. ix. 264  
 Lolling: Rich. III. 423. . . . . iv. 219  
 London, scene laid in: Hen. V.  
 35. . . . . vi. 160  
 — Bridge, traitors' heads on:  
 Rich. III. 338. . . . . iv. 211  
 London-stone: 2 Hen. VI. 270. . . . . ii. 272  
 Long live the king! Haml. 2. . . . . ix. 202  
 — motley coat: Hen. VIII. 29. xiii. 159  
 — pumple: Haml. 542. . . . . ix. 253  
 Longly: Shrew. 41. . . . . iii. 195  
 Long staff: 1 Hen. IV. 103. . . . . v. 248  
 Look about you: Shrew. 60. . . . . iii. 197  
 — big: 1 Hen. IV. 251. . . . . v. 259  
 — upon: Troil. 336. . . . . viii. 266  
 Look'd-for: 3 Hen. VI. 207. . . . . iii. 80  
 Looks on: Wint. T. 187. . . . . xiii. 77  
 Look: Macb. 249. . . . . xi. 83  
 Loon, as noun: Hen. VIII. 81. xiii. 163  
 Lop, as noun (abbreviated form of):  
 2 Hen. VI. 229. . . . . ii. 267  
 — Chamberlain: Hen. VIII.  
 96. . . . . xiii. 164  
 — of thy presence: John. 40. v. 62  
 — worshipped, &c.: Merch.  
 138. . . . . v. 159  
 "Lord have mercy on us": Love's  
 L. note 195. . . . . i. 67  
 Lordings: Wint. T. 9. . . . . xiii. 64  
 Loss (from shipwreck): Wint. T.  
 83. . . . . xiii. 69  
 — of question: Meas. 101. . . . . x. 68  
 Losses (Dogberry's): Ado. 318. vii. 95  
 Loud day: John. 298. . . . . v. 86  
 — music: Per. 127. . . . . x. 259  
 Louted: 1 Hen. V. 199. . . . . ii. 162  
 Love, symptoms of: Ado. 194. vii. 81  
 — Oth. 179. . . . . ix. 97  
 — = act of love: John. 192. . . . . v. 77  
 — = lover: Merch. 302. . . . . v. 171  
 — personified as feminine: Ant.  
 20. . . . . x. 228  
 Love-book: Two Gent. 5. . . . . ii. 164  
 Love-in-idleness: Mids. Nt. 111. iii. 264  
 Love-locks: Ado. 229. . . . . vii. 95  
 Lover: Coriol. 293. . . . . xii. 97  
 — Meas. 45. . . . . x. 63  
 Lover's fee: Mids. Nt. 185. . . . . iii. 270  
 — fresh case: Sonn. 270. . . . . xiv. 110  
 Love-springs: Errors. 74. . . . . ii. 114  
 Low heaven: Love's L. 13. . . . . i. 54  
 — (voice): 2 Hen. IV. 186. . . . . vi. 76  
 — Ant. 198. . . . . xi. 251  
 — in woman: Lear. 423. ix. 191  
 Lower, speak: Hen. V. 206. . . . . v. 171  
 — stage: Rich. II. 229. . . . . iv. 82  
 — world: Rich. II. 206. . . . . iv. 81  
 Lowly: 1 Hen. VI. 173. . . . . ii. 159  
 Lozel: Wint. T. 79. . . . . xiii. 69  
 Ludlow: Rich. III. 262. . . . . iv. 204  
 Lugg'd bear: 1 Hen. IV. 54. . . . . v. 243  
 Luns: Merry W. 128. . . . . v. 252  
 — Wint. T. 65. . . . . xiii. 68  
 Lungs, to come from the: Coriol.  
 18. . . . . xii. 75  
 Imperial: Jul. Cæs. 30. . . . . viii. 69  
 Lurch'd: Coriol. 146. . . . . xii. 86  
 Lush: Mids. Nt. 124. . . . . iii. 265  
 — Temp. 104. . . . . xiii. 250  
 Lust = pleasure: Troil. 252. . . . . vii. 250  
 — contrasted with love: Lucr.  
 69. . . . . xiv. 355  
 Lust-springs: Ado. 198. . . . . vii. 81  
 Luxurious: Ado. 262. . . . . vii. 89  
 Luxury = lust: Troil. 238. . . . . viii. 253

Luxury, Compl. 38. . . . . xiv. 124  
 Lycidas, Milton's, parallel in: Per.  
 169. . . . . x. 263  
 Lym = hound led in a line or leash:  
 Lear, 306. . . . . x. 183

## M.

Mab, queen: Romeo. 50. . . . . ii. 65  
 Macbeth, artificial language of:  
 Macb. 118. . . . . xi. 71  
 — reminiscences of: Cymb. 95. xii. 182  
 — in Dunsinane: Macb. 235. xi. 82  
 Machiavel: 1 Hen. VI. 258. . . . . ii. 168  
 — anachronistic allusion to: 3  
 Hen. VI. 216. . . . . iii. 81  
 Macmorris, incoherence of: Hen.  
 V. 158. . . . . vi. 167  
 Macready's version: Meas. (ii. 1.), x. 64  
 — As Y. L. (iv. 2) 142. . . . . vii. 176  
 — As Y. L. (v. 4) 185. . . . . vii. 180  
 Made against: Errors. 71. . . . . i. 114  
 Magician: As Y. L. 169. . . . . vii. 178  
 Magic-verses: 1 Hen. VI. 83. . . . . ii. 145  
 Magnifico and Clarissimo: Oth.  
 27. . . . . ix. 80  
 Magnificoes: Merch. 247. . . . . v. 167  
 Mahomet and the dove: 1 Hen.  
 VI. 73. . . . . ii. 149  
 Maid, free-y'd, &c.: 1 Hen. IV.  
 note 259. . . . . v. 259  
 — Marian: 1 Hen. IV. 240. . . . . v. 258  
 Main, the: Lear, 246. . . . . x. 179  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 48. . . . . ii. 261  
 — (source) the: Haml. 221. . . . . ix. 220  
 — battle: 3 Hen. VI. 36. . . . . iii. 67  
 Maine, the county: 1 Hen. VI.  
 248. . . . . ii. 167  
 Majesty, pronunciation of: Lear,  
 26. . . . . x. 163  
 Major (punningly): 1 Hen. IV.  
 190. . . . . v. 253  
 Make (in double sense): 1 Hen. IV.  
 262. . . . . v. 259  
 — all split: Mids. Nt. 49. . . . . iii. 258  
 — ropes, &c.: All's Wl. 150. viii. 154  
 — the door, to: Errors. 71. . . . . i. 114  
 Makeless = unmade: Sonn. 23. xiv. 97  
 Makes, as form of plural verb:  
 Meas. 82. . . . . x. 67  
 Male = parent: 3 Hen. VI. 330. iii. 90  
 — = bag: Love's L. 64. . . . . i. 57  
 Malefactors: Ado. 311. . . . . vii. 94  
 Malevolent: 1 Hen. IV. 36. . . . . v. 241  
 Malkin: Coriol. 123. . . . . xii. 84  
 Mallard: Ant. 237. . . . . xi. 255  
 Malt-horse: Shrew. 186. . . . . iii. 204  
 Mammerring: Oth. 138. . . . . ix. 92  
 Mammiet: Romeo. 155. . . . . ii. 72  
 Mammets: 1 Hen. IV. 130. . . . . v. 249  
 Mammot'd: Coriol. 53. . . . . xii. 78  
 Man i' the moon: Mids. Nt. 275. iii. 279  
 — new made: Meas. 75. . . . . x. 66  
 — of wax: Romeo. 42. . . . . ii. 64  
 Manacles, pronunciation of: Coriol.  
 812. . . . . xii. 99  
 Manage: Hen. VIII. 251. . . . . xiii. 180  
 — As Y. L. 5. . . . . vii. 100  
 Manager: Love's L. 23. . . . . i. 55  
 Mandragora: Ant. 79. . . . . xi. 242  
 — Oth. 199. . . . . ix. 94  
 Mandrake: 2 Hen. IV. 62. . . . . vi. 70  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 207. . . . . ii. 264  
 Mandrakes: Romeo. 179. . . . . ii. 74  
 Manes of horses, superstition con-  
 cerning: Romeo. 54. . . . . ii. 65  
 Manifest: All's Wl. 56. . . . . xii. 73  
 — Coriol. 51. . . . . xii. 73  
 Mankind (adj.): Wint. T. 72. . . . . xiii. 69

Mankind (accent on): Ant. 303. xi. 259  
 — adj.: Coriol. 235. . . . . xii. 98  
 Manner (elliptically): Rich. III.  
 403. . . . . iv. 217  
 — taken with the: Love's L. 15. i. 54  
 Mannintree ox: 1 Hen. IV.  
 186. . . . . v. 253  
 Manor of Picket-hatch: Merry W.  
 66. . . . . xi. 248  
 Mansionry: Macb. 64. . . . . xi. 66  
 Mantuan: Love's L. 97. . . . . i. 60  
 Manured: Oth. 63. . . . . ix. 84  
 Many many: Haml. 388. . . . . ix. 240  
 Map: 2 Hen. VI. 169. . . . . ii. 262  
 — new: Tw. Nt. 194. . . . . vii. 249  
 — of honour: Rich. II. 231. iv. 86  
 Marble heaven: Oth. 168. . . . . ix. 96  
 Marcellus, credulity of: Haml.  
 5. . . . . ix. 208  
 March-chick: Ado. 75. . . . . vii. 68  
 Margaret, Queen, character of:  
 2 Hen. VI. 29. . . . . ii. 249  
 — ill-temper of: 2 Hen.  
 VI. 81. . . . . ii. 254  
 — unpopularity of: 2 Hen.  
 VI. 68. . . . . ii. 252  
 — as a politician: 2 Hen. VI.  
 79. . . . . ii. 253  
 — personating Hero: Ado. 139. vii. 73  
 — taken prisoner: 1 Hen. VI.  
 240. . . . . ii. 166  
 Margent: Love's L. 50. . . . . i. 56  
 — Mids. Nt. note 90. . . . . iii. 202  
 Margold: Wint. T. 150. . . . . xiii. 74  
 — and influence of sun: Sonn.  
 66. . . . . xiv. 100  
 Mark = score: 2 Hen. IV. 113. . . . . v. 73  
 — as dissyllable: Jul. Cæs. 146. viii. 70  
 Market-place: Jul. Cæs. 178. viii. 73  
 Mark Lemon as Falstaff: 1 Hen.  
 IV. 105. . . . . v. 252  
 — my grave: Hen. VIII. 127. xiii. 163  
 Marl: Ado. 85. . . . . vii. 69  
 Marlowe, allusion to: As Y. L.  
 124. . . . . vii. 174  
 — parallel in: Romeo. 116. . . . . ii. 70  
 — Two Gent. 62. . . . . ii. 169  
 — Shakespeare indebted to:  
 Troil. 114. . . . . viii. 239  
 — supposed reference to death  
 of: Sonn. 188. . . . . xiv. 105  
 — and Shakespeare: 2 Hen. VI.  
 219. . . . . ii. 268  
 Marlowe's Dido, parallel in: Troil.  
 315. . . . . vii. 255  
 — song, "Come live", &c.:  
 Merry W. 82. . . . . vi. 249  
 — Tamburlaine, travestied line:  
 2 Hen. IV. 176. . . . . vi. 77  
 Marquess, accentuation of: 2  
 Hen. VI. 38. . . . . ii. 249  
 Marriage, liturgy of: Ado. 269. vii. 88  
 Married: Troil. 202. . . . . viii. 246  
 — Romeo. 43. . . . . ii. 64  
 Marrows: Tim. 162. . . . . xi. 155  
 Marry trap: Merry W. 11. . . . . vi. 244  
 Marselles, as trisyllable: Shrew.  
 95. . . . . ii. 200  
 Marshal, Norfolk as Earl: Rich.  
 II. 48. . . . . iv. 68  
 Mars his true moving: 1 Hen.  
 VI. 54. . . . . ii. 147  
 Marston, imitation of: Mids. Nt.  
 285. . . . . iii. 285  
 — allusion to Shakespeare  
 Venus. 1. . . . . xiv. 22  
 Marston's Pigmalion in relation to  
 Venus and Adonis: Venus. 2. xiv. 22  
 — parallel in: Venus. 2. xiv. 22  
 — Insatiate Countess, parallel  
 in: Haml. 281. . . . . ix. 229



- Martletmas; 2 Hen. IV. 146... vi. 75  
 Martlet; Merch. 190... v. 162  
 — Macb. 63... xi. 06  
 Marvellous, as dissyllable; Hamlet 184... xi. 219  
 Mary (for marry); 2 Hen. IV. 140... vi. 75  
 — Queen of Scots, execution of; John, 228... v. 80  
 — John, 228... v. 80  
 — reference to; Mids. Nt. 109... iii. 264  
 Mary-buds; Cymb. 104... xii. 183  
 Masked = fair-seeming; Per. 198, x. 265  
 — Enter Silvia; Two Gent. 116, i. 174  
 Masks, black; Meas. 100... x. 63  
 — (of ladies); Romeo, 22... ii. 63  
 — (on stage); Mids. Nt. 52... iii. 259  
 Mas per cultura; Per. 112... x. 257  
 Masque, introduction of; As Y. L. 188... vii. 180  
 — the, authenticity of; Cymb. 305... xii. 196  
 Masquerade, date of Wolsey's; Hen. VIII. note 96... xiii. 164  
 Massinger's A Very Woman, reminiscence of; Oth. 23... ix. 80  
 — Emperor of the East, reminiscence of; Oth. 212... ix. 101  
 Massy; Hamlet 390... x. 240  
 Master Lancelot; Merch. 184... v. 159  
 Mated; Errors, 82... ii. 114  
 — Errors, 187... ii. 118  
 — Macb. 239... xi. 82  
 Material; Lear 340... x. 186  
 Mathematics; Shrew. 73... iii. 198  
 Matin; Hamlet 159... ix. 218  
 Maundeville, legendary reference; 1 Hen. VI. 86... ii. 150  
 Mawkin; Per. 241... x. 239  
 May = can; Merch. 10... v. 154  
 May, morn of; Mids. Nt. 29... iii. 256  
 — morning; Tw. Nt. 217... vii. 251  
 May-day morning; Hen. VIII. 265... xiii. 181  
 Meas; Temp. 166... xii. 255  
 Measur'd; 1 Hen. VI. 106... ii. 161  
 Me, as expective; Jul. Cæs. 62... viii. 63  
 Mead; Meas. 167... x. 74  
 Mead (quaintly); Merch. 48... v. 152  
 — means; Hen. VIII. 259, xiii. 180  
 — to, to; Ado. 330... vii. 98  
 Means; Lear 330... x. 186  
 Measles; Coriol. 179... xii. 89  
 Measure (backward); John. 363, v. 37  
 — for Measure; Meas. 216... x. 78  
 Measures (dance); As Y. L. 191, vii. 181  
 Meat grudging; Tim. 38... xi. 147  
 Mechanical; Jul. Cæs. 17... viii. 69  
 — Merry W. 77... vi. 248  
 Medal; Wint. T. 36... xiii. 66  
 Middle nor make; Troil. 12... viii. 230  
 — Ado. 213... vii. 83  
 Medea, allusion to; 2 Hen. VI. 833... ii. 277  
 Medicine; All's Wl. 71... viii. 149  
 — = alchemy; All's Wl. 128... viii. 157  
 Medicines = love potions; 1 Hen. IV. 110... v. 248  
 Meet, to (intransitively); Meas. 154... x. 73  
 — with, to; Temp. 204... xii. 238  
 — to; Ado. 12... vii. 61  
 Meg = Margaret; 2 Hen. VI. 184, ii. 243  
 Meiny; Lear 222... x. 177  
 Melancholy, affectation of; As Y. L. 128... vii. 174  
 — Sonn. 820... xiv. 112  
 — (in doubtful sense); Rich. III. 601... iv. 233  
 Mellow, as verb; Tw. Nt. 16... vii. 238
- Memories; Lear 386... x. 189  
 Menachmi (W. W.'s); Errors, 15, i. 110  
 — Errors, 20... i. 110  
 — Errors, 55... i. 113  
 Mend our dinner; Errors, 118... i. 117  
 Mends, has the, &c.; Troil. 18, viii. 231  
 Menteith, Earl of; 1 Hen. IV. 31... v. 240  
 Mercatante; Shrew. 154... iii. 205  
 Merchant; Temp. 99... xiii. 250  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 122... ii. 153  
 Merchant; Errors, 16... i. 110  
 Merchant of Venice, parallel in; Two Gent. 15... i. 165  
 Mercheta mulierum; 2 Hen. VI. 281... ii. 273  
 Mercutio, death of; Romeo, 111, ii. 69  
 Mere; Oth. 94... ix. 86  
 Mered; Ant. 260... xi. 256  
 Merely; Jul. Cæs. 35... viii. 61  
 Merlu; Lear 262... x. 180  
 Mermaid on Dolphin's back; Mids. Nt. 109... iii. 264  
 Merry Greek; Troil. 34... viii. 232  
 — Tales; Ado. 80... vii. 68  
 — Wives, peculiarities of speech, treatment of; Merry W. 3... vi. 243  
 — pastoral song quoted in; Pilgr. note 23... xiv. 133  
 Mess; John. 60... v. 63  
 — Love's L. 123... i. 62  
 Messaline; Tw. Nt. 71... vii. 242  
 Messes, lower; Wint. T. 29... xiii. 66  
 Metal; Ado. 34... vii. 69  
 Metaphor, parallel, in Hamlet; Hen. VIII. 57... xiii. 161  
 Metaphors, confusion of; Meas. 37... x. 62  
 Metaphysical; Macb. 54... xi. 66  
 Meteors (in face); Errors, 99... i. 116  
 Metre, blank verse and rhyme; Rich. III. 63... iv. 189  
 — and proper names; Lear 10, x. 162  
 — and rhythm analysis (i. 2); Two Gent. 15... i. 165  
 — emotional pause; Ado. 263, vii. 98  
 — extrasyllable; Rich. III. 421, iv. 219  
 — Ado. 103... vii. 71  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 209... ii. 255  
 — John. 196... v. 77  
 — Two Gent. 122... i. 175  
 — middle pause in line; Hamlet 208... ix. 220  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 331... ii. 277  
 — John. 229... v. 80  
 — John. 312... v. 88  
 — Jul. Cæs. 284... viii. 78  
 — Merch. 301... v. 171  
 — Mids. Nt. 193... iii. 271  
 — Rich. III. 389... iv. 211  
 — Rich. III. 617... iv. 235  
 — Rich. III. 618... iv. 236  
 — Rich. III. 648... iv. 238  
 — Rich. II. 125... iv. 74  
 — Rich. II. 170... iv. 78  
 — Rich. II. 176... iv. 78  
 — Romeo, 147... ii. 72  
 — Shrew. 192... ii. 207  
 — Troil. 213... vii. 247  
 — occurrence of dactyl (i. 2); Rich. II. 273... iv. 86  
 — question of; Tim. 50... xi. 147  
 Metres; Rich. II. 106... iv. 72  
 Mettle; Jul. Cæs. 65... viii. 63  
 Mew'd; Mids. Nt. 13... iii. 255  
 — up; Romeo, 136... ii. 71  
 Mexico, at; Merch. 73... v. 154  
 Michaelmas; Merry W. 15... vi. 244  
 Micher; 1 Hen. IV. 182... v. 253  
 Mischung mallecho; Hamlet 354... ix. 237  
 Microcosm; Coriol. 103... xii. 82
- Midas, allusion to; Merch. 230... v. 165  
 Middle summer; Mids. Nt. 88... iii. 262  
 Midsummer madness; Tw. Nt. 207... vii. 250  
 — Night's Dream, parallel in; Per. 144... xiv. 23  
 — Venns. 16... xiv. 23  
 Mien; Merry W. 33... vi. 246  
 Milch = moist; Hamlet 282... ix. 239  
 Mile-end; All's Wl. 166... viii. 155  
 Milk of Burgundy; Lear, 24... x. 163  
 Milk-sop; Rich. III. 650... iv. 238  
 Milliner (applied to men); 1 Hen. IV. 70... v. 246  
 Mill-sixpences (anachronism); Merry W. 10... vi. 244  
 Millstones, eyes drop; Rich. III. 160... iv. 197  
 Milton and Midsummer Night's Dream; Mids. Nt. 211... iii. 273  
 — Iconoclastes, quotation in; Rich. III. 225... iv. 202  
 Mimic; Mids. Nt. 172... iii. 269  
 Mine (in doubtful sense); Merry W. 33... vi. 246  
 Mineral; Hamlet note 446... ix. 245  
 — mortal; Cymb. 317... xii. 197  
 Minkin; Lear, 304... x. 183  
 Minim; Merry W. 23... vi. 245  
 — Romeo, 87... ii. 67  
 Minion; 1 Hen. IV. 33... v. 241  
 — Errors; 31... i. 111  
 Minstrel, to give the; Romeo. 195... ii. 75  
 Minute-jacks; Tim. 125... xi. 153  
 Mired; Ado. 280... viii. 90  
 Mirror'd; Troil. 202... viii. 246  
 Mirror of all courtesy; Hen. VIII. 122... xiii. 167  
 Misanthropos; Tim. 149... xi. 154  
 Mischief's eyes; Per. 67... x. 258  
 Misconceived; 1 Hen. VI. 256... ii. 163  
 Miser; 1 Hen. VI. 252... ii. 167  
 Misery; Merch. 301... v. 171  
 Mislake; Merch. 100... v. 157  
 Misplacement of epithets; 1 Hen. VI. 209... ii. 162  
 — Rich. II. 231... iv. 83  
 Misprision; Ado. 289... vii. 91  
 — 72, to = to do without; Temp. 172... xii. 237  
 Missingly; Wint. T. 118... xiii. 72  
 Mistres; Macb. 51... xi. 65  
 Mistake, baleful; Tit. A. 54... xii. 233  
 Mistress, different accentuation of; Errors, 29... i. 111  
 — as trisyllable; Shrew. 192, ii. 207  
 — Ant. 141... xi. 247  
 — Mall's picture; Tw. Nt. 35, vii. 240  
 — Thersites; Troil. 95... vii. 237  
 Misuse = abuse; 1 Hen. IV. 25... v. 240  
 — = to slander; Hamlet 405... ix. 214  
 Misused = abused; Ado. 117... vii. 72  
 Moan (figuratively); Rich. III. 253... iv. 268  
 Noble; Hamlet 279... ix. 228  
 Mock; to; Oth. 146... ix. 43  
 Model; Rich. II. 218... iv. 81  
 — Rich. II. 231... iv. 86  
 Modern; All's Wl. 109... viii. 167  
 — John. 172... v. 75  
 — Macb. 228... xi. 81  
 — Oth. 45... ix. 82  
 Module; All's Wl. 158... viii. 155  
 — John. 315... v. 89  
 Moe = more; Jul. Cæs. 101... viii. 66  
 — 1 Hen. IV. 277... v. 260  
 — Meas. 115... x. 69  
 — Coriol. 162... xii. 87  
 — Tim. 14... xi. 146  
 Moist = strong; Tim. 165... xi. 135

Moldwarp; 1 Hen. IV. 202. . . . .v. 255  
 Mole (on neck); Cymb. 336. . . . .xli. 198  
 Mollen coin; Tim. 88. . . . .xi. 151  
 Mome; Errors, 61. . . . .i. 113  
 Monarch of the north; 1 Hen. VI. 234. . . . .ii. 106  
 Monasteries, plunder of; John. 153. . . . .v. 73  
 Mongrel; Troil. 93. . . . .viii. 237  
 Monkey; Macb. 206. . . . .xi. 80  
 Monmouth caps; Hen. V. 251. . . . .vi. 176  
 Monopolies, reference to; Lear. 110. . . . .x. 169  
 Monster (in pageant); Troil. 180. . . . .viii. 244  
 Moultrelet, reference to; Love's L. 41. . . . .i. 55  
 Monstrous as trisyllable; Oth. 120. . . . .ix. 90  
 Montacute, Lord; Hen. VIII. 66. . . . .xiii. 161  
 Montague, marriage of; 3 Hen. VI. 40. . . . .iii. 68  
 Montano in drunken scene; Oth. 102. . . . .ix. 87  
 Montano; Ado, note 6. . . . .vii. 60  
 Month to bleed; Rich. II. 40. . . . .iv. 67  
 Month's mind; Two Gent. 26. . . . .i. 166  
 Monuments; 2 Hen. VI. 38. . . . .ii. 250  
 Mood; Mids. Nt. 180. . . . .iii. 270  
 Moods (of grief); Haml. 46. . . . .ix. 208  
 Moon, vaporous drop in; Macb. 173. . . . .xi. 76  
 — and seven stars; 1 Hen. IV. 44. . . . .v. 242  
 Moon-calf; Temp. 138. . . . .xiii. 253  
 Moon's sphere; Mids. Nt. 64. . . . .iii. 259  
 Moonshine; Mids. Nt. 270. . . . .iii. 278  
 Moon's tidal influence; Tim. 184. . . . .xi. 157  
 Moor-ditch; 1 Hen. IV. 56. . . . .v. 244  
 Mope = to be dazed; Haml. 422. . . . .ix. 242  
 Moral (as noun); Ado. 246. . . . .vii. 87  
 — = moralizing; Ado. 329. . . . .vii. 98  
 Mortlake, Earl of Fife; 1 Hen. IV. 81. . . . .v. 240  
 More, as dissyllable; Lear. 146. . . . .x. 171  
 — = greater; John. 67. . . . .v. 64  
 (wonderful); Jul. Cæs. 69. . . . .viii. 68  
 — and less; 1 Hen. IV. 273. . . . .v. 230  
 — 2 Hen. IV. 60. . . . .vii. 70  
 — Sonn. 234. . . . .xiv. 108  
 — better; Mids. Nt. 147. . . . .iii. 297  
 — elder; Merch. 297. . . . .v. 171  
 Morisco; 2 Hen. VI. 151. . . . .ii. 262  
 Morning's love; Mids. Nt. 210. . . . .iii. 273  
 Morris-dance; Hen. V. 128. . . . .v. 166  
 Mort (of the deer); Wint. T. 15. . . . .xiii. 64  
 Mortal = deadly; Jul. Cæs. 98. . . . .viii. 66  
 — Oth. 79. . . . .ix. 85  
 — breathing; Merch. 175. . . . .v. 162  
 — living; Rich. III. 497. . . . .iv. 224  
 — moon; Sonn. 205. . . . .xiv. 109  
 — staring; Rich. III. 607. . . . .iv. 234  
 — Venus; Troil. 153. . . . .viii. 242  
 Mortality and mercy; Meas. 10. . . . .x. 60  
 Mortified; Macb. 240. . . . .xi. 88  
 Mortimer, mistake concerning; 2 Hen. VI. 123. . . . .ii. 259  
 — of Scotland; 1 Hen. IV. 229. . . . .v. 257  
 Mortimer's Cross, battle of; 3 Hen. VI. 110. . . . .iii. 73  
 Mortise; Oth. 71. . . . .ix. 84  
 Mote; Haml. 19. . . . .ix. 205  
 Mother, disputed sense of; Cymb. 181. . . . .xii. 188  
 — (hysteria); Lear. 224. . . . .x. 177  
 Motion; All's Wl. 115. . . . .viii. 152  
 — Ant. 127. . . . .xi. 246  
 — Lear. 161. . . . .x. 172

Motion; Oth. 35. . . . .ix. 81  
 — Two Gent. 37. . . . .i. 167  
 Motive; All's Wl. 170. . . . .viii. 155  
 Motto, Latin; Per. 113. . . . .x. 257  
 — Per. 114. . . . .x. 258  
 — Per. 115. . . . .x. 258  
 Mought; 3 Hen. VI. 308. . . . .iii. 88  
 Mountain = huge; Ado. 136. . . . .vii. 73  
 — sire; Hen. V. 134. . . . .vi. 166  
 Mountebank; Haml. 540. . . . .ix. 253  
 Mounting mind; Love's L. 80. . . . .i. 58  
 Mouse, term of endearment; Haml. 436. . . . .ix. 244  
 — of virtue; Tw. Nt. 49. . . . .vii. 241  
 Mouse-hunt; Romeo, 183. . . . .ii. 74  
 Mousing; John. 101. . . . .v. 67  
 Mouth, broken; All's Wl. 89. . . . .viii. 150  
 Move (in doubtful sense); Macb. 204. . . . .xi. 79  
 Movers; Coriol. 67. . . . .xii. 79  
 Moving; Ado. 294. . . . .vii. 92  
 — (of Mars); 1 Hen. VI. 54. . . . .ii. 147  
 Mow, to = to grimace; Temp. 128. . . . .xiii. 252  
 Moys; Hen. V. 237. . . . .vi. 175  
 Mrs. Quickly (as confidant); Merry W. note 105. . . . .vi. 250  
 Much Ado, parallel in; Errors, 27. . . . .i. 111  
 — Q. and F. compared; Ado. 308. . . . .vii. 93  
 — Ado. 319. . . . .vii. 95  
 Muffle; Romeo, 213. . . . .ii. 76  
 Muller; Cymb. 342. . . . .xii. 199  
 Mulinucius; Cymb. 150. . . . .xii. 186  
 Mummy; Macb. 186. . . . .xi. 77  
 Mural; Mids. Nt. 270. . . . .iii. 278  
 Murdered as a dactyl; Romeo, 126. . . . .ii. 70  
 Murderers, punishment of; John. 153. . . . .v. 73  
 — the two; Rich. III. 197. . . . .iv. 199  
 Murdering-piece; Haml. 489. . . . .ix. 249  
 Murky, hell is; Macb. 237. . . . .xi. 82  
 Muscadet; Shrew. 119. . . . .iii. 202  
 Music = musical instruments; Merch. 333. . . . .v. 174  
 — broken; Hen. V. 276. . . . .vi. 178  
 — effect of; Tw. Nt. 121. . . . .vii. 245  
 — Merch. 342. . . . .v. 175  
 — introduced into; Ado. 145. . . . .vii. 74  
 — Shakespeare's knowledge of; Romeo, 87. . . . .ii. 67  
 — use of technical terms of; Sonn. 19. . . . .xiv. 97  
 — and insanity; Lear. 888. . . . .x. 189  
 — as a restorative; Per. 185. . . . .x. 265  
 — as stage-direction; Per. 14. . . . .x. 248  
 — at the close; Rich. II. 104. . . . .vii. 72  
 — at weddings; As Y. L. 186. . . . .vii. 180  
 Muss, a; Ant. 297. . . . .xi. 257  
 Mustard, hot; Shrew. 161. . . . .iii. 205  
 Mutine, as verb; Haml. 423. . . . .ix. 243  
 Mutineer; Temp. 153. . . . .xiii. 254  
 Mutines; Coriol. 83. . . . .xii. 77  
 Mutines; John. 107. . . . .v. 68  
 Mutton (in double sense); Meas. 147. . . . .x. 72  
 — My lady's eldest son, &c.; Ado. 80. . . . .vii. 68  
 Mynheers; Merry W. 60. . . . .vi. 248  
 Mystery; Meas. 163. . . . .x. 74

## N.

Nak'd (as monosyllable); Ant. 367. . . . .xi. 265  
 Napkin; As Y. L. 155. . . . .vii. 177  
 Napkins; Jul. Cæs. 193. . . . .viii. 75

Naples and nasal intonation; Oth. 132. . . . .ix. 91  
 Narrow seas; Merch. 203. . . . .v. 163  
 — 3 Hen. VI. 71. . . . .xi. 69  
 Native; All's Wl. 21. . . . .viii. 145  
 Nativity; Rich. III. 136. . . . .iv. 194  
 Natural = fool; As Y. L. 12. . . . .vii. 160  
 — (in double sense); Tw. Nt. 20. . . . .vii. 239  
 — ruby; Macb. 165. . . . .xi. 75  
 Nature's copy; Macb. 144. . . . .xi. 74  
 Nature's show-art; Mids. Nt. 141. . . . .iii. 267  
 Naught; Mids. Nt. 243. . . . .iii. 276  
 Nave (punningly); 2 Hen. IV. 196. . . . .vi. 78  
 — = navel; Macb. 8. . . . .xi. 61  
 Nayword; Tw. Nt. 112. . . . .vii. 245  
 Neapolitans, horsemanship of; Merch. 52. . . . .v. 158  
 Near-legg'd; Shrew. 112. . . . .ii. 202  
 Neat; Lear. 186. . . . .x. 174  
 — Wint. T. 16. . . . .xiii. 65  
 Neat's foot; Shrew. 160. . . . .iii. 205  
 — leather; Temp. 134. . . . .xiii. 252  
 — trod upon; Jul. Cæs. 24. . . . .viii. 60  
 — tongue; Merch. note 31. . . . .v. 151  
 Neb; Wint. T. 25. . . . .xiii. 65  
 Needle, as monosyllable; Per. 205. . . . .x. 266  
 Needle's eye; Rich. II. 319. . . . .iv. 89  
 Needs; John. 290. . . . .v. 85  
 Ne'er trust me; 1 Hen. VI. 115. . . . .ii. 163  
 Negative, mistaken insertion of; Haml. 477. . . . .ix. 248  
 Neither, as monosyllable; 1 Hen. VI. 230. . . . .ii. 165  
 Nemean, accentuation of; Haml. 129. . . . .ix. 216  
 — lion; Love's L. 88. . . . .i. 59  
 Neoptolemus; Troil. 268. . . . .viii. 251  
 Nephew = cousin; 1 Hen. VI. 135. . . . .ii. 155  
 — = grandson; Oth. 20. . . . .ix. 79  
 Nerves = sinews; Coriol. 25. . . . .xii. 78  
 Nervy, the; Jul. Cæs. 194. . . . .viii. 75  
 Nest of spicery; Rich. III. 556. . . . .iv. 229  
 Nestor, type of gravity; Merch. 18. . . . .v. 150  
 Netther stocks; 1 Hen. IV. 150. . . . .v. 251  
 Neville, Earl of Warwick; 2 Hen. VI. 42. . . . .ii. 250  
 New-fangled; As Y. L. 137. . . . .vii. 175  
 — Love's L. 6. . . . .i. 53  
 — Sonn. 232. . . . .xiv. 107  
 New-found methods; Sonn. 187. . . . .xiv. 105  
 New made; Meas. 75. . . . .x. 66  
 Newgate fashion; 1 Hen. IV. 239. . . . .v. 258  
 News, as singular; 1 Hen. IV. 28. . . . .v. 240  
 — as plural; Ado. 60. . . . .vii. 66  
 New-trimm'd; Hen. VIII. 78. . . . .xiii. 162  
 News; Mids. Nt. 133. . . . .iii. 266  
 Nicet = fastidious; Troil. 279. . . . .viii. 252  
 — As Y. L. 127. . . . .vii. 174  
 Nicholas Hopkins; Hen. VIII. 68. . . . .xiii. 161  
 Nicks; Errors, 132. . . . .i. 118  
 Niece; Two Gent. 91. . . . .i. 172  
 — Rich. III. 454. . . . .iv. 221  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 135. . . . .ii. 155  
 Niggard, as verb; Jul. Cæs. 237. . . . .viii. 78  
 Night-bird = nightingale; Per. 206. . . . .x. 266  
 Nightgown, in stage-direction; Haml. 427. . . . .ix. 243  
 Nightingale, song of; Romeo, 183. . . . .ii. 71  
 Night-oblations; Per. 308. . . . .x. 275  
 Night-owl; 3 Hen. VI. 124. . . . .iii. 75  
 Night-rule; Mids. Nt. 170. . . . .iii. 269  
 Nias; Th. A. 71. . . . .xii. 253  
 Nimble-footed Prince of Wales; 1 Hen. IV. 255. . . . .v. 259



Nine, wren of: Tw. Nt. 190..... vii. 249  
 — men's morris: Mids. Nt. 93. iii. 262  
 No, used punningly: Sonn. 382. xiv. 114  
 Noble (punningly): Rich. III. 113..... iv. 193  
 — Rich. II. 822..... iv. 69  
 Nobody, picture of: Temp. 162. xiii. 254  
 Nod, give the: Troil. 42..... viii. 233  
 No had (colloquialism): John. 227..... v. 80  
 Nonsuch, palace of: Hen. V. 258. vi. 177  
 Nonsuits: Oth. 4..... ix. 77  
 Nook-shotten: Hen. V. 165..... vi. 168  
 Norfolk, sentence on: Rich. II. 78..... iv. 70  
 — death of: Rich. II. 262..... iv. 85  
 North, the abode of spirits: 1 Hen. VI. 234..... ii. 166  
 Northampton (young king's journey to London): Rich. III. 279. iv. 205  
 North star: Ado. 121..... vii. 72  
 North's Plutarch, passage suggested by: Haml. 20..... ix. 205  
 Northumberland, conduct of: 2 Hen. IV. 153..... vi. 76  
 — earl of: Rich. III. 601..... iv. 233  
 — sickness of: 1 Hen. IV. 248. v. 258  
 Nose, as verb: Haml. 455..... ix. 240  
 Noses (British and Roman): Cymb. 143..... xii. 185  
 Note = information: 2 Hen. VI. 167..... ii. 262  
 — remark: Lear. 360..... x. 187  
 — tune: Hen. VIII. 231. xiii. 177  
 — out of my: Wint. T. 182. xiii. 73  
 Noted: Jul. Cæs. 214..... viii. 76  
 No thing: 1 Hen. VI. 52..... ii. 147  
 Nothing, pronunciation of: Ado. 148..... vii. 75  
 — sum of: Merch. 235..... v. 166  
 — less: Rich. II. 152..... iv. 76  
 Notum: Lear. 126..... x. 170  
 Not-rated: 1 Hen. IV. 146..... v. 250  
 Nourish: 1 Hen. VI. 34..... ii. 145  
 — as monosyllable: 2 Hen. VI. 179..... ii. 262  
 Nouse, to: Per. 73..... x. 254  
 Now-ent: As Y. L. 15..... vii. 161  
 Novice: Rich. III. 203..... iv. 196  
 Novum: Loves L. note 203..... i. 63  
 Now (as subs.): John. 159..... v. 78  
 Number'd: Cymb. 66..... xii. 180  
 Numbering clock: Rich. II. 326. iv. 89  
 Nuncle: Lear. 105..... x. 163  
 Nuptial: Ado. 268..... vii. 89  
 — Mids. Nt. 21..... iii. 256  
 Nurse, age of: Romeo. 101..... ii. 63  
 — as a duenna: Romeo. 174. ii. 74  
 Nut-hook: Merry W. 12..... vi. 244  
 Nutmeg, gilt: Love's L. 211..... i. 168

## O.

O = the earth: Ant. 369..... xi. 285  
 — without a figure: Lear. 119. x. 170  
 — wooden: Hen. V. 31..... vi. 160  
 Oath, exclamation substituted for: Haml. 238..... ix. 230  
 — omission of, in Pl.: Haml. 265..... ix. 220  
 Oberon: Mids. Nt. 82..... iii. 261  
 — Mids. Nt. 38..... iii. 261  
 Object of: Coriol. 8..... xii. 75  
 Objects: Jul. Cæs. 207..... viii. 75  
 — Lear. 53..... x. 165  
 — Tim. 154..... xi. 154  
 Oblique: Troil. 292..... viii. 252  
 Oblivious: Sonn. 133..... xiv. 103

Obscenely: Mids. Nt. 61..... iii. 259  
 Obscure, accentuation of: Haml. 511..... ix. 251  
 Obsured: Merch. 172..... v. 161  
 Obsequious: Haml. 43..... ix. 208  
 — Sonn. 82..... xiv. 100  
 Observe: Jul. Cæs. 220..... viii. 77  
 Occasions: John. 208..... v. 78  
 Occupation, of any: Jul. Cæs. 63. viii. 63  
 Occupations: Coriol. 231..... xii. 93  
 Occupy: 2 Hen. IV. 174..... vi. 76  
 Occurrents: Haml. 637..... ix. 261  
 Odd-even: Oth. 21..... ix. 79  
 Odds of the weaker side: Haml. 627..... ix. 260  
 (Ei)llides: Lear. 359..... x. 187  
 O'er-crows: Haml. 636..... ix. 261  
 O'er-eaten: Troil. 307..... viii. 254  
 O'er-galled: Troil. 316..... viii. 255  
 O'er-grown: Cymb. 288..... xii. 195  
 O'erlook'd: Merch. 212..... v. 164  
 O'er-offices: Haml. 561..... ix. 254  
 O'erpriz'd: Temp. 31..... xiii. 244  
 O'er-raught: Haml. 295..... ix. 230  
 O'er shoes: Mids. Nt. 176..... iii. 270  
 O'er the hatch: John. 47..... v. 63  
 O'erworn: Rich. III. 65..... iv. 188  
 Oes: Mids. Nt. 192..... iii. 271  
 Of = about: Oth. 197..... ix. 100  
 — = from being: Wint. T. 97. xiii. 71  
 — 3 Hen. VI. 219..... ii. 81  
 Off-capp'd: Oth. 2..... ix. 77  
 Offices: Rich. II. 36..... iv. 68  
 — Mach. 90..... xi. 68  
 — Oth. 98..... ix. 86  
 Old (intensive epithet): Macb. 107..... xi. 70  
 — 2 Hen. IV. 163..... vi. 76  
 — Temp. 81..... xiii. 248  
 — the: Lear. 288..... x. 182  
 — Oldcastle (speaker's name): 2 Hen. IV. 81..... vi. 71  
 — practised: Romeo. 132. ii. 71  
 — Adam: Errors. 110..... i. 116  
 — castle, allusion to: 1 Hen. IV. 50..... v. 243  
 — lad of the castle: 1 Hen. IV. 50..... v. 243  
 — news: Shrew. 107..... iii. 201  
 — Steward: Macb. 232..... xi. 81  
 — tables: 2 Hen. IV. 139..... vi. 78  
 — woe: Per. 249..... x. 270  
 Oliver, O sweet: As Y. L. 114. vii. 173  
 Olympian games, anachronistic allusion: 3 Hen. VI. 155..... iii. 76  
 Onnious: Troil. 313..... viii. 255  
 O mistress mine, &c.: Tw. Nt. 92..... vii. 243  
 On = by reason of: Lear. 82..... x. 167  
 — of: Rich. II. 306..... iv. 88  
 — a rear, to set the table: Haml. 573..... ix. 266  
 Once = at one time: Hen. VIII. 79..... xiii. 163  
 — as colloquialism: Coriol. 152..... xii. 86  
 — this: Errors. 69..... i. 114  
 One (proverbially no number): Romeo. 27..... ii. 63  
 — and fifty hairs: Troil. 38. viii. 232  
 — auspicious, &c.: Haml. 33. ix. 206  
 — knave: Two Gent. 70..... i. 170  
 Onion (for producing tears): Shrew. 10..... iii. 193  
 — Ant. 43..... xi. 240  
 Only: All's Wl. 43..... viii. 147  
 — use it: Ado. 73..... vi. 67  
 On the case: Errors. 106..... i. 116  
 — thy party: Sonn. 121..... xiv. 102  
 — wheels world: Two Gent. 78..... i. 171

Opal: Tw. Nt. 128..... vii. 245  
 Oppella, circumstances of death of: Haml. 546..... ix. 253  
 — Haml. 550..... ix. 253  
 — enter, as in Qq. and Ft.: Haml. 472..... ix. 243  
 — songs of: Haml. 480..... ix. 243  
 Oppos'd: Lear. 346..... x. 186  
 Opposite: Coriol. 136..... xii. 85  
 Or = either: Merch. 38..... v. 152  
 Orange: Ado. 127..... vii. 72  
 Orange-tawny: Mids. Nt. 58..... iii. 250  
 Orbs (in ancient astronomy): Ant. 278..... xi. 257  
 — Per. 58..... x. 252  
 — = circles: Mids. Nt. 65..... iii. 260  
 Orchard: Ado. 62..... vii. 66  
 — As Y. L. 6..... vii. 169  
 — Jul. Cæs. 89..... viii. 65  
 — Troil. 170..... viii. 243  
 Orchards: Jul. Cæs. 197..... viii. 75  
 Order, to take: Shrew. 58..... iii. 107  
 Orderly: Two Gent. 13..... i. 165  
 Orders: John. 267..... v. 84  
 Ordinance: Hen. V. 139..... vi. 167  
 Ordinary: Ant. 123..... xi. 248  
 Ore = lode: Haml. 446..... ix. 245  
 Or ere = before: John. 238..... v. 81  
 — ever = (if): Henl. 69..... ix. 209  
 Orient: Mids. Nt. note 230..... iii. 275  
 Orleans, Duke of, character of: Hen. V. 243..... vi. 175  
 — ransom of: 1 Hen. VI. 175..... ii. 159  
 Ornament: Per. 309..... x. 275  
 Orphan-heirs: Merry W. 177..... vi. 254  
 Orpheus, allusion to: Merch. 341..... v. 175  
 — description suggested by picture: Two Gent. 87..... i. 171  
 Orthography: Ado. 142..... vii. 74  
 Orts: Troil. 307..... viii. 254  
 Osprey: Coriol. 277..... xii. 90  
 Ostric, imbecility of: Haml. 615. ix. 259  
 Ostrich, eating iron: 2 Hen. VI. 301..... ix. 276  
 Ostringer: All's Wl. 179..... viii. 156  
 Oswald, fidelity of: Lear. 358..... x. 187  
 — insolence of: Lear. 97..... x. 103  
 Othello, parallel in: Per. 159..... x. 260  
 — and Desdemona: Oth. 157. ix. 84  
 — and Iago: Oth. 152..... ix. 94  
 — as a Moor: Oth. 221..... ix. 102  
 Othello's epilepsy: Oth. 134. 165. ix. 98  
 — jealousy analysed: Oth. 246. ix. 105  
 Other gates: Tw. Nt. 291..... vii. 255  
 Other-ome: Mids. Nt. 37..... iii. 257  
 Otherwhere: Errors. 25..... i. 111  
 Otherwhiles: 1 Hen. VI. 55..... ii. 147  
 Ought = owed: 1 Hen. IV. 241..... v. 253  
 OUNCE: Mids. Nt. 135..... iii. 266  
 Our esteem: All's Wl. 185..... viii. 156  
 Ourselves again: Macb. 154..... xi. 75  
 Ousel: Mids. Nt. 158..... iii. 238  
 Out, out: Two Gent. 59..... i. 169  
 — (punningly): Jul. Cæs. 22. viii. 59  
 — at elbow: Meas. 37..... x. 65  
 — by lease: Two Gent. 117..... i. 174  
 — of ham: Haml. 445..... ix. 245  
 Out-herods Herod: Haml. 332. ix. 235  
 Out-vied: Shrew. 96..... iii. 200  
 Outward (as subs.): Troil. 189. viii. 245  
 — hideousness: Ado. 343..... vii. 99  
 — watch: Rich. II. 320..... iv. 89  
 Outwards: Hen. VIII. 53..... xii. 161  
 Overcome: Macb. 164..... xi. 75  
 Over shoes: Two Gent. 6..... i. 165  
 Over-topping: Temp. 23..... xiii. 243  
 Overture: Wint. T. 62..... xii. 63  
 — Coriol. 37..... xii. 80  
 Ovid, Golding's: Tit. A. 97..... xii. 234

- Ovid, Shaks.'s acquaintance with;  
Wint. T. 151..... xlii. 74  
— similar expression in; 3 Hen.  
VI. 210..... xlii. 80  
— quotation from; 3 Hen. VI.  
91..... xlii. 71  
— parallel in; Venus. 46..... xiv. 24  
Owches; 2 Hen. IV. 167..... vi. 76  
Ow'd = own'd; Rich. III. 520..... iv. 226  
Owe, double sense of; John. 91, v. 67  
Owl, a baker's daughter; Hamlet.  
479..... ix. 248  
— (lazy flight of); 3 Hen. VI.  
124..... xlii. 75  
— (of death); 1 Hen. VI. 193, ii. 161  
— scream; Macb. 101..... xi. 70  
Owls as objects of superstition;  
Errors, 56..... i. 113  
Oxlips; Mids. Nt. 123..... xlii. 265  
O-yes; Merry W. 178..... vi. 254  
Oyes; Troil. 269..... viii. 251

## P.

- Pace, has no; All's Wl. 178..... viii. 156  
Packing; Cymb. 213..... xlii. 190  
Paction; Hen. V. 283..... vi. 178  
Paddling palms; Wint. T. 14, xlii. 64  
Paddock; Macb. 3..... xi. 60  
Padua (university of); Shrew.  
22..... xlii. 194  
Page (in metaphorical sense);  
Coriol. 70..... xlii. 79  
Pageants; Merch. 6..... v. 150  
— of city companies; Mids. Nt.  
46..... xlii. 258  
Pain, most accepted; Troil. 196, vii. 246  
— of life; Rich. II. 76..... iv. 70  
Pains = tasks; Temp. 64..... xlii. 247  
Painted cloth; Troil. 350..... viii. 258  
— Lazarus in the 1 Hen.  
IV. 204..... v. 260  
— Imagery; Rich. II. 298..... iv. 87  
— queen; Rich. III. 183..... iv. 194  
Paint himself, &c. the face; A do.  
197..... vii. 81  
Pair of shears between; Meas. 14, x. 61  
Pajcock; Hamlet. 374..... ix. 239  
Palabras; A do. 253..... vii. 88  
Palatine; County; Merch. 54..... v. 158  
Pale, epithet of moon; Mids. Nt.  
95..... xlii. 263  
— = paleness; Wint. T. 122, xlii. 72  
— and green; Romeo. 67..... ii. 66  
— (shore); John. 96..... y. 64  
— (silver); Merch. 251..... y. 165  
Paleness; Merch. 252..... v. 166  
Painter; Macb. 274..... xli. 86  
— Troil. 182..... viii. 241  
Palfreys; Coriol. 176..... xlii. 89  
Paly; Romeo. 170..... xlii. 73  
Pamphlet, title of ridiculed; All's  
Wl. 86..... viii. 150  
Pantaloons; As Y. L. 69..... viii. 167  
Pantler; 2 Hen. IV. 189..... vi. 73  
Paper lost; Cymb. 81..... xlii. 178  
Papers (in doubtful sense); Shrew.  
62..... xlii. 197  
— wearing; Love's L. 110..... i. 61  
— as verb; Hen. VIII. 46, xlii. 180  
Paphos, dove of; Per. 208..... x. 266  
Paradise Lost, parallel in; Meas.  
124..... x. 70  
— of Dainty Devises, lines from;  
Romeo. 197..... ii. 75  
— Regained, imitated passage;  
Rich. III. 171..... iv. 197  
Paradoxes; Troil. 71..... viii. 255  
Parallels = lines; Sonn. 147..... xiv. 103

- Par amour; Mids. Nt. 243..... xlii. 276  
Parcel-bawd; Meas. 58..... x. 65  
Parcel-gilt; 2 Hen. IV. 121..... vi. 74  
Parcell'd; Rich. III. 255..... iv. 204  
Pard; Mids. Nt. 135..... xlii. 266  
Pardon'd, accentuation of; Meas.  
219..... x. 78  
Pardon-ne-moy; Rich. III. 314..... iv. 88  
Parish-garden; Hen. VIII. 263, xlii. 181  
Parish-top; Tw. Nt. 22..... vii. 230  
Paritors; Love's L. 73..... i. 68  
Parle = parley; Hamlet. 10..... ix. 204  
— to; Love's L. 176..... i. 66  
Parliament held at Leicester; 1  
Hen. VI. 143..... ii. 155  
— of Bees, allusion to title of;  
Venus, 1..... xiv. 22  
— identical epithet in;  
Venus, 13..... xiv. 23  
Parlous; Rich. III. 281..... iv. 205  
Parmaceti; 1 Hen. IV. 72..... v. 246  
Parolles, language of; All's Wl.  
68..... viii. 148  
— pretensions of; All's Wl.  
85..... viii. 149  
— (pun on name); All's Wl.  
188..... viii. 150  
Parrot (taught to speak); Errors.  
118..... i. 117  
— almond; Troil. 310, viii. 254  
Part-party; 2 Hen. VI. note 335, ii. 277  
— (of time); Love's L. 216..... i. 68  
Parted; Troil. 199..... viii. 246  
Participle used for adj.; Temp.  
224..... xlii. 250  
Particular; Lear, 145..... x. 171  
— Timon, 214..... xi. 159  
Partition; Mids. Nt. 268..... xlii. 278  
Pash, to; Troil. 146..... viii. 241  
Pass (the streets); Jul. Cæs. 20, viii. 60  
— assurance, to; Shrew, 157, iii. 205  
Passage; Oth. 237..... ix. 104  
Passages; Rich. II. 90..... iv. 71  
Passed, it; Troil. 40..... viii. 232  
Passes (careers); Hen. V. 101..... vi. 164  
— (subs.) = courses; All's Wl.  
134..... viii. 153  
Passionate; Rich. III. 188..... iv. 198  
— Pilgrim, as arranged in old  
editions; Pilgr. 16..... xiv. 182  
— as verb; Tit. A. 85..... xlii. 254  
Passions = griefs; 3 Hen. VI. 107, iii. 72  
Passy measures pavin; Tw. Nt.  
292..... viii. 255  
Past cure, &c.; Sonn. 870..... xiv. 114  
Paste and cover; Rich. II. 218, iv. 81  
Paston letters; death of Suffolk;  
2 Hen. VI. 247..... ii. 269  
— reference to Cade; 2  
Hen. VI. 257..... ii. 270  
Past-proportion; Troil. 106..... viii. 238  
Patay, battle of; 1 Hen. VI. 45, ii. 145  
Patch (in doubtful sense); Errors.  
62..... i. 113  
— fool; Macb. 250..... xi. 83  
Patent virgin; Mids. Nt. 15..... xlii. 256  
Path, to; Jul. Cæs. 102..... viii. 66  
Pathetic fallacy; Sonn. 242..... xiv. 108  
Patience, as trisyllable; A do.  
322..... vii. 96  
— similitude on; Per. 287..... x. 273  
Patient, as noun; Rich. II. 119, iv. 73  
— as verb; Tit. A. 12..... xlii. 251  
Patines; Merch. 835..... v. 174  
Paul's, as colloquialism; Hen. VIII.  
206..... xlii. 181  
— 2 Hen. IV. 70..... vi. 71  
— 1 Hen. IV. 138..... v. 254  
Pause, &c. deficient syllable as in  
music; Rich. II. 170..... iv. 78

- Pause, for dramatic effect; 2 Hen.  
VI. 331..... ii. 277  
Paved fountain; Mids. Nt. 39..... xlii. 262  
Pavilion'd; Hen. V. 61..... vi. 161  
Pavin; Tw. Nt. 292..... vii. 255  
Pax; Hen. V. 181..... vi. 169  
Peace (in disputed passage); Macb.  
142..... xi. 78  
— (as verb); Rich. II. 300..... iv. 88  
— ho! Merch. 345..... v. 175  
Pearl, compass'd with; Macb.  
279..... xi. 87  
— tears; Rich. III. 541..... iv. 228  
— John, 83..... v. 66  
— in proverbial phrase; Tit. A.  
134..... xlii. 256  
Pearls in Hero's bridal dress; A do.  
235..... vii. 86  
Peascode; As Y. L. 47..... vii. 105  
Peascode-time; 2 Hen. IV. 207, vi. 161  
Peck, Gilbert; Hen. VIII. 67, xlii. 169  
— to pitch; Hen. VIII. 278, xlii. 183  
Pedant, introduction of; Shrew.  
158..... xlii. 205  
Pedasculs; Shrew. 102..... vii. 201  
Peel'd; 1 Hen. VI. 83..... ii. 150  
Peele's works, parallels in; Tit. A.  
81..... xlii. 252  
Peevish; Cymb. 71..... xlii. 181  
— Jul. Cæs. note 247..... viii. 79  
Peg-a-Ramsey; Tw. Nt. 99..... vii. 244  
Pelze; Merch. 214..... v. 164  
Pelican (figuratively); Lear. 271, x. 181  
— superstition concerning;  
Hamlet. 495..... ix. 240  
Pelting; Rich. II. 110..... iv. 73  
— Meas. 80..... x. 67  
— Troil. 281..... viii. 252  
Pencil, Times; Sonn. 41..... xiv. 98  
Pendragon; 1 Hen. VI. 169..... ii. 158  
Penelophon; Love's L. 58..... i. 69  
Penetrate; Cymb. 101..... xlii. 183  
Penker friar; Rich. III. 401..... iv. 217  
Penny = money; Love's L. 58..... i. 65  
Pensils; Love's L. 168..... i. 67  
Pensioners; Merry W. 71..... vii. 248  
— Mids. Nt. 66..... ii. 260  
Pentapolis; Per. 86..... x. 255  
Pent-house; Macb. 25..... xi. 61  
Penthouse-like; Love's L. 55..... i. 57  
Peppin; Hen. VIII. 97..... xlii. 164  
"Perchance;" Tw. Nt. 9..... vii. 238  
Perry, characteristic of; 1 Hen.  
IV. 214..... v. 256  
Perdu; Lear. 389..... x. 189  
Perfect = perfectly happy; Tim.  
43..... xi. 147  
— certain; Wint. T. 104, xlii. 71  
— spy; Macb. 139..... xi. 78  
Perfumed gloves; A do. 242..... vii. 87  
Perfumer; A do. 76..... vii. 68  
Periapts; 1 Hen. VI. 233..... ii. 166  
Pericles, defective passage in; Per.  
40..... x. 250  
— Per. 214..... x. 267  
— Per. 244..... x. 269  
— Shakespeare's influence in;  
Per. 89..... x. 256  
— part in; Per. 155..... x. 260  
— song in; Per. 231..... x. 273  
— allusion to theatre copy; Per.  
14..... x. 248  
— (i. 2) analytical re-arrange-  
ment of lines; Per. 43..... x. 251  
— Per. 57..... x. 252  
— in the storm; Per. 158..... x. 262  
— invented incidents; Per. 99, x. 256  
— new scene suggested; Per. 39, x. 250  
— scene (i. 4) conjecturally laid;  
Per. 66..... x. 253  
Perigenia; Mids. Nt. 86..... xlii. 262



Perilous, as adverb: Hen. V. 32, vi. 160  
 Periwig-pated: Haml. 328. . . . . ix. 234  
 Perjure, as noun: Love's L. 110. i. 61  
 Perks'd up: Hen. VIII. 144. . . . . xii. 169  
 Perilous: Ado. 28. . . . . vii. 63  
 Peroration: 2 Hen. VI. 38. . . . . ii. 250  
 Perpend: Haml. 226. . . . . ix. 222  
 Perse: Troil. 27. . . . . viii. 232  
 Perserver: Mids. Nt. 106. . . . . xii. 271  
 Perséverance: Troil. 207. . . . . viii. 247  
 Persian (attire): Lear. 308. . . . . x. 134  
 Persius, Satires, parallel in: Haml. 580. . . . . ix. 256  
 Person = poorson: Love's L. 95. i. 60  
 Perspective: Ant. 150. . . . . xi. 248  
 — Tw. Nt. 204, 298. . . . . vii. 256  
 Perspective: Sonn. 62. . . . . xiv. 99  
 Perspective: Hen. V. 279. . . . . vi. 178  
 Perspectives: Rich. II. 150. . . . . iv. 76  
 Pert: Mids. Nt. 6. . . . . iii. 255  
 Pester'd: Mach. 245. . . . . xi. 83  
 Pesar: Haml. 442. . . . . ix. 245  
 Peter, character of: Romeo, 214. ii. 76  
 Peter and Prince Henry: 1 Hen. IV. 194. . . . . v. 254  
 Petrusinella, story of: Shrew. 181. . . . . iii. 207  
 Petruchio, name of: Shrew. 49. iii. 186  
 Pew-fellow: Rich. III. 504. . . . . iv. 225  
 Pheasant, allusion to: Two Gent. 64. . . . . i. 170  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 96. . . . . iii. 72  
 Pharamond: Hen. V. 52. . . . . vi. 161  
 Pheasant, as a present: Wint. T. 210. . . . . xii. 79  
 Pheez: Shrew. 1. . . . . iii. 191  
 — Troil. 147. . . . . viii. 241  
 Philonot: Ado. 92. . . . . vii. 60  
 Philog as monosyllable: John. 81. v. 65  
 — = sparrow: John. 58. . . . . v. 64  
 Philopon: Ant. 138. . . . . xi. 247  
 Philopine, game of: Ado. 126. vii. 72  
 Philomet: Mids. Nt. 134. . . . . iii. 268  
 Philostrate: Mids. Nt. 5. . . . . iii. 255  
 Phoenix: All's Wl. 17. . . . . viii. 145  
 — As Y. L. 145. . . . . vii. 176  
 — Temp. 168. . . . . xiii. 255  
 Physician: Merry W. 45. . . . . vi. 247  
 Phytist: Wint. T. 3. . . . . xiii. 68  
 Pia mater: Troil. 39. . . . . viii. 238  
 — Tw. Nt. 54. . . . . vii. 241  
 Pick to: Coriol. 35. . . . . xii. 77  
 Picked: Haml. 570. . . . . ix. 255  
 — John. 32. . . . . v. 63  
 — Love's L. 145. . . . . i. 63  
 Pickers and stainers: Haml. 377. ix. 239  
 Pick-thanks: 1 Hen. IV. 219. . . . . v. 236  
 Picture (of criminal): Lear. 170. x. 173  
 — representation of in closet scene: Haml. 413. . . . . ix. 242  
 Piece = masterpiece: Ant. 374. xi. 266  
 — term of contempt: Tit. A. 20. . . . . xii. 251  
 — of virtue: Ant. 189. . . . . xi. 250  
 Pierce, pronunciation of: 1 Hen. IV. 312. . . . . v. 204  
 Pierced = reached: Oth. 53. . . . . ix. 32  
 Pigeons (Venus) = doves: Merch. 106. . . . . v. 161  
 Pight: Cymb. 327. . . . . xii. 198  
 — Lear. 166. . . . . x. 173  
 Plich = a leather coat: Per. 38. x. 255  
 Plicher: Romeo. 110. . . . . ii. 69  
 Pild (punningly): Meas. 15. . . . . x. 61  
 Pillocock: Lear. 272. . . . . ix. 181  
 Pillows (taken from the dying): Tim. 143. . . . . xi. 154  
 Pilot's glass: All's Wl. 78. . . . . viii. 149  
 Pin and web: Wint. T. 24. . . . . xii. 66  
 Pinch, Doctor: Errors. 119. . . . . i. 117  
 Pinch'd: Wint. T. 49. . . . . xiii. 67

Pinch'd (figuratively): Two Gent. 100. . . . . i. 174  
 Pink = pinna: Merry W. 72. . . . . vi. 248  
 Pink'd porringer: Hen. VIII. 272. . . . . xiii. 182  
 Pink eye: Ant. 179. . . . . xi. 249  
 Pinna: 2 Hen. VI. 237. . . . . ii. 288  
 Pioned: Temp. 189. . . . . xiii. 256  
 Pipe, shrill: Tw. Nt. 41. . . . . vii. 240  
 Pipe-wine: Merry W. 90. . . . . vi. 249  
 Piping: Rich. III. 44. . . . . iv. 183  
 Pip out: Shrew. 52. . . . . iii. 196  
 Pistol (anachronistic adhesion to): 1 Hen. IV. 176. . . . . v. 252  
 Pitch (figuratively): Love's L. 104. . . . . i. 60  
 — (in double sense): Jul. Cæs. 31. . . . . viii. 60  
 — a hawking term: Tit. A. 32. xii. 252  
 — a field: 1 Hen. VI. 154. . . . . ii. 156  
 — and pay: Hen. V. 126. vi. 108  
 — to delf with: Ado. 214. . . . . vii. 58  
 Pitch'd (in double sense): Tim. 59. . . . . xi. 148  
 Pith, of great: Haml. 314. . . . . ix. 238  
 Pith-wart: Merry W. 31. . . . . vi. 249  
 Place (of dignity): Merch. 289. v. 170  
 — term in balcony: Mach. 123. xi. 72  
 Place's privilege: 1 Hen. VI. 129. ii. 154  
 Plag'd: John. 86. . . . . v. 66  
 Plague of custom: Lear. 67. . . . . x. 163  
 — of Greece: Troil. 98. . . . . viii. 237  
 Plain-song: Hen. V. 151. . . . . vi. 167  
 — Mids. Nt. 160. . . . . iii. 268  
 Plainst: Love's L. 64. . . . . i. 57  
 Planch'd: Meas. 156. . . . . x. 73  
 Planet-struck: Coriol. 148. . . . . xii. 86  
 — Oth. 116. . . . . ix. 90  
 Plantage: Troil. 188. . . . . vii. 245  
 Plantagenet, name of: John. 45. v. 62  
 — misapplied to Salisbury: 1 Hen. VI. 99. . . . . ii. 151  
 Plashy: Rich. II. 55. . . . . iv. 68  
 Plated: Rich. II. 63. . . . . iv. 68  
 Plates = colms: Ant. 372. . . . . xi. 265  
 Plates, the manes, &c.: Romeo. 54. ii. 65  
 Plants, version of: Haml. 259. ix. 226  
 Play, to = to be idle: Ant. 390. xi. 266  
 — = to serenade: Oth. 130. ix. 91  
 Play'd your prize: Tit. A. 29. xii. 251  
 Player, strutting: Troil. 67. . . . . viii. 235  
 Players, inhibition of: As Y. L. 13. . . . . vii. 161  
 — payment of: Shrew. 8. . . . . iii. 193  
 Players' scene, interlude in: Haml. 356. . . . . ix. 237  
 — scenes, criticisms on the: Haml. 326. . . . . ix. 234  
 Play it off: 1 Hen. IV. 139. . . . . v. 250  
 — the touch: Rich. III. 407. ix. 222  
 Pleached: Ado. 62. . . . . vii. 66  
 Pleasant = merry: Ado. 7. . . . . vii. 61  
 "Please one, and please all": Tw. Nt. 203. . . . . vii. 250  
 Flight me, &c. = betrothal: Tw. Nt. 207. . . . . vii. 254  
 Plurisy: Haml. 537. . . . . ix. 265  
 Plutus gold: Troil. 212. . . . . viii. 247  
 Pocket injuries, to: 1 Hen. IV. 243. . . . . v. 255  
 Pockers in ladies' bosoms: Two Gent. 68. . . . . i. 169  
 Poena Castalia, couplet taken from: Venus. 66. . . . . xiv. 25  
 — plagiarism of passage: Lucr. 27. . . . . xiv. 54  
 Poetry described as feigning: As Y. L. 119. . . . . vii. 172  
 Poins and Prince Henry: 1 Hen. IV. 194. . . . . v. 254  
 — his brother: 2 Hen. IV. 200. vi. 78

Point, at a: Mach. 223. . . . . xi. 81  
 — device: Love's L. 140. . . . . i. 64  
 — out: Ado. 204. . . . . vii. 52  
 Pointing stock: 2 Hen. VI. 150. ii. 260  
 Points = accoutrements: Shrew. 110. . . . . iii. 201  
 — = tags: 1 Hen. IV. 158. . . . . v. 231  
 — (of war): Coriol. 274. . . . . xii. 96  
 — on shoulder: 2 Hen. IV. 171. . . . . vi. 76  
 — (punningly): Tw. Nt. 44. vii. 240  
 Pointst = appointest: Lucr. 61. xiv. 55  
 Poking sticks: Wint. T. 168. xii. 76  
 Polacks: Haml. 10. . . . . ix. 204  
 Pole, ever fixed: Oth. 74. . . . . ix. 35  
 Pole-clipt: Temp. 191. . . . . xii. 257  
 Policy: Errors. 40. . . . . i. 112  
 — Lear. 75. . . . . x. 166  
 Politician: Haml. 560. . . . . ix. 254  
 Polld = dipped: Coriol. 262. . . . . xi. 85  
 Polonius, precepts of: Haml. 90. ix. 212  
 — as a satire: Haml. 90. . . . . ix. 212  
 Poltroons, accentuation of: 8 Hen. VI. 49. . . . . iii. 68  
 Pomerand: Wint. T. 198. . . . . xii. 76  
 Pomegranate trees: Romeo. 138. ii. 71  
 Pompey, mistaken historical reference: 2 Hen. VI. note 246. ii. 268  
 Pompey's porch: Jul. Cæs. 82. viii. 64  
 — theatre: Jul. Cæs. 88. . . . . vii. 65  
 Ponderous: Lear. 22. . . . . x. 163  
 Pontards: Ado. 120. . . . . vii. 72  
 Pontic sea: Oth. 167. . . . . ix. 96  
 Poole (in double sense): 2 Hen. VI. 229. . . . . ii. 267  
 Popilius Lena: Jul. Cæs. 145. viii. 70  
 Porpentine: Haml. 135. . . . . ix. 216  
 Porpus, superstition as to the: Per. 90. . . . . x. 255  
 Porringer: Hen. VIII. 272. . . . . xiii. 182  
 Portage: Per. 162. . . . . x. 262  
 Portance: Oth. 47. . . . . ix. 82  
 Portent-like: Love's L. 171. . . . . i. 65  
 Portents, enumeration of: Jul. Cæs. 70. . . . . viii. 64  
 — (at death of kings): Rich. II. 189. . . . . iv. 79  
 — following King Duff's death: Mach. II. 4. . . . . xi. 71  
 Porter's scene: Mach. 106. . . . . xi. 70  
 Portia, artifice of: Merch. 289. v. 183  
 — offer by: Merch. 295. . . . . v. 170  
 — as a lawyer: Merch. 303. . . . . v. 172  
 — Merch. 311. . . . . v. 173  
 — Merch. 280. . . . . v. 169  
 — on mercy: Merch. 393. . . . . v. 176  
 — delicacy of: Merch. 366. . . . . v. 173  
 — suitors of: Merch. 60. . . . . v. 156  
 — demands a surgeon: Merch. 300. . . . . v. 171  
 — Brutus: Merch. 42. . . . . v. 152  
 — inflicts a wound on herself: Jul. Cæs. 119. . . . . viii. 68  
 — death of: Jul. Cæs. 232. viii. 78  
 Port le Blanc: Rich. II. 143. . . . . iv. 75  
 — of Rome: Ant. 51. . . . . xi. 240  
 Portugal, bay of: As Y. L. 141. vii. 176  
 Possets: Mach. 100. . . . . xi. 69  
 Post (in shop): Errors. 10. . . . . i. 110  
 Posted off: 3 Hen. VI. 280. . . . . iii. 86  
 — over: 3 Hen. VI. 280. . . . . iii. 86  
 Postern of a needle's eye: Rich. II. 819. . . . . iv. 89  
 Posy of a ring: Haml. 656. . . . . ix. 287  
 — Merch. 355. . . . . v. 176  
 Pot to the: Coriol. 61. . . . . xii. 78  
 Potents: John. 108. . . . . v. 67  
 Pothecary, character of: Per. 176. . . . . x. 264  
 Pother: Coriol. 129. . . . . xii. 84  
 — Lear. 257. . . . . x. 180

Poulter's hare; 1 Hen. IV. 184. v. 253  
 Pound of flesh, source of story;  
   March. 298. v. 171  
 Poynt (punningly); Love's L. 44. i. 56  
 Poysam; All's Wl. 38. viii. 146  
 Practice; Hen. V. 44. viii. 98  
 Practice; Ado, 333. viii. 98  
 Prague, hermit of; Tw. Nt. 251; vii. 253  
 Frank, to; Coriol. 172. xii. 88  
 Pray in aid; Ant. 363. xi. 285  
 Preambulate; Love's L. 156. i. 64  
 Precedence; Ant. 146. xi. 247  
 Precedent; Hamlet. 426. ix. 243  
   John. 270. v. 84  
 Precepts; Hen. V. 159. vi. 167  
 Precious; Sonn. 210. xiv. 106  
 Precise villains; Meas. 56. x. 65  
 Precisian; Merry W. 45. vi. 247  
 Predicament; Merch. 309. v. 172  
 Predominance; Lear. 84. x. 167  
   Mach. 122. xi. 71  
   Troil. 140. viii. 241  
 Preferred; Mids. Nt. 246. iii. 276  
 Prefixes to speeches; Ado, 308. vii. 98  
   Ado. 319. vii. 95  
 Pregnant; Ant. 96. xi. 243  
   Ado, note 250. vii. 88  
   Hamlet. 353. ix. 235  
   Lear. 168. x. 173  
 Prentiz; Meas. 122. x. 70  
 Presages; Rich. II. 165. iv. 77  
 Presages before things death; Rich.  
   II. 189. iv. 79  
 Prescript; Ant. 229. xi. 254  
 Prescription; 3 Hen. VI. 220. iii. 82  
 Prescripts; Hamlet. 233. ix. 222  
 Presence, the; Hen. VIII. 172. xii. 171  
 Press, King's, misuse of; 1 Hen.  
   IV. 264. v. 260  
 Press'd to death; Rich. II. 248. iv. 84  
 Pressing to death; Ado. 178. vii. 79  
   Meas. 223. x. 79  
 Press to death; Troil. 192. viii. 245  
 Prest; Merch. 40. v. 152  
 Presuming; Troil. 249. viii. 250  
 Trick=mark; 3 Hen. VI. 93. iii. 72  
   out to; Love's L. 204. i. 68  
 Pricks=marks; Troil. 88. viii. 236  
 Pride (figuratively); 1 Hen. VI.  
   164. ii. 157  
 Frides = extravagance; Cymb.  
   138. xii. 185  
 Prig; Wint. T. 148. xiii. 73  
 Prime=first in rank; Temp. 27. xiii. 243  
   =foremost; Hen. VIII. 192. xii. 178  
 Primer business; Hen. VIII. 76. xii. 162  
 Primo; Hen. VIII. 237. xii. 178  
 Primo secundo, &c. (game); Tw.  
   Nt. 273. vii. 254  
 Primrose, faint; Mids. Nt. 35. iii. 257  
 Primy; Hamlet. 80. ix. 211  
 Prince Henry, first mention of;  
   Rich. II. 304. iv. 88  
   as a soldier; 1 Hen. IV.  
   314. v. 264  
   age of; 1 Hen. IV. 225. v. 257  
   residence of; 1 Hen. IV.  
   39. v. 241  
   "place in council"; 1  
   Hen. IV. 220. v. 256  
   nimble footed; 1 Hen.  
   IV. 255. v. 259  
   of cats; Romeo. 85. ix. 67  
   of darkness; Lear. 290. x. 182  
 Princess (figuratively); Mids. Nt.  
   187. xii. 271  
 Princess (plural form); Temp.  
   49. xiii. 245  
 Principality; Two Gent. 49. i. 168  
 Priscian scratched; Love's L. 149. i. 64  
 Prisoner; As Y. L. 41. vii. 165

VOL. XIV.

Prisoners, massacre of; Hen. V.  
   246. vi. 176  
 Private, as subs.; John. 237. v. 81  
 Privilege, place's; 1 Hen. VI. 120. ii. 154  
 Prize (in doubtful sense); Cymb.  
   225. xii. 161  
   war's; 3 Hen. VI. 98. iii. 72  
 Proceeded; Love's L. 5. i. 63  
 Process; Ant. 16. xi. 283  
   Rich. II. 169. iv. 78  
   Troil. 221. viii. 248  
   = command; Hamlet. 457. ix. 246  
 Procurator; 2 Hen. VI. 26. ii. 248  
 Prodigiously; John. 132. v. 70  
 Produce; Jul. Cæs. 173. viii. 73  
 Professes; Lear. 21. x. 162  
 Profession, sign of; Jul. Cæs.  
   18. viii. 59  
 Profit, state and; Rich. II. 273. iv. 86  
 Project, to=to form; Ant. 376. xi. 266  
 Projection; Hen. V. 132. v. 166  
 Proligious; Meas. 108. x. 69  
 Prologue; Mids. Nt. 262. iii. 278  
   1 Hen. IV. 46. v. 242  
   Romeo. 1. ii. 61  
   Romeo. 46. ii. 64  
   authenticity of; Troil. 1. viii. 229  
   (IV.) scope of; Per. note  
   197. x. 266  
   the; Per. 1. x. 246  
   arm'd; Troil. 8. viii. 230  
 Prologue-like; Hen. V. 34. v. 160  
 Prompter's book, plays printed  
   from; Tim. 120. xi. 153  
 Prone (in doubtful sense); Meas.  
   34. x. 62  
   = headstrong; Lucr. 52. xiv. 55  
 Pronunciation, affected style of;  
   Love's L. 147. i. 64  
 Proof (of armour); Rich. II. 68. iv. 69  
   = tested; Coriol. 57. xii. 78  
 Propagation; Meas. 27. x. 62  
 Propension; Troil. 121. viii. 240  
 Proper; Hen. VIII. 50. xiii. 160  
   Meas. 6. x. 60  
   fellow of my hands; 2 Hen.  
   IV. 142. vi. 75  
   names and metre; Lear. 10. x. 162  
   unrhythmical; 3 Hen.  
   VI. 222. iii. 82  
 Propertied; John. 230. v. 85  
 Prophecy taken from Holinshed;  
   Mach. 30. xi. 64  
 Prophecy, before death, to; 1 Hen.  
   IV. 317. v. 264  
 Prophetic soul; Sonn. 264. xiv. 109  
 Proportion; 2 Hen. VI. 70. ii. 253  
 Proportions; Meas. 201. x. 76  
 Propose; Ado. 168. vii. 77  
 Proposing; Ado. 165. vii. 77  
 Prologue, to; Ant. 92. xi. 243  
 Prose in place of verse, question  
   of; Romeo. 36. ii. 64  
   1 Hen. VI. 156. ii. 157  
   Rich. II. 162. iv. 77  
   or verse? Rich. III. 181. iv. 198  
   Rich. III. 187. iv. 198  
   Shrew. 147. iii. 204  
   2 Hen. VI. 106. ii. 257  
   2 Hen. VI. 110. ii. 258  
   2 Hen. VI. 116. ii. 258  
   2 Hen. VI. 151. ii. 260  
 Prosperous; Tim. 209. xi. 158  
 Proud man's contumely; Hamlet.  
   305. ix. 232  
 Proverbs, book of; 1 Hen. IV.  
   57. v. 244  
 Provided; Rich. III. 317. iv. 208  
 Provincial roses; Hamlet. 372. ix. 238  
 Prowess, pronunciation of; Mach.  
   277. xi. 86

Frame, to; 1 Hen. IV. 37. v. 241  
 Publican; Merch. 79. v. 155  
 Puck; Mids. Nt. 74. iii. 261  
 Pugging; Wint. T. 123. xiii. 72  
 Puns; As Y. L. 119. vii. 173  
 Puke-stocking; 1 Hen. IV. 146. v. 250  
 Pulling; Two Gent. 34. i. 167  
 Pull in (a horse); Mach. 266. xi. 85  
 Full to; Troil. 95. viii. 237  
 Punched; Rich. III. 614. viii. 234  
 Punctuation, comical alteration of;  
   Mids. Nt. 263. iii. 278  
 Punish by the heels; 2 Hen. IV.  
   82. vi. 71  
 Punning allusions; Romeo. 121. ii. 70  
 Puns on deathbed; Rich. II. 115. iv. 78  
 Pupil-age; Coriol. 145. xii. 86  
 Puppets, to interpret the; Hamlet.  
   366. ix. 238  
 Puppet's part; Lear. 184. x. 174  
 Purchase; 1 Hen. IV. 107. v. 243  
   (punningly); Jul. Cæs. 108. vii. 67  
   the; Per. 4. x. 247  
 Purge; Romeo. 17. ii. 62  
 Puritan; All's Wl. 42. viii. 146  
 Purple (in vague sense of colour);  
   Sonn. 241. xiv. 108  
   = bloody; Rich. II. 232. iv. 83  
 Purple-in-grain; Mids. Nt. 59. iii. 259  
 Purpose; John. 209. x. 79  
 Pursuivant; Rich. III. 344. iv. 211  
 Pursveyor; Mach. 68. xi. 66  
 Push, make at; Ado. 328. vii. 93  
 Put on; Jul. Cæs. 117. viii. 63  
   Mach. 234. xi. 82  
   out the light (as stage-direc-  
   tion); Oth. 245. ix. 105  
 Putter-on; Hen. VIII. 71. xii. 162  
   Wint. T. 56. xiii. 67  
 Putter-out; Temp. 173. xiii. 255  
 Puttock; Troil. 238. viii. 252  
 Puzzle; 1 Hen. VI. 100. ii. 151  
 Pygmalion's images; Meas. 138. x. 72  
 Pyramids; Ant. 363. xi. 265  
 Pyramises; Ant. 170. xi. 249  
 Pyramus and Thisbe, story of;  
   Mids. Nt. 44. iii. 258  
 Pythagoras; Merch. 285. v. 170

## Q.

Quails; Ant. 131. xi. 246  
   = wantons; Troil. 291. viii. 252  
 Quaint; Mids. Nt. 132. iii. 266  
   mazes; Mids. Nt. 93. iii. 262  
 Quaintly=artfully; Merch. 152. v. 160  
   Hamlet. 189. ix. 220  
 Qualification; Oth. 91. ix. 86  
 Qualified; Cymb. 44. xii. 179  
 Quality, to; Merch. 269. v. 169  
 Quality=nature; Oth. 60. ix. 83  
   = profession; Hamlet. 253. ix. 225  
 Quantity; Shrew. 173. iii. 206  
 Quarrel; Mach. 7. xi. 61  
   doubtful sense of; Hen. VIII.  
   143. xiii. 169  
 Quarry; Coriol. 33. xii. 76  
 Quarter; Oth. 115. ix. 90  
 Quarto compared with F. 1; Ado.  
   308. vii. 93  
   Ado. 319. vii. 95  
 Quat=plumpe; Oth. 231. ix. 103  
 Queen, age of; Rich. II. 114. iv. 73  
   innocence or guilt of the;  
   Hamlet. 405. ix. 241  
   concealing Hamlet's madness;  
   Hamlet. 444. ix. 245  
   speech of, as in Ff.; Hamlet.  
   468. ix. 247



	vol. p.
Queen Elizabeth, language of; 1 Hen. IV. 214.....	v. 256
— (allusion to); Romeo, 18.....	il. 62
— Katharine, letter to king before death; Hen. VIII. 235.....	xiii. 177
— Mab; Romeo, 50.....	il. 65
Queen's relationship to York; Rich. II. 161.....	iv. 77
Queens of Richard II.; Rich. II. 190.....	iv. 79
Quell=murder; Macb. 87.....	xi. 68
Quest=jury; Sonn. 114.....	xiv. 102
Question; Troil. 222.....	viii. 243
— in; Ado, 232.....	vii. 85
— to call in; Romeo, 21.....	il. 63
— top of the; Haml. 250.....	ix. 225
— of his death; Jul. Cæs. 184.....	viii. 74
Quests; Oth. 30.....	ix. 80
Quickly=Mrs. Quickly; Merry W. 155.....	vi. 253
Quiddits; Haml. 565.....	ix. 255
Quietus; Haml. 307.....	ix. 232
— Sonn. 324.....	xiv. 112
Quill, in the; 2 Hen. VI. 65.....	iii. 252
— (of bird); Mids. Nt. 159.....	iii. 268
Quilllets; Haml. 566.....	ix. 255
— Love's L. 137.....	i. 63
Quinapalus; Tw. Nt. 46.....	vii. 240
Quintain; As Y. L. 23.....	ii. 162
Quire; Cymb. 173.....	xiii. 187
Quote; Love's L. 220.....	i. 69
— Two Gent. 42.....	i. 167
Quoted; Haml. 204.....	ix. 220
— Troil. 277.....	viii. 252
Quotidian; Hen. V. 100.....	vi. 164

## R.

R. for the dog; Romeo, 90.....	ii. 63
Rabato; Ado, 233.....	vii. 86
Rabelais, influence of; Tw. Nt. 95.....	vii. 243
Race, sensual; Meas. 107.....	x. 68
— of night; John. 163.....	v. 73
Rack=cloud; Temp. 202.....	xiii. 263
— Ant. 323.....	xi. 261
— (contemporary allusion); Merch. 216.....	v. 164
Racked, (reflexively); Coriol. 236.....	xiii. 96
Ragged/st hour; 2 Hen. IV. 49.....	vi. 194
Rag of honour; Rich. III. 137.....	iv. 194
Rain (to lay wind); Troil. 246.....	viii. 250
— potatoes; Merry W. 174.....	v. 254
— thy joy; Merch. 232.....	v. 166
Raise=rouse; Oth. 25.....	ix. 79
— the waters; Merch. 153.....	v. 169
Ram, to, as vulgarism; Ant. 189.....	xi. 247
Rammed up; John. 94.....	v. 67
Rampallan; 2 Hen. IV. 119.....	vi. 73
Rampant bear, &c.; 2 Hen. VI. 323.....	ii. 277
Rampird; Tim. 224.....	xi. 159
Ramps; Cymb. 63.....	xii. 182
Rang'd = gone astray; Sonn. 271.....	xiv. 110
Rank (garb); Oth. 93.....	ix. 86
— (punningly); Cymb. 91.....	xii. 182
— (to market); As Y. L. 32.....	vii. 169
Ransack'd; Troil. 123.....	viii. 240
Rape of Lucrece, parallel in; Oth. 140.....	ix. 92
— Rich. III. 252.....	iv. 208
Rapier = weapon; 3 Hen. VI. 100.....	iii. 72
Raps you; Cymb. 70.....	xiii. 181
Rapture; Coriol. 121.....	xi. 84

Rapture of the sea; Per. 108.....	x. 267
Rascal; Coriol. 28.....	xii. 76
— counters; Jul. Cæs. 223.....	viii. 77
Rascals, fat; 2 Hen. IV. 166.....	vi. 76
Based off; Rich. III. 331.....	iv. 210
Ratcliff, introduction of; Rich. III. 372.....	iv. 214
Rather, as monosyllable; 3 Hen. VI. 69.....	iii. 69
Rational hind; Love's L. 25.....	i. 55
Rato-lorum; Merry W. L. 124.....	vi. 243
Rat without a tail; Macb. 23.....	xi. 68
Raught; 2 Hen. VI. 133.....	ii. 259
Raven, superstition as to; Oth. 181.....	ix. 97
Raven's eye; Cymb. 99.....	xii. 183
Ravenspur; Rich. II. 145.....	iv. 76
— 3 Hen. VI. 273.....	iii. 85
— 1 Hen. IV. 88.....	v. 247
Ravin'd; Macb. 187.....	xi. 72
Ravin up; Macb. 124.....	xii. 72
Ray'd; Shrew. 126.....	xiii. 203
Razed shoes; Haml. 372.....	ix. 238
Razes; 1 Hen. IV. 95.....	v. 248
Read, to (metaphorically); 1 Hen. IV. 249.....	v. 258
— claim to benefit of clergy; 2 Hen. VI. note 274.....	ii. 272
Read'p (chin); 1 Hen. IV. 69.....	v. 246
Rear-ward; Romeo, 127.....	ii. 70
Reward of; Sonn. 220.....	xiv. 107
Reason; Jul. Cæs. 138.....	viii. 69
Reasons; Love's L. 142.....	i. 68
— (punningly); 1 Hen. IV. 163.....	v. 252
— Troil. 107.....	viii. 238
Rebate; Meas. 47.....	x. 68
Reheat; Ado, 41.....	vii. 64
Recall; Macb. 211.....	xi. 80
Recollected; Tw. Nt. 120.....	vii. 245
Recomforture; Rich. III. 566.....	iv. 229
Recorder (musical instrument); Mids. Nt. 264.....	iii. 273
— Haml. 375.....	ix. 239
— Rich. III. 413.....	iv. 215
Records (of bird singing); Per. 206.....	x. 266
Recurrent; Rich. II. 53.....	iv. 68
Recur; Rich. III. 430.....	iv. 220
Red, as fashionable colour; Mids. Nt. 69.....	iii. 250
— blood; Merch. 111.....	v. 157
— dominical; Love's L. 108.....	i. 65
— lattice; 2 Hen. IV. 144.....	vi. 75
— morn; Venus, 32.....	xiv. 28
Red-breast teacher; 1 Hen. IV. 216.....	v. 250
Red-hipped; Mids. Nt. 216.....	iii. 273
Red-lattice; Merry W. 63.....	vi. 248
Rode; Haml. 39.....	ix. 212
Reduce; Rich. III. 685.....	iv. 240
Redundant syllable in middle of line; Rich. II. 104.....	iv. 72
Reechy; Haml. 437.....	ix. 244
Re-edited; Rich. III. 300.....	iv. 206
Reeky; Romeo, 167.....	ii. 73
Reeling-ripe; Temp. 245.....	xiii. 261
Referr'd; Cymb. 6.....	xii. 176
Reflect upon; Cymb. 64.....	xii. 180
Reflection; Jul. Cæs. 33.....	viii. 61
— (in eye); John. 117.....	v. 68
Reflex (as noun); Romeo, 141.....	ii. 71
— (as verb); 1 Hen. VI. 259.....	ii. 168
Regan, name of; Lear, 13.....	x. 162
Region (in abstract sense); Meas. 124.....	x. 70
— (as adj.); Sonn. 88.....	xiv. 101
— the air; Haml. 276.....	ix. 228
Rein up; Merry W. 180.....	vi. 254
Religious house; Rich. II. 284.....	iv. 86
Relish; Wint. T. 225.....	xiii. 80
Reliver; Meas. 185.....	x. 76
Remain (as subs.); Coriol. 65.....	xii. 79

Remarkable; Ant. 346.....	xi. 262
Remember; Temp. 88.....	xiii. 249
— Haml. 607.....	ix. 259
Remembrance; 2 Hen. IV. 158.....	iv. 76
— (as quadrisyllable); Macb. 143.....	xi. 73
Remonstrance; Meas. 214.....	x. 78
Remorse; Macb. 57.....	xi. 66
— Merch. 271.....	v. 109
Remorseful; 2 Hen. VI. 219.....	ii. 268
Remove = be faithless; Sonn. 291.....	xiv. 110
Render'd; Tim. 226.....	xi. 160
Rend out; Merch. 156.....	v. 160
Reneg; Lear, 196.....	x. 175
Reneges; Ant. 11.....	xi. 238
Rent=rend (verb); Macb. 227.....	xi. 81
— Rich. III. 90.....	iv. 191
Rents=rends; 3 Hen. VI. 212.....	iii. 81
Repealing; Jul. Cæs. 156.....	viii. 71
Repentance; Cymb. 304.....	xii. 196
Repetition=recital; Lucr. 39.....	xiv. 56
— of adjective for emphasis; Haml. 388.....	ix. 240
— of word, significance of; Haml. note 78.....	ix. 210
— Haml. 78.....	ix. 211
— (from printer's error); Haml. 402.....	ix. 241
— or phrase; John. 164.....	v. 74
— Ado, 74.....	vii. 68
Replication; Haml. 450.....	ix. 246
Reposal; Lear, 167.....	x. 172
Reprove; Ado, 162.....	vii. 77
Reputed; Troil. 171.....	viii. 242
Require; Macb. 150.....	xi. 74
Rere-mice; Mids. Nt. 131.....	iii. 268
Reserve=preserve; Per. 216.....	x. 267
— their character; Sonn. 210.....	xiv. 106
Resolve; Haml. 52.....	ix. 238
— on this; 1 Hen. VI. 67.....	ii. 148
Resolved; Rich. III. 155.....	iv. 197
Respect; Troil. 168.....	viii. 238
Respectively; Tim. 30.....	xi. 151
Respects=deliberate calculation; Sonn. 120.....	xiv. 102
Rest=wager; Hen. V. 88.....	v. 163
— (elliptically used); Rich. II. 165.....	iv. 77
— to set up one's; All's Wl. 75.....	viii. 149
Restful; Rich. II. 253.....	iv. 84
Resty; Cymb. 222.....	xi. 191
— Sonn. 245.....	xiv. 108
Resumes; Tim. 65.....	xi. 149
Retall'd; Rich. III. 301.....	iv. 206
Rethue, accent on; Lear, 121.....	x. 170
Retorts to chiding fortune; Troil. 56.....	viii. 234
Return from Parnassus, plagiarism in; Venus, 4.....	xiv. 22
— couplet quoted in; Venus, 6.....	xiv. 22
Return'd; Tim. 94.....	xi. 151
Reverberate; Tw. Nt. 67.....	vii. 242
Reverberates; Troil. 203.....	viii. 246
Reverence; Ado, 237.....	vii. 91
— Cymb. 265.....	xii. 194
Reverend; 1 Hen. VI. 149.....	ii. 156
Reversion; 1 Hen. IV. 250.....	v. 238
Revolution (of a wheel); Ant. 37.....	xii. 240
Rhapsody; Haml. 410.....	ix. 241
Rheims, university of, allusion to; Shrew, 76.....	iii. 139
Rhesus and his horses, story of; 3 Hen. VI. 253.....	iii. 84
Rhetoric; Love's L. 47.....	i. 56
Rheumatic diseases (catarrhs, &c.); Mids. Nt. 90.....	iii. 263
Rhodope, pyramid of; 1 Hen. VI. 109.....	ii. 152

	vol. p.
Rhyme, alternate; A <sup>do</sup> , 185.	vii. 80
— eccentric, instances of; Hen.	viii. 52
— imperfect; Per. 149.	xiii. 159
— instances of; Per. 2.	x. 246
— Per. 84.	x. 254
— Per. 301.	x. 275
— sing. and plural words of same ending; Romeo, 32.	ii. 63
— suggested modification of; Per. 198.	x. 206
Rhymed couplets at end of scene; Merch. 46.	v. 152
— lines; Shrew, 114.	iii. 202
— authenticity of; Shrew, 44.	iii. 195
— significance of; Rich. II. 34.	iv. 67
— passage containing unrhymed line; Love's L. 6.	i. 53
— authenticity of; Lear, 313.	x. 184
Rialto; Merch. 72.	v. 154
Rib, to; Merch. 178.	v. 162
Ribaudred; Ant. 235.	xi. 254
Richard, egotism of; Rich. III. 628.	iv. 236
Richard, Earl of Arundel, son of; Rich. II. note 143.	iv. 75
— II. fond of pageants; Rich. II. 60.	iv. 69
— friendships of; Rich. II. 190.	iv. 79
— II.'s forces, dispersion of; Rich. II. 187.	iv. 79
— departure from Flint; Rich. II. 240.	iv. 83
— extravagance in dress; Rich. II. 235.	iv. 83
— III. as an actor; Rich. III. 225.	iv. 202
Riches, assingular noun; Per. 70.	x. 253
Richest (eyes); All's Wl. 187.	viii. 156
Richmond, Countess of; Rich. III. 106.	iv. 192
— march of; Rich. III. 582.	iv. 281
Riddle, original of; Per. 27.	x. 249
Rides the wild-mare; 2 Hen. IV. 193.	vi. 78
Rids way; 3 Hen. VI. 311.	iii. 89
Rift, to; Wint. T. 218.	xiii. 80
Riggish; Ant. 124.	xi. 246
Right for right; Rich. III. 495.	iv. 224
Rim; Hen. V. 235.	vi. 174
Ring, death's head; Love's L. 209.	i. 68
Ringlets, green—sour; Temp. 252.	xiii. 250
Rings—posy rings; As Y. L. 95.	vii. 171
— given at betrothal; Tw. Nt. 238.	vii. 255
Ring the bell; Macb. 115.	xi. 71
Rinsing, double form of; Hen. VIII. 60.	xiii. 161
Rise, I, doubtful sense of; Temp. 45.	xiii. 245
Rivalry; Ant. 208.	xi. 252
Rivals—partners; Haml. 4.	ix. 203
Evers, character of; Rich. III. 224.	iv. 201
Roads—anchorage; Merch. 10.	v. 150
Roan Barbary; Rich. II. 328.	iv. 90
Robin Goodfellow, ballad of; Mids. Nt. 158.	ii. 268
— Hood; Two Gent. 82.	i. 172
— Two Gent. 90.	i. 172
Rock—refuge; Cymb. 330.	xii. 198
Roderigo as tool of Iago; Oth. 18.	ix. 78
Roe, without his; Romeo, 90.	ii. 68
Romage; Haml. 17.	ix. 205
Romans, imitate the; 2 Hen. IV. 149.	vi. 75

	vol. p.
Rome and room, pronunciation of; Jul. Cas. 54.	viii. 62
— Jul. Cas. 180.	viii. 73
Romeo, misgivings of; Romeo, 75.	ii. 67
— sallow complexion as characteristic of; Romeo, 82.	ii. 67
— affected speeches of; Romeo, 15.	ii. 62
— dreams of; Romeo, 200.	ii. 76
— fortitude of; Romeo, 202.	ii. 76
— love for Rosaline; Romeo, 15.	ii. 62
— Romeo, 83.	ii. 67
— meets Paris at tomb; Romeo, 217.	ii. 77
— and Juliet, parallel in; Mids. Nt. 27.	ii. 256
— Two Gent. 66.	ii. 170
Rondure; Sonn. 53.	xiv. 99
Ronyon; Macb. 20.	xi. 62
Rood, holy; Rich. III. 340.	iv. 211
Rook, to = to squat; 3 Hen. VI. 333.	iii. 90
Rooby; Macb. 147.	xi. 74
Room (punningly); Jul. Cas. 54.	viii. 62
— Jul. Cas. 180.	viii. 73
— (elliptically); Mids. Nt. 81.	ii. 261
Rope as dissyllable; Errors, 97.	i. 115
Rope-tricks; Shrew, 55.	xi. 196
Ropes, make; All's Wl. 150.	viii. 154
Ropes as dissyllable; Errors, 97.	i. 115
Rosalind as a comedy part; As Y. L. 75.	vii. 168
Rosaline, description of; Romeo, 84.	ii. 67
— Romeo's love of; Romeo, 15.	ii. 62
— Romeo, 83.	ii. 67
— a Capulet; Romeo, 80.	ii. 63
Roscius; 3 Hen. VI. 329.	iii. 90
Rose (in double sense); John, 48.	v. 62
Rose-cheek; Venus, 5.	xiv. 22
Rosemary, as emblem; Haml. 501.	ix. 250
— (at funerals); 3 Hen. IV. 158.	vi. 76
Rosencrantz, Hamlet's treatment of; Haml. 294.	ix. 230
— name of; Haml. 209.	ix. 221
Roses, silent war of; Lucr. 7.	xiv. 53
Roted = learned by rote; Coriol. 209.	xiii. 91
Rotten—damp; Sonn. 90.	xiv. 101
Rough, senses; 1 Hen. VI. 243.	ii. 167
Rough-hew; Haml. 590.	ix. 257
Round, live so; Per. 58.	x. 252
— (=roundly), went, &c.; Haml. 220.	ix. 222
— = dance; Mids. Nt. 106.	ii. 263
— rounded in the ear; John, 122.	v. 69
Roundel; Mids. Nt. 129.	ii. 266
Round; Wint. T. 27.	xiii. 63
Round 1 the ear, to; Filgr. 22.	xiv. 183
Roundure; John, 82.	v. 67
Round, to give a; Oth. 161.	ix. 87
— to; Rich. II. 134.	iv. 79
Royal, in sense of loyal; Hen. VIII. 218.	xiii. 176
— (ironical allusion); Rich. III. 100.	iv. 192
— (punningly); Rich. II. 322.	iv. 89
— merchant; Merch. 242.	v. 167
Royalise; Rich. III. 121.	iv. 193
Roylish; As Y. L. 40.	vii. 165
Rub on (term at bowls); Troil. 176.	viii. 243
— at; Coriol. 177.	xi. 59
— the elbow; 1 Hen. IV. 237.	v. 292
Rubs (term at bowls); Rich. II. 242.	ii. 83
Rudely; 1 Hen. IV. 220.	v. 286
Rudesby; Tw. Nt. 244.	vii. 262
Rue, as emblem; Rich. II. 250.	iv. 84

	vol. p.
Rue, as emblem; Haml. 504.	ix. 250
Ruff = ruffle of boot; All's Wl. 117.	viii. 152
Ruffian; 2 Hen. VI. 323.	ii. 276
Ruffian'd; Oth. 71.	ix. 84
Ruffle, to; Tit. A. 21.	xiii. 251
Rug-headed; Rich. II. 127.	iv. 74
Ruinous; Errors, 75.	i. 114
Rules the roast; 2 Hen. VI. 40.	ii. 250
Rump-fed; Macb. 20.	xi. 62
Runaways; Rich. III. 648.	iv. 238
— Romeo, 117.	ii. 70
Running banquet; Hen. VIII. 110.	xiii. 166
— with thy heels, scorn; Merch. 122.	v. 153
Rush'd (transitively); Romeo, 130.	ii. 71
Rushes, cage of; As Y. L. 98.	vii. 171
— practice of strewing; 1 Hen. IV. 209.	v. 255
— Cymb. 96.	xii. 182
Rush ring; As Y. L. 98.	vii. 171
Russet-pated; Mids. Nt. 173.	ii. 269
Rusty armour; Rich. III. 381.	iv. 215
Rutland, age of; 3 Hen. VI. 83.	iii. 71
— death of; 3 Hen. VI. 100.	iii. 72

## S.

	vol. p.
Saba; Hen. VIII. note 281.	xiii. 183
Sable, colour of; Haml. 75.	ix. 210
Sables, suit of; Haml. 351.	ix. 236
Sack = wine; 1 Hen. IV. 41.	v. 241
— (punningly); 1 Hen. IV. 311.	v. 263
— lime in; 1 Hen. IV. 182.	v. 251
Sackerson; Merry W. 19.	vi. 245
Sacrament, take the; Rich. II. 802.	ii. 38
— Rich. III. 108.	iv. 199
Sacring bell; Hen. VIII. 204.	xiii. 174
Sad = grave; Tw. Nt. 202.	vii. 250
Sadness, affection of; John, 189.	v. 76
Sad signs; John, 124.	v. 69
Safe = certain; Macb. 48.	xi. 64
Safeguard, to; Rich. II. 52.	iv. 68
Safety as trisyllable; Haml. 85.	ix. 212
Saffron; Temp. 192.	xiii. 257
— to wear; All's Wl. 172.	vii. 156
Sag; Macb. 248.	xi. 83
Sagittary; Oth. 24.	ix. 79
— Troil. 380.	vii. 256
Sailors (as drums, pers.); Per. 263.	x. 271
Saint Bennet, bells of; Tw. Nt. 274.	vii. 254
— Jaques le Grand; All's Wl. 181.	vii. 153
— Nicholas' clerks; 1 Hen. IV. 101.	v. 248
Salique law; Hen. V. 49.	vi. 161
Salisbury, as trisyllable; 1 Hen. VI. 50.	ii. 147
— error as to death of; 3 Hen. VI. 230.	iii. 82
Sallets; Haml. 269.	ix. 227
— Lear, 287.	x. 182
Sallow, as applied to Romeo; Romeo, 82.	ii. 67
Salmon's tail; Oth. 84.	ix. 85
Salt, cover of; Two Gent. 82.	i. 171
Salt-butter rogue; Merry W. 77.	vi. 248
Saltiers; Wint. T. 177.	xiii. 77
Salve (punningly); Love's L. 65.	i. 57
Salvini, reading of iv. 1. 251; Oth. 202.	ix. 100
— as Othello (iii. 3. 359, &c.); Oth. 161.	ix. 85
Sampire; Lear. 384.	x. 187
Sancta majestas; 2 Hen. VI. 309.	ii. 275



	vol. p.
Sanctuary; 3 Hen. VI. 264.....	iii. 85
— Rich. III. 289.....	iv. 208
Sand-blind; Merch. 129.....	v. 158
Sands, Lord; Hen. VIII. 96.....	xiii. 164
— Sir William; Hen. VIII. 123.....	xiii. 167
Sanguino; Love's L. 91.....	i. 59
Sans, as preposition; Oth. 42.....	ix. 81
Sarcenet; 1 Hen. IV. 213.....	v. 256
Satire=satirist; Sonn. 246.....	xiv. 109
Satisfy; Meas. 123.....	x. 71
Saturin; Tit. A. 51.....	xii. 263
— and Venus in conjunction; 2 Hen. IV. 197.....	vi. 78
Saving your reverence, &c.; Ado. 236.....	vii. 86
Savoy, palace of; 2 Hen. VI. 272, ii. 272	ii. 272
Say, Lord, death of; 2 Hen. VI. 289.....	ii. 273
— speech of; 2 Hen. VI. 286.....	ii. 274
Say'd=essay'd; Per. 25.....	x. 249
Scabs (punningly); Coriol. 30.....	xii. 76
Sealed; Meas. 133.....	x. 71
— seals; Troil. 332.....	viii. 256
Seamels; Temp. note 141.....	xiii. 233
Seandall's mark; Sonn. 171.....	xiv. 105
Seann'd; Macb. 169.....	xi. 76
Seantling; Troil. 87.....	viii. 236
Seart=veil; Merch. 239.....	v. 165
Scarlet ornaments; Sonn. 366, xiv. 114	xiv. 114
Seath, to do; Rich. III. 162.....	iv. 196
Scene, specified in Prologue; Troil. 2.....	viii. 230
— 1, action of; 2 Hen. IV. 29, vi. 68	vi. 68
— (L. A) conjecturally laid; Per. 68.....	x. 253
— John, 157.....	v. 76
— John, 285.....	v. 82
— ended by rhymed couplets; Merch. 46.....	v. 152
— within palace; Per. 21.....	x. 243
Scenes, localities to; Tim. 71.....	xi. 149
Scenic arrangements; Hen. V. 303.....	vi. 171
Schedule; Lucr. 90.....	xiv. 86
School=university; As Y. L. 4, vii. 160	vii. 160
— the church; Tw. Nt. 192, xiv. 249	xiv. 249
— of night; Love's L. 183.....	i. 63
Seconce; Coriol. 216.....	xii. 92
— as verb; Haml. 401.....	ix. 241
Seep; John. 183.....	v. 75
Seep'd me; Oth. 190.....	ix. 99
Screech owl; 3 Hen. VI. 184.....	iii. 78
Scrimers; Haml. 635.....	ix. 252
Scrip. Mids. Nt. 41.....	iii. 257
Scriptural allusions:	
Acts xxi. 9; 1 Hen. VI. 75.....	ii. 149
— xxviii. 3; Troil. 168.....	viii. 243
1 Cor. xv. 31; Macb. 218.....	xi. 80
2 Cor. vi. 16; Macb. 113.....	xi. 71
Daniel i. 21; 3 Hen. VI. 153.....	iii. 76
— xiii. (Apocrypha); Merch. 296.....	v. 171
Ecclesiastes x. 16; Rich. III. 272, iv. 205	iv. 205
— x. 20; Per. 283.....	x. 263
Ecclesiasticus xii. i. 1; 1 Hen. IV. 183.....	v. 253
Exodus iii. 2; 1 Hen. IV. 233.....	v. 257
— xx. 5; John. 84.....	v. 66
— xxii. 18; 2 Hen. VI. 129.....	ii. 259
Ezekiel xlii. 1; 1 Hen. IV. 238.....	v. 257
Genesis xxx. 32; Merch. 89.....	v. 156
— xxxi. 10; Merch. 161.....	v. 161
Isaiah li. 21; 2 Hen. IV. 49.....	vi. 69
Jeremiah xxiii. 22; Cymb. 68, xii. 180	xii. 180
Job iii. 3; 6; John. 121.....	v. 70
— xxxix. 24; 2 Hen. IV. 37.....	vi. 68
John iii. 19, 20; Per. 58.....	x. 250
Judges xi. 30-33; 3 Hen. VI. 304.....	iii. 88

## Scriptural allusions (cont.):

2 Kings x. 27; Meas. 88.....	x. 67
Leviticus xx. 6; 2 Hen. VI. 129, ii. 259	ii. 259
Luke i. 53; John. 159.....	v. 73
— xv. 8; As Y. L. 73.....	vii. 168
— xvi. 1; 2 Hen. IV. 66.....	vi. 71
— xviii. 10-14; Merch. 79.....	v. 155
— xix. 40; Macb. 98.....	xi. 69
Matthew iii. 12; Romeo, 17.....	ii. 62
— iv. 6; Merch. 94.....	v. 156
— v. 22; Merch. 27.....	v. 151
— viii. 32; Merch. 76.....	v. 155
— xi. 28; Rich. II. 318.....	iv. 89
— xiii. 25; 1 Hen. VI. 165.....	ii. 158
— xvi. 1; Venus, 32.....	xiv. 22
— xix. 14; Rich. II. 318.....	iv. 89
— xix. 24; Rich. II. 318.....	iv. 89
— xxiv. 43; 1 Hen. VI. 81.....	ii. 149
Numbers xvi. 29; Lear, 326.....	x. 185
— xxvii. 8; Hen. V. 57.....	vi. 161
2 Peter ii. 22; Hen. V. 194.....	vi. 170
Proverbs i. 20; 1 Hen. IV. 57.....	v. 244
Psalms lviii. 4, 5; 2 Hen. VI. 183, ii. 263	ii. 263
— lxxviii. 15; Ant. 273.....	xi. 257
— xxii. 12; Ant. 272.....	xi. 257
— lxxv. 7; 3 Hen. VI. 153.....	iii. 76
— xc. 9; John, note 180.....	v. 75
— xcii. 12; Tim. 193.....	xi. 157
— cxi. 8; Lear, 140.....	x. 171
Romans ix. 15-18; Meas. 23.....	x. 61
1 Samuel xxiv. 10; Macb. 113.....	xi. 71
2 Samuel xv. 31; 2 Hen. IV. 66.....	vi. 71
Scroll; Mids. 42.....	iii. 257
Scroyles; John. 106.....	v. 67
Scrubbed; Merch. 356.....	v. 176
Souls; Troil. 332.....	viii. 256
Soylla (figuratively); Merch. 264.....	v. 168
Soythian; Lear, 32.....	x. 168
Sea, in relation to moon; Tim. 184.....	xi. 157
Seacall; Ado. 207.....	vii. 82
— George; Ado. 205.....	vii. 83
Sea-faring men; Haml. 512.....	ix. 251
Sea-gown; Haml. 591.....	ix. 257
Sea-monster; Lear, 138.....	x. 171
Sea of troubles; Haml. 301.....	ix. 231
Seaport in Cyprus; Oth. 69.....	ix. 84
Sea's worth; Oth. 28.....	ix. 80
Seard, ensward'd and; Compl. 10.....	xiv. 124
— quarts; Shrew. 18.....	iii. 193
Seam=tallow; Troil. 145.....	viii. 241
Seap up; Cymb. 17.....	xii. 177
Secrets, king's (saying as to); Per. 60.....	x. 252
— as trisyllable; Troil. 236.....	viii. 249
Seet (in doubtful sense); 2 Hen. IV. 165.....	vi. 76
Secure (in Latin sense); Troil. 104.....	viii. 233
— to; Lear, 330.....	x. 185
— (in Latin sense); Haml. 151.....	ix. 217
Sedges, creep into; Ado. 111.....	vii. 71
Sedley, Sir Charles, paraphrase of Venus and Adonis, 50.....	xiv. 24
Seeing, as monosyllable; 3 Hen. VI. 68.....	iii. 69
Seel, to, term in falconry; Ant. 271.....	xi. 257
— Oth. 149.....	ix. 93
Seeling (falconry); Macb. 146.....	xi. 74
Seen=sailed; Shrew. 50.....	iii. 197
Seething; Mids. Nt. 247.....	iii. 276
Se fortuna, &c.; 2 Hen. IV. 179.....	vi. 77
Seizure; Troil. 16.....	xii. 231
Seld, as adverb; Coriol. 127.....	xi. 84
Seldom when; Meas. 168.....	x. 74
Self=sellame; Hen. V. 86.....	vi. 160
— Lear, 18.....	x. 162
Self-affairs; Mids. Nt. 20.....	iii. 256
Self-cover'd; Lear, 344.....	x. 186

Self-love, curious idea of; Venus, 17.....	xiv. 23
Self-sovereignty; Love's L. 83.....	i. 59
Semblable; Haml. 612.....	ix. 259
Seneca, translation of; Haml. 259.....	ix. 226
Senior; Love's L. 19.....	v. 54
Senior-junior; Love's L. 72.....	i. 58
Senna; Macb. 256.....	xi. 84
Sennet; Coriol. 116.....	xii. 83
— Hen. VIII. 158.....	xiii. 170
— Hen. V. 286.....	vi. 178
— 3 Hen. VI. 60.....	iii. 69
— Macb. 127.....	xi. 72
Senoy; All's Wl. 28.....	viii. 145
Sense=feeling; Oth. 124.....	ix. 91
— =passion; Per. 30.....	x. 249
— spirit of; Troil. 17.....	xiii. 231
— Troil. 200.....	viii. 246
— as plural; Macb. 236.....	xi. 82
— in all; Merch. 352.....	v. 176
Senseless-obstinate; Rich. III. 298.....	iv. 206
Sensibly; Coriol. 62.....	xii. 78
Sepulchring; Lear, 231.....	x. 177
Sergeant, fell; Haml. 634.....	ix. 261
Sergeant, the; Macb. note 8.....	xi. 61
Serpentine; Troil. 131.....	viii. 240
Serpent's tongue; Mids. Nt. 232, ii. 230	ii. 230
Servant=lover; Two Gent. 98.....	i. 172
Servant-monster; Temp. 151.....	xiii. 254
Service is no heritage; All's Wl. 83.....	viii. 146
Sessions; Sonn. 79.....	xiv. 169
Set=set aside; Haml. 457.....	ix. 246
— to (to music); Two Gent. 19.....	ix. 166
— (at tennis); Troil. 100.....	viii. 238
— a form; Sonn. 217.....	xiv. 167
Setebos; Temp. 83.....	xiii. 248
Setter-up, &c.; 3 Hen. VI. 163, iii. 76	iii. 76
Set up his rest; Romeo, 186.....	ii. 75
Seven ages; As Y. L. 67.....	vii. 167
— stars; Lear, 158.....	x. 172
Several (in double sense); Love's L. 46.....	ix. 56
— &c.; Sonn. 256.....	xiv. 113
Severals; Wint. F. 23.....	iii. 66
Severe; 1 Hen. VI. 261.....	ii. 169
Sewer; Macb. 71.....	xi. 66
Shadow of poor Buckingham; Hen. VIII. 69.....	xii. 162
Shaft or a bolt on't, make a; Merry W. 108.....	vi. 250
Shag-hair'd; Macb. 207.....	xi. 80
Shakes=disyllable; Temp. 57.....	xiii. 240
Shake his bells; 3 Hen. VI. 46.....	iii. 68
Shakespeare as an actor; Sonn. 275.....	xiv. 110
— anachronisms of; Two Gent. 90.....	i. 172
— on astrology; Lear, 79, 80.....	x. 166
— authorship of Taming of Shrew; Shrew. 114.....	iii. 202
— as a classical scholar; Ant. 325.....	xi. 361
— Haml. 28.....	ix. 206
— Wint. F. 151.....	xiii. 74
— and country life; Ado. 111.....	vii. 71
— as a dramatist; Shrew. 68.....	iii. 197
— Haml. 1.....	ix. 202
— Two Gent. 69.....	i. 170
— Two Gent. 118.....	i. 174
— Two Gent. 120.....	i. 174
— Cymb. 39.....	xii. 178
— Cymb. 60.....	xii. 180
— Merch. 207.....	v. 163
— Rich. II. 114.....	iv. 73
— Ant. 23.....	iii. 239
— early work of; Mids. Nt. 142.....	iii. 267

- Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth;  
 Rich. III. 409. . . . .iv. 218  
 father of; As Y. L. 38. . . . .vii. 164  
 and his friend; Sonn. 1. . . . .xiv. 96  
 Sonn. 207. . . . .xiv. 106  
 on himself; Tw. Nt. 121. . . . .vii. 245  
 inaccuracy in details; Tw. Nt.  
 281. . . . .vii. 254  
 Wint. T. 99. . . . .xiii. 71  
 Wint. T. 115. . . . .xiii. 72  
 as lame; Sonn. 97. . . . .xiv. 101  
 as a lawyer; Ado. 219. . . . .vii. 84  
 Macb. 144. . . . .xi. 74  
 Mids. Nt. 11. . . . .Bi. 255  
 2 Hen. IV. 131. . . . .vi. 74  
 Haml. 555. . . . .ix. 254  
 Rich. III. 516. . . . .iv. 226  
 Romeo. 228. . . . .ii. 77  
 Meas. 223. . . . .x. 79  
 Mids. Nt. 132. . . . .iii. 270  
 Sonn. 32. . . . .xiv. 97  
 Sonn. 69. . . . .xiv. 100  
 Sonn. 113. . . . .xiv. 102  
 Sonn. 215. . . . .xiv. 107  
 2 Hen. IV. 131. . . . .vi. 74  
 marital relations of; Errors.  
 127. . . . .i. 117  
 and Marlowe; Sonn. note.  
 183. . . . .xiv. 105  
 and Marston's Scourge of Vil-  
 lanie; Venus. 2. . . . .xv. 22  
 and the mob; 2 Hen. VI. 272. ii. 272  
 modern criticism; Shrew.  
 43. . . . .iii. 196  
 nautical knowledge of; Temp.  
 2. . . . .xiii. 241  
 as an observer of nature;  
 Haml. 547. . . . .ix. 253  
 Hen. VIII. 101. xiii. 164  
 parallel metaphors, use of;  
 Hen. VIII. 57. . . . .xiii. 161  
 and popular prejudice;  
 Merch. 205. . . . .v. 163  
 revision of his plays; Cymb.  
 150. . . . .xii. 186  
 and use of rhymed lines;  
 Rich. II. 34. . . . .iv. 67  
 Shrew. 44. . . . .iii. 195  
 as a satirist; Tim. 170. . . . .xi. 156  
 schoolmaster; Love's L.  
 151. . . . .i. 64  
 on self-murder; Venus.  
 57. . . . .xiv. 24  
 Sonn. 183. . . . .xiv. 105  
 style of (affected); Rich. II.  
 153. . . . .iv. 77  
 (antithetical); John.  
 142. . . . .v. 71  
 (antithetical); John.  
 147. . . . .v. 72  
 (condensed); Cymb. 286. xii. 194  
 (condensed); Cymb. 322. xii. 197  
 (earlier and later); Errors.  
 27. . . . .i. 111  
 (early); Romeo. 190. . . . .ii. 75  
 (early); Rich. III. 521. iv. 226  
 (early); John. 128. . . . .v. 69  
 (early imitative); Romeo.  
 12. . . . .ii. 82  
 (early poetic); Two Gent.  
 60. . . . .i. 139  
 (early poetic); 2 Hen. VI.  
 191. . . . .ix. 203  
 (early poetic); 2 Hen. VI.  
 197. . . . .ix. 204  
 (early progressive); Errors.  
 76. . . . .i. 114  
 (early progressive); Merch.  
 47. . . . .v. 152  
 (jingling affected); Rich.  
 II. 151. . . . .iv. 76
- Shakespeare, style of (matured);  
 Rich. II. 66. . . . .iv. 69  
 (quibbling); Romeo. 121. ii. 70  
 (quibbling); Sonn. 349. xiv. 113  
 (rollicking); Shrew. 111. iii. 201  
 (sententious); Love's L.  
 7. . . . .i. 53  
 as a theologian; Cymb. 304. xii. 196  
 on his own works; Sonn.  
 178. . . . .xiv. 105  
 Shakespeare's cliff; Lear. 334. . . . .x. 135  
 Shall's, as colloquialism; Per. 254. x. 270  
 Shames (use of plural noun); Ado.  
 285. . . . .vii. 81  
 Shape=dress; Ado. 193. . . . .vii. 81  
 Love's L. 112. . . . .i. 61  
 Shapeless; Two Gent. 3. . . . .i. 164  
 Shard-borne; Macb. 145. . . . .xi. 74  
 Sharded; Cymb. 167. . . . .xii. 187  
 Share, half a (actor's); Haml.  
 373. . . . .ix. 289  
 Sharp physic; Per. 23. . . . .x. 249  
 Shaven Hercules; Ado. 237. . . . .vii. 84  
 Shaw, Doctor; Rich. III. 401. . . . .iv. 217  
 She=lady; Wint. T. 8. . . . .xiii. 64  
 Irregular use for her; Meas.  
 132. . . . .x. 71  
 Shearing of lambs, time of; 3 Hen.  
 VI. note 161. . . . .iii. 77  
 Sheep-biter; Tw. Nt. 153. . . . .vii. 246  
 Sheep's guts; Ado. 149. . . . .vii. 75  
 Sheep-shearing; Wint. T. 129. xiii. 73  
 Sheer=pure; Rich. II. 308. . . . .iv. 58  
 ale; Shrew. 14. . . . .iii. 193  
 Shekels; Meas. 86. . . . .x. 67  
 Shelter=sheeltered spot; Per.  
 274. . . . .x. 272  
 Shent; Haml. 385. . . . .ix. 289  
 Troil. 135. . . . .xiii. 240  
 Shepherd blowing of his nails; 3  
 Hen. VI. 158. . . . .iii. 77  
 Sheriff's post; Tw. Nt. 53. . . . .vii. 241  
 Shive; Titus A. 42. . . . .xii. 252  
 Shoes on contrary feet; John. 226. v. 80  
 Shog off; Hen. V. 91. . . . .v. 164  
 Shoon; Haml. 474. . . . .ix. 248  
 Short knife and a throng; Merry  
 W. 66. . . . .vi. 243  
 Shot-free; 1 Hen. IV. 308. . . . .v. 263  
 Shoulder, to touch the; Cymb.  
 302. . . . .xiii. 196  
 Shoulder'd; Rich. III. 434. . . . .iv. 220  
 Shore-groat; 2 Hen. IV. 182. . . . .vi. 77  
 Shovel-boards; Merry W. 10. . . . .v. 244  
 Show of kings; Macb. 199. . . . .xi. 78  
 Shows=teaches; Merch. 292. . . . .v. 170  
 (of grief); Haml. 46. . . . .ix. 203  
 Shrew, spelling of; Merch. 327. . . . .v. 174  
 Shrewd=evil; As Y. L. 139. . . . .vii. 181  
 (in doubtful sense); Rich. II.  
 208. . . . .iv. 81  
 Shrowd; Ant. 265. . . . .xi. 257  
 Shrug, patient; Merch. 97. . . . .v. 156  
 Shut up; Macb. 91. . . . .xi. 68  
 Shy; Meas. 145. . . . .x. 72  
 Shylock, irony of; Merch. 96. . . . .v. 156  
 and Antonio; Merch. 85. . . . .v. 155  
 avarice of; Merch. 210. . . . .v. 164  
 character of; Merch. 80. . . . .v. 152  
 conversion of; Merch. 314. . . . .v. 175  
 grievance of; Merch. 83. . . . .v. 155  
 dissimulation of; Merch. 87. . . . .v. 156  
 Merch. 101. . . . .v. 157  
 Merch. 102. . . . .v. 157  
 Merch. 106. . . . .v. 157  
 Merch. 157. . . . .v. 160  
 love of money of; Merch. 312. . . . .v. 172  
 name of; Merch. 68. . . . .v. 154  
 interpreting Scripture; Merch.  
 89. . . . .v. 156  
 passion of; Merch. 96. . . . .v. 156
- Shylock as a comic character;  
 Merch. 207. . . . .v. 163  
 merriment of; Merch. 252. . . . .v. 167  
 persistency of; Merch. 273. . . . .v. 169  
 enforcement of bond; Merch.  
 298. . . . .v. 171  
 as to providing a surgeon;  
 Merch. 300. . . . .v. 171  
 quibble of; Merch. 205. . . . .v. 163  
 Sibyl; Oth. 175. . . . .ix. 97  
 Sibylla, as proper name; Merch.  
 64. . . . .v. 154  
 Sick; Jul. Cæs. 121. . . . .viii. 68  
 Siddons, Mrs., as Volumnia; Coriol.  
 205. . . . .xi. 21  
 Side, term at cards; Lear. 396. . . . .x. 190  
 sleeves; Ado. 235. . . . .vii. 86  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, influence of;  
 Lear. 334. . . . .x. 155  
 on dramatic time of  
 action; Wint. T. 114. . . . .xiii. 72  
 Sidney's Arcadia, parallel in; Per.  
 18. . . . .x. 248  
 Per. 16. . . . .x. 248  
 Per. 26. . . . .x. 249  
 Per. 110. . . . .x. 257  
 Per. note 116. . . . .x. 253  
 Per. 188. . . . .x. 265  
 Siege=rank; Haml. 527. . . . .ix. 253  
 Sieve=basket; Troil. 112. . . . .viii. 238  
 sail in a; Macb. 22. . . . .xi. 63  
 Sign away Sundays; Ado. 37. . . . .vii. 63  
 Sight=quantity; Haml. 15. . . . .ix. 205  
 Sightless; Macb. 75. . . . .xi. 67  
 Sign (of a house); Cymb. 30. . . . .xiii. 173  
 of battle; Jul. Cæs. 241. . . . .viii. 79  
 Signiories; Temp. 26. . . . .xiii. 243  
 Signior Sooth; Per. 50. . . . .x. 252  
 Signs of war about the neck; Rich.  
 II. 153. . . . .iv. 77  
 preceding death of kings;  
 Rich. II. 139. . . . .iv. 79  
 Silence; Wint. T. 87. . . . .xiii. 70  
 Silent, as noun; 2 Hen. VI. 90. . . . .h. 255  
 Silly cheat; Wint. T. 127. . . . .xiii. 73  
 Silly-jeering; Lucr. 123. . . . .xiv. 67  
 Silver (quanningly); Jul. Cæs.  
 108. . . . .viii. 67  
 livery; Per. 304. . . . .x. 275  
 pillars; Hen. VIII. 158. . . . .xiii. 170  
 sound of music; Romeo. 197. ii. 75  
 Simonides, feigned anger of; Per.  
 137. . . . .x. 260  
 Sin, parley with; John. 231. . . . .v. 80  
 Sinel's death; Macb. 32. . . . .xi. 64  
 Single (in double sense); Coriol.  
 93. . . . .xi. 81  
 =feeble; 3 Hen. VI. 297. . . . .iii. 87  
 =simple; 2 Hen. IV. 93. . . . .vi. 72  
 Macb. 43. . . . .xi. 64  
 Single-soled; Romeo. 91. . . . .ii. 68  
 Single oppositions; Cymb. 230. xii. 191  
 Sink or swim; 1 Hen. IV. 32. . . . .v. 247  
 Simon; 3 Hen. VI. 215. . . . .iii. 81  
 Sir, abbreviated form of; 2 Hen.  
 VI. 229. . . . .ii. 267  
 as title of clerics; Rich. III.  
 345. . . . .iv. 212  
 As Y. L. 112. . . . .vii. 172  
 boy; Ado. 337. . . . .vii. 99  
 Guy; Hen. VIII. 287. . . . .xiii. 181  
 Henry Bishop, music to songs  
 by; Shrew. 82. . . . .iii. 199  
 John Grey; 3 Hen. VI. 197. iii. 80  
 seizure of lands of;  
 3 Hen. VI. 198. . . . .iii. 80  
 a Lancastrian; 3  
 Hen. VI. 199. . . . .iii. 80  
 Priest; Tw. Nt. 229. . . . .vii. 251  
 "Sir-reverence"; Errors. 84. . . . .i. 115  
 Topas; Tw. Nt. 248. . . . .vii. 253



- Sirs (feminine); Ant. 243. . . . . xi. 262  
 — as addressed to inferiors; . . . . . i. 62  
 Love's L. 129. . . . . i. 62  
 Sister, as applied to queen; Rich. III. 267. . . . . iv. 204  
 — Rich. II. 161. . . . . iv. 77  
 Sith—since; 3 Hen. VI. 57. . . . . iii. 93  
 — Haml. 210. . . . . iii. 232  
 Sit you fast; 3 Hen. VI. 248. . . . . iii. 83  
 — you out; Love's L. 8. . . . . i. 53  
 Six and seven; Rich. II. 164. . . . . iv. 77  
 Six-gated; Troil. 4. . . . . viii. 232  
 Sixpence a day; Mids. Nt. 244. iii. 270  
 Sixpenny strikers; 1 Hen. IV. 108. . . . . v. 243  
 Sizes; Lear. 240. . . . . x. 173  
 Skains-mates; Romeo. 97. . . . . ii. 63  
 Skelton's Magnificence, &c., allusion to title of; Mids. Nt. 45. iii. 258  
 Skillless; Temp. 147. . . . . xiii. 254  
 Skimble—skamble; 1 Hen. IV. 203. . . . . v. 255  
 Skin coat; John. 79. . . . . v. 65  
 Skins—covers; Meas. 85. . . . . x. 67  
 Skirr; Macb. 254. . . . . xi. 84  
 Slab; Macb. 180. . . . . xi. 77  
 Slack—become abortive; Troil. note 134. . . . . viii. 245  
 Slander—to misuse; Haml. 105. ix. 214  
 Slanderer, a portrayed by Beatrice; Ado. 100. . . . . vii. 70  
 Slave; to; Cymb. 75. . . . . xiii. 181  
 Slaves, dress of; Jul. Cæs. 70. vii. 64  
 Sleeve of care; Macb. 103. . . . . xi. 70  
 Sleeve-silk; Troil. 287. . . . . viii. 252  
 Sledged; Haml. 10. . . . . ix. 204  
 Sleep, metaphorical treatment of; Sonn. 181. . . . . xiv. 105  
 Sleeping watchmen; Ado. 211. vii. 38  
 Sleeve-hand; Wint. T. 165. . . . . xiii. 70  
 Sleeveless; Troil. 322. . . . . viii. 255  
 Sleeves, side; Ado. 235. . . . . vii. 38  
 Sleided silk; Compl. 9. . . . . xiv. 124  
 — Per. 204. . . . . x. 266  
 Slice—form of oath; Merry W. 9. vi. 244  
 Slighted; Merry W. 115. . . . . vi. 241  
 Slip—let pass; Meas. 37. . . . . x. 62  
 — to (in hunting); Cymb. 230. xii. 194  
 — of wilderness; Meas. 127. x. 71  
 Slipper—slippery; Oth. 38. . . . . ix. 80  
 Slips—nooses; Hen. V. 148. . . . . vi. 107  
 Sliver'd; Macb. 188. . . . . xi. 77  
 Slope; garment; Ado. 193. . . . . vii. 31  
 Slubber—to sully; Oth. 56. . . . . ix. 83  
 Slug-a-bed; Romeo. 135. . . . . ii. 75  
 Snack of observation; John. 55. v. 63  
 Smeard's death, with captivity; 1 Hen. VI. 212. . . . . ii. 104  
 Snell of hotmeat; Merry W. 18. vi. 245  
 Smiles and wrinkles; Tw. Nt. 133. . . . . vi. 249  
 Smith the weaver; 2 Hen. VI. 240. ii. 260  
 Smoke, to—to beat; John. 79. . . . . v. 65  
 Smoking—fuming; Ado. 76. vii. 68  
 Smooth-pates; 2 Hen. IV. 67. . . . . vi. 71  
 Snote; Haml. 10. . . . . ix. 204  
 Smother (figurative use of noun); As Y. L. 26. . . . . vii. 162  
 — up (figuratively); Ado. 277. vii. 93  
 Snakes, popular error concerning; 2 Hen. VI. 173. . . . . ii. 262  
 Sneak up; Tw. Nt. 105. . . . . vi. 244  
 Snuff in; Love's L. 106. . . . . i. 64  
 — took it in; 1 Hen. IV. 71. . . . . v. 246  
 — to be the; of; All's Well. 23. . . . . viii. 146  
 So—howsoever; 1 Hen. IV. 247. v. 238  
 — be it! significance of; Haml. 167. . . . . ix. 213  
 Softly—gently; Haml. 464. . . . . ix. 247  
 Soil—blemish; Sonn. 170. . . . . xiv. 104
- Sola; Merch. 330. . . . . v. 174  
 Solace, to (verb intrans.); Rich. III. 274. . . . . iv. 205  
 Solanio, spelling of; Merch. 241. v. 166  
 Soldier as trisyllable; 1 Hen. IV. 73. . . . . v. 246  
 Soldier's pole; Ant. 344. . . . . xi. 162  
 Soldier to; Cymb. 208. . . . . xiii. 139  
 Sole, used punningly; Merch. 262. v. 169  
 Solemnized; Love's L. 35. . . . . i. 55  
 Soles (punningly); Jul. Cæs. 20. viii. 59  
 Solicited; Haml. 637. . . . . ix. 261  
 Solidares; Tim. 87. . . . . xi. 151  
 Solid flesh; Haml. 51. . . . . ix. 208  
 Soliloquy, license in; 2 Hen. VI. 51. . . . . ii. 251  
 Soliman & Perseda, imitated passage; John. 59. . . . . v. 64  
 Solon's happiness; Tit. A. 17. xii. 261  
 Somerset, Duke of, wrongly introduced; 3 Hen. VI. 236. . . . . iii. 83  
 Some thing (accentuation of); Romeo. 212. . . . . ii. 76  
 — (as adj.); Lear. 8. . . . . x. 162  
 Sometime; Merch. 41. . . . . v. 152  
 Son (punningly); John. 116. . . . . v. 68  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 208. . . . . ii. 163  
 Song, hunting; As Y. L. 143. . . . . vii. 176  
 — attributed to Anne Boleyn; 2 Hen. IV. 183. . . . . vi. 77  
 — original of; Macb. 192. . . . . xi. 77  
 Songs in old plays; Per. 231. . . . . x. 273  
 Sonnet, turn; Love's L. 29. . . . . i. 55  
 — XCIV., compared with passage in Tw. Nt. 231. . . . . ix. 108  
 — CXLV. doubtfully authentic; Sonn. 373. . . . . xiv. 114  
 Sonnets CLIII. CLIV., original of; Sonn. 392. . . . . xiv. 115  
 — parallels in; John. 130. . . . . v. 69  
 — profuse imagery of; Sonn. 332. . . . . ix. 112  
 — resemblances in; Two Gent. 123. . . . . i. 175  
 — Rosaline in; Romeo. 84. . . . . ii. 67  
 — and early plays; John. 130. v. 69  
 Sonties, God's; Merch. 132. . . . . v. 159  
 Soon at night; Meas. 48. . . . . x. 64  
 Soothsayer; Jul. Cæs. 141. . . . . viii. 70  
 Sophy; Merch. 114. . . . . v. 157  
 — Tw. Nt. 168. . . . . vii. 247  
 Sop o' the moonshine; Lear. 182. x. 174  
 Sops (custom at weddings); Shrew. 119. . . . . iii. 302  
 Sorcerers, Lapland; Errors. 109. i. 116  
 Sorrow—cause for repentance; 2 Hen. VI. 323. . . . . ii. 276  
 — go by; Ado. 324. . . . . vii. 93  
 Sorry way; Ado. 324. . . . . vii. 93  
 Sort—rank; Ado. 3. . . . . vii. 69  
 — company; Mids. Nt. 171. iii. 269  
 — method; Merch. 62. . . . . v. 153  
 — to; 1 Hen. VI. 190. . . . . ii. 153  
 — and suit; Meas. 156. . . . . x. 76  
 Sorted to no profit; Shrew. 163. iii. 305  
 Sot—fool; Temp. 167. . . . . xii. 254  
 Sote; Shrew. 9. . . . . iii. 163  
 Soul (metaphorically); Meas. 5. x. 60  
 — (punningly); Merch. 232. . . . . v. 169  
 Soul-killing; Errors. 21. . . . . i. 116  
 Sound, music; Mids. Nt. 229. . . . . iii. 275  
 — (or south); Tw. Nt. 1. . . . . vi. 237  
 Sour; Rich. III. 167. . . . . iv. 197  
 Souze (term in falconry); John. 239. . . . . v. 85  
 Sous'd garnet; 1 Hen. IV. 263. v. 259  
 South, growing on the; Jul. Cæs. 103. . . . . viii. 67  
 Southampton; 3 Hen. VI. 294. . . . . ii. 87  
 Southampton, supposed allusion to; Sonn. 265. . . . . xiv. 109
- Southwell, Robt. St. Peter's Complaint, parallel in; Love's L. 140. . . . . ii. 259  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 128. . . . . ii. 259  
 South-west (wind); Temp. 73. xiii. 216  
 Sovereignty of reason; Haml. 125. ix. 216  
 Sow, to; Coriol. 261. . . . . xi. 95  
 Sowter; Tw. Nt. 148. . . . . vii. 247  
 Space, as plural form; All's Well. 21. . . . . viii. 145  
 Span-counter; 2 Hen. VI. 256. . . . . ii. 270  
 Spaniel'd; Ant. 312. . . . . xi. 260  
 Spanish-pouch; 1 Hen. IV. 146. v. 250  
 — Tragedy, parallel in; Ado. 310. . . . . vii. 94  
 — Shrew. 3. . . . . iii. 192  
 — quotation from; Ado. 45. . . . . vii. 65  
 — Ado. 50. . . . . vii. 65  
 Spare Heaven; Meas. 90. . . . . x. 67  
 Sparrow, pet name of; John. 58. v. 64  
 Spavin; Hen. VIII. 98. . . . . xiii. 164  
 Speak small, to; Mids. Nt. 52. iii. 259  
 Speculation; Macb. 161. . . . . xi. 75  
 — Troil. 201. . . . . viii. 246  
 Speed—fortune; Wint. T. 95. . . . . xiii. 70  
 Spend their mouths; Hen. V. 135. . . . . vi. 167  
 Spent, day is; Rich. III. 343. . . . . iv. 211  
 Sperr up; Troil. 7. . . . . viii. 229  
 Sphere; All's Well. 10. . . . . viii. 144  
 — moons; Mids. Nt. 64. . . . . iii. 259  
 Sphered bias; Troil. 255. . . . . viii. 250  
 Spheres, music of; Merch. 336. v. 174  
 'Spials; 1 Hen. VI. 93. . . . . ii. 150  
 Spider (as poisonous); Wint. T. 48. xiii. 67  
 — thread of; John. 240. . . . . v. 82  
 Spiders, throwing sugar on; Rich. III. 139. . . . . iv. 194  
 — venom of; Rich. II. 202. . . . . iv. 80  
 Spill, to—to kill; Lucr. 122. . . . . ix. 57  
 Spinsters; Hen. VIII. 73. . . . . xiii. 162  
 Spirit of sense; Troil. 17. . . . . viii. 231  
 — Troil. 200. . . . . viii. 246  
 Spirits, as monosyllable; Troil. 260. . . . . viii. 257  
 Spital; Hen. V. 94. . . . . vi. 104  
 Spites me; Shrew. 159. . . . . iii. 205  
 Spit white; 2 Hen. IV. 97. . . . . vi. 72  
 Spleen; Tw. Nt. 191. . . . . vii. 249  
 — Love's L. 174. . . . . i. 66  
 — Mids. Nt. 26. . . . . iii. 256  
 Splinter'd; Rich. III. 261. . . . . iv. 204  
 Sponge, as used in figurative passage; Haml. 449. . . . . ix. 245  
 Spoons, sponsors; Hen. VIII. 261. . . . . xiii. 181  
 Sport of boys referred to; 2 Hen. IV. 100. . . . . vi. 72  
 Spot—disgrace; John. 273. . . . . v. 84  
 — pattern; Coriol. 52. . . . . xii. 78  
 Spotted; Oth. 164. . . . . ix. 95  
 Spring new come; Rich. II. 297. iv. 87  
 Springhalt; Hen. VIII. 68. . . . . xiii. 164  
 Springing; Rich. III. 202. . . . . iv. 199  
 Spring turning wood to stone; Haml. 520. . . . . ix. 251  
 Spurious passage; Lear. 87. . . . . x. 167  
 Spurn upon; Rich. III. 77. . . . . iv. 190  
 Spy, perfect; Macb. 139. . . . . xi. 73  
 Square, to; Troil. 304. . . . . viii. 254  
 — the; Wint. T. 168. . . . . xiii. 76  
 — (of sense); Lear. 21. . . . . x. 162  
 Squarer; Ado. 21. . . . . vii. 93  
 Squint; Lear. 370. . . . . x. 188  
 Squire, by the; Wint. T. 179. xiii. 77  
 St. Ambrose, parallel in hymn of; Haml. 23. . . . . ix. 206  
 — Edmundsbury; John. 239. v. 87  
 — George to boot; Rich. III. 644. . . . . iv. 238

St. Ambrose, George to thrive; Rich. II. 70. . . . .iv. 70	Starve, to, pronunciation of; Coriol. 159. . . . .xii. 87	Strawberry; Hen. V. 46. . . . .v. 160
Helen, allusion to; 1 Hen. VI. 74. . . . .ii. 149	State=act of standing; Love's L. 127. . . . .i. 62	Straw; Troil. 333. . . . .viii. 256
Lambert's day; Rich. II. 47. iv. 68	—=canopy; Coriol. 321. . . . .xii. 90	Stray d.(transitively); Errors, 123. i. 117
Magnus Corner; 2 Hen. VI. 284. . . . .ii. 273	—=dais; Mach. 140. . . . .i. 74	Strays; 2 Hen. VI. 170. . . . .ii. 262
Martin's summer; 1 Hen. VI. 71. . . . .ii. 148	—and profit; Rich. II. 278. iv. 86	Stray shapes; Love's L. 218. . . . .i. 69
Nicholas, patron of scholars; Two Gent. 75. . . . .i. 171	States=men of rank; Cymb. 180. . . . .xii. 188	Struck her eyes; Mids. Nt. 127. iii. 265
Paul, by; Rich. III. 68. . . . .iv. 189	Station=post; Hamlet. 415. . . . .ix. 242	Strength=skill; Meas. 3. . . . .x. 60
Valentine's day; Hamlet. 480. ix. 248	Statusa; 2 Hen. VI. 189. . . . .ii. 263	Strew'd, presence; Rich. II. 93. iv. 71
Stables (in derogatory sense); Wint. T. 54. . . . .xiii. 67	—Jul. Cas. 134. . . . .viii. 69	Stricken; Rich. II. 235. . . . .iv. 86
Stage, Elizabethan, balcony at back of; Ant. 361. . . . .xi. 265	Statue; Two Gent. 113. . . . .i. 174	Stricter=more restricted; Cymb. 304. . . . .xii. 196
—Tit. A. 144. . . . .xi. 266	—(painted); Wint. T. 227. xiii. 80	Structure; Meas. 36. . . . .x. 62
—contraction of time of action on; Cymb. 100. . . . .xii. 183	Statuses=statutes; Ado, 217. . . . .vii. 83	Strides, Tarquin's; Mach. 95. . . . .xi. 68
—decapitated heads on; Per. 21. . . . .x. 248	Status=security; Sonn. 348. xiv. 113	Stroiling players, allusion to; Shrew, 8. . . . .iii. 193
—feathers worn on; Hamlet. 370. . . . .ix. 238	Statute-caps; Love's L. 189. . . . .i. 66	Strong (in evil sense); Lear, 169. i. 173
—metaphorical reference to the; 2 Hen. IV. 50. . . . .vi. 69	Statutes of the streets; Ado, 215. xiv. 83	Struck in years; Rich. III. 59. iv. 189
—bad pushed on to; Cymb. note 94. . . . .xii. 182	Staves (of lance); Rich. III. 600. iv. 233	Strutting player; Troil. 67. . . . .vii. 235
—censorship of, supposed refer- ence to; Sonn. 162. . . . .xiv. 104	Stay=obstacle; John, 112. . . . .v. 68	Stubbs Anatomy of Abuses, par- allel in; Romeo, 115. . . . .ii. 69
—Elizabethan, window above; Hen. VIII. 248. . . . .xiii. 179	Stead, to=to aid; Merch. 70. . . . .v. 154	Stubble-land; 1 Hen. IV. 69. . . . .v. 246
—actors sharing profits; Hamlet. 373. . . . .ix. 239	Steep of India; Mids. Nt. 84. . . . .iii. 261	Stuck, term in fencing; Hamlet. 542. . . . .ix. 253
—custom of reclining on ladies' laps; Hamlet. 348. . . . .ix. 236	Stelled; Lear. 320. . . . .x. 184	—Tw. Nt. 232. . . . .viii. 252
—device for "discovering" characters; Per. 272. . . . .x. 272	Stephano; Merch. 323. . . . .v. 174	Study; Love's L. 10. . . . .i. 58
—inhibition of players; Hamlet. 247. . . . .ix. 224	Sterling; 2 Hen. IV. 129. . . . .vi. 74	Stuff=baggage; Errors, 121. . . . .i. 117
—plays at universities; Hamlet. 346. . . . .ix. 236	Stew (metaphorically); Meas. 206. x. 77	Stuff d. (sufficiency); Wint. T. 64. . . . .xiii. 68
—of fools; Lear. 373. . . . .x. 188	Stewards; Sonn. 229. . . . .xiv. 108	Stuffed; Ado, 13. . . . .vii. 61
—tradition; Merch. 138. . . . .v. 159	Stew'd prunes; 2 Hen. IV. 173. vi. 76	—Ado, 14. . . . .vii. 61
—used metaphorically; Sonn. 37. . . . .xiv. 98	—Meas. 60. . . . .x. 65	—Ado, 243. . . . .vii. 87
Stain=grow dim; Sonn. 89. . . . .xiv. 101	Stixoumba; 1 Hen. VI. 207. . . . .ii. 163	Stuffing tennis-balls; Ado, 135. vii. 81
to, fig. use of; Ant. 205. . . . .xi. 251	—Rich. III. 528. . . . .iv. 227	Stumble, to (superstition); Romeo, 224. . . . .ii. 77
—in primary sense; Coriol. 94. . . . .xii. 81	—3 Hen. VI. 200. . . . .iii. 80	Style; 2 Hen. VI. 69. . . . .ii. 253
—&c.=eclipsing all; Venus; 7. . . . .xiv. 22	Sticking-place; Mach. 83. . . . .xi. 67	—1 Hen. VI. 104. . . . .ii. 181
Stained skin; Errors. 48. . . . .i. 112	Stickler; Troil. 342. . . . .viii. 257	—(punningly); Love's L. 14. . . . .i. 54
—spots; 1 Hen. VI. 174. . . . .ii. 159	Sticks=stabs; As Y. L. 21. . . . .vii. 162	—of gods; Ado, 328. . . . .vii. 98
Staines; Hen. V. 117. . . . .vi. 165	Stifle up; John, 250. . . . .v. 82	Subscribed; Lear, 322. . . . .x. 185
Stains=memorials; Jul. Cas. 136. . . . .viii. 69	Still conclusion; Ant. 339. . . . .xi. 262	Subscribes=yields; Sonn. 206. xiv. 110
Stale=decoy; Temp. 208. . . . .xiii. 258	—frequent; Rich. III. 531. iv. 227	Substance; Hamlet. 114. . . . .ix. 215
—Errors. 32. . . . .i. 111	—music; Mids. Nt. 229. . . . .xi. 275	—Troil. 86. . . . .viii. 236
—(mates); Shrew. 30. . . . .iii. 104	Still-piecing; All's Wl. 126. . . . .viii. 162	Subtilities; Temp. 232. . . . .xiii. 280
Stalk on; Ado, 152. . . . .vii. 76	Stillness; Merch. 25. . . . .v. 151	Subtle=difficult; Coriol. 20. xi. 97
Stamp, at our; Mids. Nt. 174. iii. 269	Stim, popular error as to snakes; 2 Hen. VI. 173. . . . .ii. 202	Suburbs, houses in the; Meas. 20. xi. 61
Standing-bowl; Per. 124. . . . .x. 259	Stinking and flyblown; 1 Hen. VI. 219. . . . .ii. 164	Succeeding; Per. 35. . . . .x. 260
Standing-bowls; Hen. VIII. 279. . . . .xiii. 188	Stithied; Troil. 280. . . . .viii. 252	—to; 1 Hen. VI. 138. . . . .ii. 155
Stanley, influence of; Rich. III. 562. . . . .iv. 230	Stithy; Hamlet. 343. . . . .ix. 235	Successive; Tit. A. 1. . . . .xii. 250
—name of character; Rich. III. 105. . . . .iv. 192	Stock-fish; Temp. 154. . . . .xiii. 254	Suckling, Sir John, A Supplement, &c.; Lucr. 25. . . . .xiv. 58
Star, fortune's; Hamlet. 113. . . . .ix. 215	Stomach=courage; Temp. 46. xiii. 245	Sudden; Meas. 213. . . . .xi. 80
—the sun; Merry W. 31. . . . .v. 246	Stomaching; Ant. 98. . . . .xi. 243	Sue his livery; Rich. II. 132. . . . .iv. 74
—the northern star; Sonn. 293. . . . .xiv. 110	Stone-bow; Tw. Nt. 138. . . . .vii. 246	Superfiance; Coriol. 9. . . . .xi. 75
—Sonn. 293. . . . .xiv. 110	Stones to move=rocking-stones; Mach. 167. . . . .xi. 76	—Sonn. 140. . . . .xiv. 103
—figuratively=position; Hamlet. 232. . . . .ix. 222	Stool for a witch; Troil. 96. . . . .viii. 237	Suffer'd with; 2 Hen. VI. 322. ii. 276
Stars, field of; Per. 21. . . . .x. 248	Stoop (under sorrow); John, 128. v. 69	Sufficiency; Meas. 3. . . . .x. 60
—fair; Rich. II. 254. . . . .iv. 84	Stops (of a lute); Ado, 198. . . . .vii. 81	Suffolk, death of; 2 Hen. VI. 247. ii. 269
Start, to; Errors. 25. . . . .i. 111	Store, the used metaphorically; Sonn. 207. . . . .xiv. 108	—and the capture of Margaret; 1 Hen. VI. 240. . . . .ii. 106
	—to; Oth. 227. . . . .ix. 103	Sugar mixed with sack; 1 Hen. IV. 140. . . . .v. 250
	Story, make not me your; Meas. 45. . . . .x. 63	—strewn on spiders; Rich. III. 139. . . . .iv. 194
	Stoup of liquor; Hamlet. 568. . . . .ix. 254	Suggest=tempt; Sonn. 370. . . . .xiv. 114
	Stout (in doubtful sense); Tim. 146. . . . .xi. 154	Suggestion; Hen. VIII. 228. . . . .xiii. 175
	—Temp. 188. . . . .xiii. 256	Suggests; Hen. VIII. 59. . . . .xiii. 161
	Strachy; Tw. Nt. 137. . . . .vii. 246	Suicides, burial of; Mids. Nt. 207. . . . .iii. 273
	Strain for strain; Ado, 323. . . . .vii. 96	Suited=clad; Sonn. 329. . . . .xiv. 112
	—=race; Coriol. 315. . . . .xii. 99	Suitor; Love's L. 89. . . . .i. 59
	Strain'd (metaphorically); Troil. 248. . . . .viii. 249	Suitors, number of; Merch. 65. v. 154
	—Wint. T. 89. . . . .xiii. 70	Suits (punningly); 1 Hen. IV. 53. . . . .v. 243
	Strands; 1 Hen. IV. 21. . . . .v. 240	Sullen presage; John, 27. . . . .v. 61
	Strange, to look; Sonn. 218. . . . .xiv. 107	Sulens; Rich. II. 123. . . . .iv. 74
	Strangeness; Oth. 135. . . . .ix. 92	Sultan Solymann; Merch. 115. . . . .v. 157
	Stranger, adj.; John, 261. . . . .v. 83	Summers, two, younger; Per. 72. x. 254
	—as noun; John, 279. . . . .v. 84	Summer-seeming; Mach. 215. . . . .xi. 80
	Strangle; Sonn. 218. . . . .xiv. 107	Summer's story; Sonn. 237. . . . .xi. 108
	Strappado; 1 Hen. IV. 162. . . . .v. 251	Summer-swelling; Two Gent. 51. i. 168
	Stratagem; 2 Hen. IV. 31. . . . .vi. 68	



Sampter; Lear, 241. . . . . x. 178  
 Sun (punningly); John, 116. . . . . v. 63  
 ——— Rich. III. 143. . . . . iv. 195  
 ——— to get the; Love's L. 141. . . . . i. 63  
 ——— the; Hamlet, 42. . . . . ix. 207  
 ——— of York; Rich. III. 38. . . . . iv. 187  
 ——— allusion to; 3 Hen. VI.  
 310. . . . . iii. 89  
 Sun to sun; Rich. II. 258. . . . . iv. 85  
 Sun-burn'd; Ado, 132. . . . . vii. 73  
 Sunburnt; Troil. 82. . . . . viii. 236  
 Sunday, fair on; Troil. 19. . . . . viii. 231  
 ——— as day for weddings; Shrew.  
 92. . . . . iii. 200  
 ——— As Y. L. 172. . . . . vii. 179  
 Sundays, observance of; Ado,  
 37. . . . . vii. 63  
 Sunset; 3 Hen. VI. 143. . . . . iii. 76  
 ——— John, 138. . . . . v. 70  
 Superfluous; All's Wl. 12. . . . . viii. 144  
 Superstitiously; Per. 242. . . . . x. 269  
 Supersubtle; Oth. 66. . . . . ix. 84  
 Supper-time; Rich. III. 595. . . . . iv. 232  
 Suppliance; Hamlet, 81. . . . . ix. 211  
 Supposes; Shrew, 158. . . . . iii. 205  
 ——— Shrew, 201. . . . . iii. 208  
 Sure, to make; Tit. A. note 58, xii. 253  
 Surplice; All's Wl. 42. . . . . viii. 146  
 Sur-rein'd; Hen. V. 167. . . . . vi. 168  
 Surrey, Earl of; Hen. VIII.  
 121. . . . . xiii. 167  
 Surveyor, Buckingham's; Hen.  
 VIII. 84. . . . . xiii. 168  
 Susanna (ballad of); Tw. Nt.  
 101. . . . . vii. 244  
 Suspect = suspicion; 2 Hen. VI.  
 105. . . . . ii. 261  
 Suspicion; 1 Hen. IV. 292. . . . . v. 232  
 Suspire; John, 177. . . . . v. 75  
 Sustaining (garments); Temp.  
 59. . . . . xiii. 245  
 Sutton Col'l; 1 Hen. IV. 261. . . . . v. 259  
 Swan, dying song of; John, 311. . . . . v. 88  
 ——— dying in music; Oth. 257. . . . . ix. 107  
 Swathing; As Y. L. 31. . . . . vii. 163  
 ——— Romeo, 8. . . . . ii. 62  
 Sweating rascals; Troil. 823. . . . . viii. 255  
 Sweat, the; Meas. 19. . . . . xi. 61  
 Sweep the dew; Mids. Nt. 236. . . . . iii. 276  
 Sweetmeats at dinner; Rich. II.  
 67. . . . . iv. 69  
 Sweet mouth; Two. Gent. 80. . . . . i. 171  
 Swelling heavens; 1 Hen. IV.  
 208. . . . . v. 255  
 Swelter'd; Macb. 183. . . . . xi. 77  
 Sweno; Macb. 19. . . . . xi. 62  
 Swift; Love's L. 60. . . . . i. 67  
 Swine, singular; Rich. III. 585. . . . . iv. 281  
 Swinsted; John, 293. . . . . v. 85  
 Switzers; Hamlet, 490. . . . . ix. 249  
 Swooned; Romeo, 123. . . . . ii. 70  
 Swoopstake; Hamlet, 494. . . . . ix. 249  
 Sword, swearing upon a; Rich. II.  
 80. . . . . iv. 70  
 ——— Hamlet, 172. . . . . ix. 212  
 ——— to swear by; Wint. T. 62. . . . . xiii. 62  
 Sword-and-buckler; 1 Hen. IV. 86. . . . . v. 247  
 Swords, Spanish; Oth. 258. . . . . ix. 197  
 ——— worn when dancing; All's  
 Wl. 65. . . . . vii. 143  
 Sworn brother; Ado, 18. . . . . vii. 62  
 ——— Coriol. 153. . . . . xiii. 87  
 ——— 1 Hen. IV. 135. . . . . v. 250  
 ——— Rich. II. 263. . . . . iv. 86  
 Sycorax, allusion to; Temp. 68, xiii. 247  
 Sylla, allusion to; 2 Hen. VI.  
 234. . . . . ii. 267  
 Sympathize (transitively); Rich. II.  
 237. . . . . ix. 87  
 Sympathize; Son. 203. . . . . xiv. 106  
 Syracusians; Errors, 1. . . . . i. 109

T.  
 Table, heart's; All's Wl. 11. . . . . viii. 144  
 ——— (in palmistry); Merch. 144. . . . . v. 159  
 ——— of eye, drawn in; John, 117. . . . . v. 63  
 ——— of my heart; Sonn. 61. . . . . xiv. 99  
 Tables = tablets; Troil. 202. . . . . viii. 251  
 ——— Hamlet, 164. . . . . ix. 218  
 ——— turn up the; Romeo, 55. . . . . ii. 65  
 Tabor; Tw. Nt. 153. . . . . vii. 247  
 Tabourines; Ant. 305. . . . . xi. 250  
 Ta'en out; Oth. 153. . . . . ix. 94  
 Taffeta; 1 Hen. IV. 42. . . . . v. 242  
 ——— Tw. Nt. 127. . . . . vii. 245  
 Tag, the; Coriol. 197. . . . . xii. 90  
 Tailor, to turn; 1 Hen. IV. 216. . . . . v. 266  
 "Tailor" cries; Mids. Nt. 79. . . . . iii. 251  
 Tailors, reputation of; As Y. L.  
 177. . . . . vii. 179  
 Taint, to (intrans.); Macb. 246. . . . . xi. 83  
 "Take all," to; Ant. note 232. . . . . xi. 258  
 ——— a muster; 1 Hen. IV. 260. . . . . v. 250  
 ——— a nap; Rich. III. 610. . . . . iv. 234  
 ——— him over, &c.; Rich. III.  
 191. . . . . iv. 199  
 ——— in, to; Cymb. 154. . . . . xii. 136  
 ——— it in snuff, to; 1 Hen. IV. 71. . . . . v. 246  
 ——— it upon, &c.; 1 Hen. IV. 137. . . . . v. 250  
 ——— me with you; Romeo, 151. . . . . ii. 72  
 ——— mine ensue in mine inn; 1 Hen.  
 IV. 233. . . . . v. 258  
 ——— or lend; Cymb. 219. . . . . xii. 190  
 ——— on, to; 3 Hen. VI. 173. . . . . iii. 78  
 ——— order for; Errors, 130. . . . . i. 118  
 ——— to; Shrew, 53. . . . . iii. 197  
 ——— the hatch; John, 237. . . . . v. 85  
 ——— thought and die; Jud. Cess.  
 112. . . . . viii. 67  
 ——— "thy old cloak about thee";  
 Oth. 103. . . . . ix. 83  
 ——— up; Rich. III. 63. . . . . vii. 191  
 Taken, bravely; All's Wl. 132. . . . . vii. 153  
 ——— up; Ado, 331. . . . . vii. 86  
 ——— with the manner; Love's L.  
 15. . . . . i. 54  
 Takes = bewitches; Hamlet, 20. . . . . ix. 206  
 Taking up; 2 Hen. IV. 63. . . . . vi. 71  
 "Talbot," cry of; 1 Hen. VI. 114. . . . . i. 163  
 ——— discretion of; 1 Hen. VI. 123. . . . . i. 164  
 ——— Young, death of; 1 Hen. VI.  
 217. . . . . ii. 164  
 ——— physical proportions of; 1  
 Hen. VI. 119. . . . . ii. 153  
 Tall fellow of thy hands; Wint. T.  
 228. . . . . xiii. 80  
 Tallow-catch; 1 Hen. IV. 161. . . . . v. 251  
 Tamburlaine, Marlowe's, parallel  
 in; Oth. 51. . . . . ix. 82  
 ——— Hamlet, 484. . . . . ix. 249  
 ——— parodied line in; 2 Hen. IV.  
 176. . . . . vi. 77  
 Tame, watch'd; Troil. 174. . . . . viii. 243  
 ——— to sufferance; Sonn. 140. . . . . xiv. 103  
 Taming of Shrew, rhymed passages  
 in; Shrew, 114. . . . . iii. 202  
 Taming-school; Shrew, 151. . . . . iii. 204  
 Tang; Temp. 132. . . . . xiii. 252  
 Tapestry; Shrew, 93. . . . . ix. 800  
 Tapster; As Y. L. 118. . . . . vii. 173  
 Targe; Love's L. 206. . . . . i. 68  
 Tarre on; Troil. 91. . . . . viii. 236  
 ——— John, 199. . . . . v. 78  
 Tarsus; Per. 66. . . . . x. 253  
 ——— course of ship for; Per.  
 171. . . . . x. 263  
 Tartar; Hen. V. 112. . . . . vi. 165  
 Task, to; John, 139. . . . . v. 71  
 Tassel-gentle; Romeo, 76. . . . . ii. 67  
 Taste = test; Lear, 74. . . . . x. 166  
 ——— to, to; John, 303. . . . . v. 83

Taste your legs; Tw. Nt. 173. . . . . vii. 248  
 Tatter'd; Rich. II. 228. . . . . iv. 82  
 Taurus; Tw. Nt. 87. . . . . vii. 240  
 Tautology, instance of; Rich. II.  
 280. . . . . iv. 85  
 Tawdry-lace; Wint. T. 171. . . . . xiii. 76  
 Tawny (coats); 1 Hen. VI. 87. . . . . ii. 159  
 Team of horse, &c.; Two. Gent.  
 71. . . . . i. 170  
 Tear a cat; Mids. Nt. 48. . . . . iii. 256  
 Tedious; Mids. Nt. 255. . . . . iii. 277  
 Teen; Temp. 34. . . . . xiii. 243  
 Tell, I cannot (punningly); 2 Hen.  
 IV. 89. . . . . vi. 73  
 Tellus; Per. 212. . . . . x. 267  
 Temper, intransitive use of; 3  
 Hen. VI. 270. . . . . iii. 85  
 ——— stain the; Rich. II. 256. . . . . iv. 84  
 ——— to; Ado, 137. . . . . vii. 73  
 Temperance; Temp. note 108, xiii. 250  
 Temper'd; Hen. V. 111. . . . . vi. 165  
 Tempest, parallel in; Per. 139. . . . . x. 290  
 ——— dropping fire; Jud. Cess. 63, viii. 63  
 Temple; Merch. 120. . . . . v. 158  
 ——— privilege of; 1 Hen. VI. 129. . . . . ii. 154  
 Ten, single; 3 Hen. VI. 297. . . . . iii. 87  
 ——— commandments; 2 Hen. VI.  
 82. . . . . ii. 254  
 ——— meals; 2 Hen. VI. 306. . . . . ii. 275  
 ——— more = a jury; Merch. 315. . . . . v. 172  
 ——— shillings; 1 Hen. IV. 61. . . . . v. 245  
 Tench, stung like a; 1 Hen. IV.  
 83. . . . . v. 248  
 Tender, to; Tw. Nt. 234. . . . . vii. 255  
 Tender-hearted; Lear, 239. . . . . x. 178  
 Tend-ring; 1 Hen. VI. 213. . . . . ii. 164  
 Tennis-balls; Hen. V. 72. . . . . vi. 162  
 ——— stuffing of; Ado, 196. . . . . vii. 31  
 Tennyson, in Memoriam, parallel  
 in; Hamlet, 530. . . . . ix. 250  
 Tent, to; Coriol. 85. . . . . xiii. 80  
 Tercei; Troil. 178. . . . . viii. 243  
 Tereus, story of; Tit. A. 65. . . . . xiii. 253  
 Termagant; Hamlet, 331. . . . . ix. 235  
 Terminations; Ado, 121. . . . . vii. 72  
 Terms = expressions; Oth. 115. . . . . ix. 114  
 ——— conditions; Sonn. 377. . . . . xiv. 90  
 ——— (legal phrase); Meas. 4. . . . . x. 60  
 Tertian, quotidian; Hen. V. 100. . . . . vi. 164  
 Testril; Tw. Nt. 90. . . . . vii. 245  
 Testy; Venus, 28. . . . . xiv. 23  
 Tetchy; Troil. 20. . . . . viii. 231  
 Tewksbury, battle of, incident at;  
 Rich. III. 236. . . . . iv. 202  
 ——— Rich. III. 237. . . . . iv. 203  
 ——— mustard; 2 Hen. IV. 190. . . . . vi. 78  
 Text B; Love's L. 167. . . . . i. 65  
 Thaliard, mission of; Per. 69. . . . . x. 252  
 Thane; Macb. 14. . . . . xi. 62  
 That = O that; Wint. T. 4. . . . . xiii. 64  
 Thatch'd; Ado, 92. . . . . vii. 69  
 Thaw, guiness of a; Ado, 118. . . . . vii. 72  
 The, mistake for ye; Lear, 59. . . . . x. 165  
 ——— ye; Coriol. 71. . . . . xii. 79  
 ——— Douglas; 1 Hen. IV. 246. . . . . v. 259  
 ——— same; 3 Hen. VI. 118. . . . . iii. 74  
 Their (inflected by them) ruin;  
 Hen. VIII. 211. . . . . xiii. 175  
 Theoric; Hen. V. 45. . . . . ix. 160  
 ——— Oth. 8. . . . . ix. 78  
 These = the; Meas. 100. . . . . x. 68  
 Theseus, speech of; Mids. Nt.  
 271. . . . . iii. 279  
 Thews, double meaning of; Hamlet,  
 82. . . . . ix. 211  
 Thick-eyed; 1 Hen. IV. 123. . . . . v. 249  
 Thick-lips; Oth. 14. . . . . ix. 78  
 Thick-skin; Mids. Nt. 171. . . . . iii. 269  
 Thin (crown); Mids. Nt. 98. . . . . ii. 203  
 Thin-belly doublet; Love's L. 56. . . . . i. 57  
 Thin bestained; John, 240. . . . . v. 82

Things (in collective sense):  
 Shrew, 165.....iii. 206  
   called whips; 2 Hen. VI.  
   111.....xii. 258  
 Think (and die); Ant. 258.....xi. 256  
   = to believe; Rich. III. 146, iv. 196  
 Think'st thee; Hamlet 602.....ix. 258  
 Third-borough; Shrew, 4.....iii. 192  
 This—all this; Merch. 15.....v. 150  
   side Tiber; Jul. Cæs. 197, viii. 75  
 Thisne; Mids. Nt. 53.....iii. 259  
 Thomas Tapster; Meas. 21.....x. 61  
 Thorn-bush; Mids. Nt. 277.....iii. 279  
 Thorough = through; Mids. Nt.  
 63.....iii. 259  
   Jul. Cæs. 163.....viii. 72  
   Merch. 249.....v. 167  
 "Thou knave" (a catch); Tw. Nt.  
 97.....viii. 243  
 "Thou'st" (him); Tw. Nt. 188, vii. 249  
 Though=since; Tim. 172.....xi. 156  
   last, not least; Jul. Cæs.  
 169.....viii. 72  
 Thought (in double sense); Hamlet.  
 313.....ix. 233  
 "Thought is free"; Tw. Nt. 25, vii. 289  
 Thoughten; Per. 260.....x. 271  
 Thrasonical; Love's L. 144.....i. 63  
 Thread; Temp. 179.....xiii. 256  
 Threading; Lear, 174.....x. 173  
 Three and thirty wounds; Jul. Cæs.  
 245.....viii. 79  
 Three-farthings = a coin; John.  
 43.....v. 62  
 Three-hoop'd pot; 2 Hen. VI. 253, ii. 69  
 Three-man (song men); Wint. T.  
 130.....xiii. 73  
 Three-man beetle; 2 Hen. IV.  
 100.....vi. 72  
 Three-pence bow'd; Hen. VIII.  
 143.....xiii. 169  
 Three-suited; Lear, 178.....x. 173  
 Three suns; 3 Hen. VI. 114.....iii. 73  
 Thrice-repaired; Troil. 171.....viii. 243  
 Thrift; Merch. 44.....v. 152  
 Throes; Ant. 228.....xi. 254  
 Throng'd=pressed; Per. 33.....x. 250  
 Throistle; Merch. 56.....v. 153  
 Through=to go; Per. 227.....x. 258  
   with them; 2 Hen. IV. 68, vi. 71  
 Throw, in doubtful sense; Tw.  
 Nt. 275.....viii. 254  
   down; Rich. II. 44.....iv. 67  
 Thrum; Mids. Nt. 289.....iii. 279  
 Thumb-ring, alderman's; 1 Hen.  
 IV. 174.....v. 252  
 Thwart (adj.); Lear, 137.....x. 171  
 Tib, as a cant name; All's Wl.  
 84.....viii. 149  
   Per. 292.....x. 271  
 Tickle-brain; 1 Hen. IV. 180.....v. 253  
 Tickled of the sear; Hamlet 246, ix. 224  
 Tickling, die with; Ado, 189.....vii. 79  
 Tidy; 2 Hen. IV. 187.....vi. 78  
 Tied=limited; Hen. VIII. 223, xiii. 176  
   (punningly); Two Gent. 41, i. 167  
 Tiger, name of ship; Mach. 21, xi. 63  
 Tight=handy; Ant. 239.....xi. 258  
 Tike; Hen. V. 39.....xi. 163  
 Tillyvally; Tw. Nt. 100.....vii. 244  
 Tilt; Meas. 162.....x. 73  
 Time, dramatic contraction of;  
 Cymb. 104.....xi. 183  
   extreme part of; Love's L.  
 216.....i. 63  
   personification of; Per. 209, x. 267  
   Troil. 266.....viii. 247  
   treatment of idea of; Sonn.  
 157.....xiv. 104  
   of whips, &c.; Hamlet 304, ix. 232  
   (figuratively); Troil. 85, viii. 236

Time = society; Sonn. 293.....xiv. 111  
 — and the hour; Mach. 44.....xi. 64  
 — of action; Oth. (1. 1).....ix. 76  
 — question as to; Temp.  
 63.....xiii. 246  
   of day, not worth the; Per.  
 241.....x. 269  
   of life; Jul. Cæs. 251.....viii. 80  
   on crutches; Ado, 134.....vii. 73  
   reference; Sonn. 255.....xiv. 109  
 Time-honour'd; Rich. II. 27.....iv. 66  
 Timely-parted; 2 Hen. VI. 198, ii. 204  
 Times (to come); John, 243.....v. 81  
 Time's pencil; Sonn. 41.....xiv. 98  
 Timon, epitaph on, 215-227; Tim.  
 215.....xi. 159  
   old play; Tim. 126.....xi. 153  
   tomb of; Tim. 215.....xi. 159  
 Tinct=tincture; All's Wl. 193, viii. 157  
 Tincture; Wint. T. 101.....xiii. 71  
 Tinctures; Jul. Cæs. 136.....viii. 69  
 Tinkers; Tw. Nt. 103.....vii. 244  
 Tinsel; Ado, 235.....vii. 86  
 Tire=head-dress; Ado, 234.....vii. 86  
   rich, about you; Per. 175, x. 264  
   on (of a hawk); 3 Hen. VI.  
 76.....iii. 70  
   on, to; Cymb. 190.....xiii. 189  
 Tir'd; Rich. II. 325.....iv. 90  
 Tiring; Tim. 118.....xi. 152  
 'Tis a world to see; Shrew, 91, iii. 200  
 Titania; Mids. Nt. 82.....iii. 261  
 Title; 2 Hen. VI. 69.....ii. 253  
 Title-leaf; 2 Hen. IV. 38.....vi. 68  
 Titus Andronicus, equivalent pas-  
 sage in; 1 Hen. VI. 244.....ii. 167  
   Shakespeare's part in;  
 Tit. A. 180.....xii. 256  
   Tit. A. 48.....xii. 250  
   Tit. A. 147.....xii. 257  
 To, guilty; Errors, 90.....i. 115  
   = in addition to; Troil. 11, viii. 239  
   = of; Hen. VIII. 150.....xiii. 160  
   = with; Hen. VIII. 187, xiii. 172  
   John, 149.....v. 72  
   Mids. Nt. 190.....iii. 271  
   bring (obscure phrase); Troil.  
 47.....viii. 233  
   do observance; Mids. Nt. 29, iii. 256  
   forth; Temp. 75.....xiii. 247  
   point; Temp. 51.....xiii. 245  
   quarrel; Ado, 116.....vii. 73  
   see; Rich. II. 118.....iv. 73  
   take=by taking; Per. 244, x. 269  
   the uttermost; Troil. 264, viii. 251  
   wit; 3 Hen. VI. 334.....iii. 90  
   withdraw with you; Hamlet  
 379.....ix. 239  
 Toad, eyes of; Romeo, 143.....xi. 164  
   jewel in head of; As Y. L. 33, vii. 164  
   and lark; Romeo, 143.....ii. 71  
 Toads, heavy-gaited; Rich. II.  
 202.....iv. 80  
   venom of; Rich. II. 202.....iv. 80  
   3 Hen. VI. 145.....iii. 76  
 Toast for Neptune; Troil. 58, viii. 284  
 Toasting-iron; John, 247.....v. 82  
 Toasts and butter; 1 Hen. IV. 265, v. 260  
 Toaze; Wint. T. 209.....xiii. 79  
 Toads; Wint. T. 123.....xiii. 73  
 Toil (verb trans); 2 Hen. VI. 36, ii. 250  
 Token, this; 1 Hen. VI. 155.....xi. 156  
   to send by some; Errors, 95, i. 115  
 Token'd pestilence; Ant. 234.....xi. 254  
 Toll=to pay toll; All's Wl. 193, viii. 157  
 Tom (colloquialism); All's Wl.  
 84.....viii. 149  
 Tomb, Romeo and Paris meeting  
 at; Romeo, 217.....ii. 77  
   in figurative antithetical  
 sense; Sonn. 212.....xiv. 107

To-morrow; Mach. 261.....xi. 85  
 "To-morrow is St. Valentine's  
 day"; Hamlet 480.....ix. 248  
 Tomyris, Queen; 1 Hen. VI. 118, ii. 153  
 Tongues and bones; Mids. Nt. 213, iii. 273  
 Tongue, bird of my; Ado, 80.....vii. 63  
 Tongues (punningly); Tw. Nt. 23, vii. 239  
   and sorrows; Per. 68.....x. 253  
 To-night; Ado, 256.....vii. 88  
   once; Merry W. 113.....vi. 251  
 Too dear a halfpenny; Hamlet  
 242.....ix. 223  
   late; 3 Hen. VI. 171.....iii. 77  
   soon; 3 Hen. VI. 171.....iii. 77  
 Too-too; 3 Hen. VI. note 109, iii. 72  
 Too too; Merch. 171.....v. 161  
 Tool, as name of personage; Hen.  
 VIII. 269.....xiii. 181  
 Toothache, to have the; Ado,  
 190.....vii. 80  
   charm for; Ado, 200.....vii. 82  
 Toothpick; John, 50.....v. 63  
 Toothpicker; Ado, 124.....vii. 72  
 Top, take by the; Ado, 64.....vii. 66  
 To-pinch; Merry W. 151.....vi. 252  
 Top of judgment; Meas. 74.....x. 66  
 Topp'd=lopped; Per. 67.....x. 253  
   surpassed; Hamlet 580, ix. 252  
 Torch-bearers; Merch. 151.....v. 160  
 Torches, links and; 1 Hen. IV.  
 234.....v. 257  
   made to light; Venus, 19, xiv. 23  
 Torn (in doubtful sense); Rich. II.  
 231.....iv. 82  
 Tottering; John, 304.....v. 87  
 Touch, to (gold); Errors, 34.....i. 111  
   (figuratively); Coriol. 234, xii. 93  
 Touch'd = Coriol. 166.....xii. 88  
 Touches=traits; Sonn. 44.....iv. 98  
 Tourney, introduction of; Per.  
 99.....x. 256  
 Toward; Hamlet 640.....ix. 262  
 Tower, scene laid at; 3 Hen. VI.  
 261.....iii. 85  
   the; Rich. II. 279.....iv. 86  
 Towering (in falconry); Mach.  
 123.....xi. 72  
 Town clerk; Ado, 369.....vii. 94  
 Trace, to = to wander through;  
 Mids. Nt. 71.....iii. 260  
   = to follow; Hen. VIII.  
 182.....xiii. 172  
 Trade = general way; Hen. VIII.  
 238.....xiii. 179  
 Traded; Troil. 111.....viii. 238  
 Traditional; Rich. III. 294.....iv. 206  
 Tragedian, conventional tricks of;  
 Rich. III. 383.....iv. 215  
 Trains=devices; Mach. 220.....xi. 80  
   sumptuary regulation as to;  
 Hen. VIII. 155.....xiii. 169  
 Traject; Merch. 261.....v. 168  
 Translate; Troil. 266.....viii. 251  
 Transposition, accidental, of  
 words; Hamlet 321.....ix. 234  
 Transylvanian; Per. 224.....x. 268  
 Trash; Oth. 92.....ix. 86  
   Shrew, 54.....iii. 192  
   to; Temp. 23.....xiii. 243  
 Travellers of the period; As Y. L.  
 123, 139.....vii. 174  
 Travelling (in double sense);  
 Mach. 121.....xi. 71  
 Travers'd; Tim. 217.....xi. 159  
 Tray-trip; Tw. Nt. 157.....vii. 247  
 Treachery; Lear, 83.....x. 167  
 Treaties; Ant. 251.....xi. 255  
 Trees to speak; Mach. 167.....xi. 76  
 Trembling (under demoniac pos-  
 session); Temp. 185.....xi. 252  
 Trenched; Mach. 153.....xi. 75



Tresses of the dead; Sonn. 186, xiv. 104  
 Tribulation of Tower-hill; Hen. VIII. 274. . . . . xlii. 182  
 Trick = trifle; Coriol. 243. . . . . xli. 62  
 — in heraldic sense; John. 36, v. 62  
 — Haml. 273. . . . . ix. 228  
 Trickster; Temp. 283. . . . . xlii. 260  
 Trimm'd; Hen. VIII. 78. . . . . xlii. 162  
 Trip and go; Love's L. 108. . . . . i. 60  
 Tripe; Shrew. 160. . . . . xli. 235  
 Triple Escalator; Mids. Nt. 286. . . . . xli. 280  
 — repetition of word; John. 164. . . . . v. 74  
 Trisyllable at end of line; Errors. 98. . . . . i. 116  
 — 2 Hen. VI. note 163, ii. 261  
 Triumph; Mids. Nt. 8. . . . . ii. 255  
 — Caesar's; Jul. Cæs. 25. . . . . viii. 60  
 Triumph'd; 1 Hen. IV. 304. . . . . v. 263  
 Triumphant; Rich. III. 376. . . . . iv. 215  
 Troilus, pronunciation of; Troil. 22. . . . . viii. 281  
 — and Cressida, divided author-ship of; Troil. 79. . . . . viii. 236  
 Trojans; 1 Hen. IV. 102. . . . . v. 248  
 Troll-my-dames; Wint. T. 185, xlii. 73  
 Trot, as term of contempt; Meas. 139. . . . . x. 72  
 Trout, tickling; Tw. Nt. 135. . . . . vii. 246  
 Trow; Cymb. 69. . . . . xli. 181  
 Trowest; Lear. 108. . . . . x. 169  
 Troyan; Love's L. 210. . . . . i. 68  
 — March. 323. . . . . v. 173  
 Troyes, St. Peter's Church; Hen. V. 205. . . . . vi. 177  
 Truckle-bed; Romeo. 65. . . . . ii. 64  
 True man; Jul. Cæs. 61. . . . . viii. 63  
 True penny; Haml. 173. . . . . xli. 219  
 True Tragedy of Rich. III. parallel (satirical) in; Haml. 368. . . . . ix. 238  
 Trumpet = trumpeter; Coriol. 66. . . . . xli. 79  
 Trumpets = trumpeters; Meas. 192. . . . . x. 76  
 — flourish of; Mids. Nt. 262, iii. 273  
 Trunk-inheriting; Lear. 181. . . . . x. 174  
 Trunks (ornamental); Tw. Nt. 287. . . . . vii. 252  
 Trust; Cymb. 64. . . . . xli. 180  
 Truth, doubtful meaning of; John. 147. . . . . v. 72  
 — allegiance; Sonn. 106. . . . . xiv. 102  
 Try, to, with main course; Temp. 10. . . . . xlii. 242  
 Tub, in the; Meas. 140. . . . . x. 72  
 Tuck = rapier; Tw. Nt. 223. . . . . vii. 251  
 Tucker; Hen. V. 185. . . . . vi. 170  
 — March. 348. . . . . v. 175  
 Tuition of God; Ado. 48. . . . . vii. 65  
 Tumbler's hoop; Love's L. 75. . . . . i. 58  
 Tune; Macb. 223. . . . . xi. 82  
 Turk Gregory; 1 Hen. IV. 310. . . . . v. 263  
 Turlygood; Lear. 218. . . . . x. 176  
 Turn back; 3 Hen. VI. 93. . . . . iii. 71  
 — Jul. Cæs. 147. . . . . viii. 70  
 — P the wheel; Errors. 89. . . . . i. 113  
 — sonnet; Love's L. 29. . . . . ii. 65  
 — the tables up; Romeo. 55. . . . . ii. 65  
 Turn'd Turks; Oth. 113. . . . . ix. 89  
 Turned Turk; Ado. 241. . . . . vii. 87  
 Turquoise; Merch. 260. . . . . v. 164  
 Tutor, Rutlands; 3 Hen. VI. 88. . . . . iii. 71  
 Twanging; Shrew. 51. . . . . xli. 199  
 Twice forksworn; Sonn. 389. . . . . xiv. 115  
 Twicken bottle; Oth. III. . . . . ix. 89  
 Twilled; Temp. 183. . . . . xlii. 266  
 Twine, Raterne of Painfull Ad-ventures; Per. passim.  
 Twind'd stones; Cymb. 66. . . . . xli. 180  
 Twine = peep; Sonn. 75. . . . . xiv. 100

Twist a story; Ado. 55. . . . . vii. 65  
 Two and thirty, &c.; Shrew. 52, iii. 193  
 — courses, to set; Temp. 12, xlii. 242  
 — hours' traffic; Romeo. 2. . . . . ii. 61  
 — Noble Kinsmen, parallel in; Haml. 548. . . . . ix. 253  
 — parallel in; Mids. Nt. 194. . . . . iii. 271  
 Twofold truth; Sonn. 106. . . . . xiv. 102  
 Tybalt, arrogance of; Romeo. 107. . . . . ii. 69  
 Typographical error as to letter s; Per. 131. . . . . x. 259  
 — interchange of V and U; Per. 161. . . . . x. 262  
 Tyrannically; Haml. 251. . . . . ix. 225  
 Tyrant; Macb. 176. . . . . xi. 77  
 — all; Sonn. 388. . . . . xiv. 114  
 Tyre, course of ship for; Per. 171. . . . . x. 263  
 Tyred horse; Love's L. 101. . . . . i. 60  
 Tyrian; Shrew. 98. . . . . iii. 200

## U.

Umber; As Y. L. 29. . . . . vii. 163  
 Umber'd; Hen. V. 196. . . . . vi. 171  
 Unanell'd; Haml. 156. . . . . ix. 218  
 Unavoided; Rich. II. 140. . . . . iv. 75  
 Unbar'd; Coriol. 213. . . . . xli. 92  
 Unbated; Haml. 589. . . . . ix. 253  
 Unbless some mother; Sonn. 6, xiv. 96  
 Unbolted; Lear. 192. . . . . x. 174  
 Unboneted; Oth. 28. . . . . ix. 80  
 Unbookish; Oth. 187. . . . . ix. 99  
 Unbraided; Wint. T. 162. . . . . xlii. 75  
 Uncape; Merry W. 101. . . . . vi. 250  
 Unclissard; Per. 192. . . . . x. 265  
 Uncomely; Per. 37. . . . . x. 250  
 Unconfirmed; Ado. 225. . . . . vii. 84  
 Uncross'd; Cymb. 170. . . . . xli. 187  
 Uncurrent; Wint. T. 89. . . . . xlii. 70  
 Uncliff; Rich. II. 105. . . . . iv. 72  
 Under-generation; Meas. 178. . . . . x. 75  
 Undergoes; Cymb. 154. . . . . xli. 186  
 Under-skinner; 1 Hen. IV. 141, v. 260  
 Understood relations; Macb. 168, xi. 76  
 Undertaker; Tw. Nt. 235. . . . . vii. 252  
 Undiscover'd country, the, &c.; Haml. 311. . . . . ix. 238  
 Uneard = unploughed; Sonn. 7, xiv. 96  
 Uneasy; Wint. T. 120. . . . . xlii. 72  
 Uneath; 2 Hen. VI. 145. . . . . ii. 260  
 Unexpressive; As Y. L. 77. . . . . vii. 169  
 Unfurnish'd; Merch. 234. . . . . v. 166  
 — walls; Rich. II. 56. . . . . iv. 68  
 Unquartered; Two Gent. 35. . . . . i. 167  
 Unbar'd; John. 286. . . . . v. 85  
 Unhallowed (non-elision of final ed); 2 Hen. VI. 108. . . . . ii. 267  
 Unhappy; All's W. 117. . . . . viii. 156  
 Unharm'd; Romeo. 18. . . . . ii. 62  
 Unhatch'd; Tw. Nt. 924. . . . . vii. 251  
 Unhousell'd; Haml. 156. . . . . ix. 218  
 Unicorn; Tim. 173. . . . . xi. 156  
 Unicorns, how caught; Jul. Cæs. 114. . . . . viii. 67  
 Unimproved; Haml. 14. . . . . ix. 204  
 Union = a pearl; Haml. 680. . . . . ix. 260  
 Unity, rule in; Troil. 305. . . . . viii. 254  
 Universities, plays performed at; Haml. 340. . . . . ix. 236  
 Unkind; Lear. 57. . . . . x. 165  
 Unkind (of betrothal); Rich. II. 239. . . . . ix. 87  
 Unlook'd; Rich. III. 134. . . . . iv. 194  
 Unmoulded supple; John. 186. . . . . v. 76  
 Unnaturally; Macb. 119. . . . . xi. 71  
 Unpartial; Hen. VIII. 139. . . . . xlii. 168

Unpeopled house; Love's L. 39. . . . . i. 55  
 Unprisable; Tw. Nt. 276. . . . . vii. 254  
 Unpriz'd; Lear. 56. . . . . x. 166  
 Unreclaimed; Haml. 190. . . . . ix. 220  
 Unrecurring; Tit. A. 73. . . . . xli. 253  
 Unrespected; Sonn. 109. . . . . xiv. 102  
 Unrest; Sonn. 380. . . . . xiv. 114  
 Unrhymed line occurring in rhymed passage; Love's L. 6. . . . . i. 53  
 Unrough; Macb. 241. . . . . xi. 83  
 Unseason'd; Merry W. 75. . . . . vi. 248  
 Unseminar'd; Ant. 80. . . . . xi. 242  
 Unstisting; Meas. 169. . . . . x. 74  
 Unstaid; Rich. II. 103. . . . . iv. 72  
 Unstain'd; Errors. 50. . . . . i. 112  
 Untempering; Hen. V. 275. . . . . vi. 178  
 Unthread eye (of needle); John. 297. . . . . v. 86  
 Unthrifty son; Rich. II. 304. . . . . iv. 88  
 Untoward; Shrew. 196. . . . . iii. 207  
 Untraded; Troil. 272. . . . . viii. 251  
 Unthead; Merch. 167. . . . . v. 161  
 Untrimm'd; John. 141. . . . . v. 71  
 Untrue (as noun) mine; Sonn. 286. . . . . xiv. 110  
 Unvalu'd; Rich. III. 162. . . . . iv. 197  
 Unwares; 3 Hen. VI. 165. . . . . iii. 77  
 Unwashed hands; 1 Hen. IV. 244, v. 258  
 Up and down; Ado. 97. . . . . vii. 70  
 Up-cast; Cymb. 88. . . . . xli. 182  
 Upmost; Jul. Cæs. 93. . . . . viii. 65  
 Upon = by; Mids. Nt. 120. . . . . iii. 265  
 — John. 273. . . . . v. 84  
 — = by reason of; Lear. 82. . . . . x. 167  
 — a heap; Jul. Cæs. 72. . . . . viii. 64  
 — a thought; Macb. 156. . . . . xi. 75  
 — the hip; Merch. 82. . . . . v. 155  
 — (=just at) your hour; Haml. 3. . . . . ix. 203  
 Upper Germany, heresy in; Hen. VIII. 252. . . . . xlii. 180  
 — stage; Shrew. 11. . . . . iii. 193  
 — Juliet at; Romeo. 66. . . . . ii. 66  
 — use of; Rich. II. 229. . . . . iv. 82  
 Up-spring; Haml. 108. . . . . ix. 214  
 Up-starting; Temp. 68. . . . . xlii. 246  
 Upturned; Romeo. 69. . . . . ii. 66  
 Upwards, face buried; Ado. 190, vii. 82  
 Urchins; Temp. 74. . . . . xlii. 247  
 Usage, rate of; Merch. 81. . . . . v. 155  
 Use = interest; Hen. VIII. 214, xlii. 175  
 — Meas. 7. . . . . x. 60  
 — tricks of style; Sonn. 194, xiv. 106  
 — usury; Sonn. 15. . . . . xiv. 96  
 — in; Merch. 313. . . . . v. 172  
 User, in double sense; Sonn. 23, xiv. 97  
 Uses = experiences; Oth. 228. . . . . ix. 106  
 Users, characteristics of; Merch. 84. . . . . v. 155  
 Usurer's chain; Ado. 169. . . . . vii. 71  
 Usurp'd (name); Rich. II. 275. . . . . iv. 86  
 Usurp upon; Tit. A. 82. . . . . xli. 254  
 Usury, forbidden; Sonn. 15. . . . . xiv. 96  
 Utis, old; 2 Hen. IV. 163. . . . . vii. 76  
 Utter, to = to sell; Wint. T. 176, xlii. 77  
 Utterance, at; Cymb. 151. . . . . xli. 186  
 — to the; Macb. 134. . . . . xi. 73  
 Uttermost, to the; Troil. 264. . . . . viii. 251  
 Utters = sells; Romeo. 205. . . . . ii. 76

## V.

Vade = to fade; Plgr. 6. . . . . xiv. 125  
 Vail, as sub.; Troil. 340. . . . . viii. 257  
 — Meas. 195. . . . . x. 76  
 — to = bow to; Coriol. 184. . . . . xli. 89  
 — to; Per. 207. . . . . x. 266  
 Vailing; Love's L. 188. . . . . i. 67  
 Valanced; Haml. 284. . . . . ix. 220

valdes, personality of; Per. 222, x. 267  
 vanish'd, Romeo, 129. . . . . ii. 71  
 Vanity; Temp. 183. . . . . xiii. 256  
 Vaporous drop; Mach. 173. . . . . xi. 76  
 Varlet; Troil. 10. . . . . viii. 230  
 — Troil. 285. . . . . viii. 252  
 Varnish'd faces; Merch. 160. . . . . v. 161  
 Vast, over a; Wint. T. 2. . . . . xiii. 63  
 — (of night); Haml. 68. . . . . ix. 209  
 — Temp. 75. . . . . xiii. 247  
 Vasty; Merch. 176. . . . . v. 162  
 Vaghan, as dissyllable; Rich. III. 156. . . . . iv. 197  
 Vaut=avant; Troil. 9. . . . . viii. 230  
 Vaut=coilers; Lear. 250. . . . . x. 179  
 Vaward; Coriol. 45. . . . . xii. 70  
 — 1 Hen. VI. 78. . . . . iii. 146  
 — Mids. Nt. 231. . . . . iii. 275  
 Veal, jocular allusion; Love's L. 182. . . . . i. 66  
 Velvet, branch'd; Tw. Nt. 139, vii. 26  
 — dish; Shrew. 167. . . . . iii. 260  
 Velvet-guards; 1 Hen. IV. 215. v. 256  
 Venetians, subtlety of; Oth. 66, ix. 84  
 Venew; Love's L. 153. . . . . i. 64  
 Veneys; Merry W. 17. . . . . vi. 244  
 Vengeance and revenge; Rich. II. 269. . . . . iv. 85  
 Venice, Duke of; Merch. 268. . . . . v. 163  
 — charter of; Merch. 274. . . . . v. 169  
 — peculiar reputation of; Ado. 47. . . . . vii. 65  
 — trade of; Merch. 254. . . . . v. 167  
 Venom, as adjective; Errors, 125, i. 117  
 — (of toads); Mach. 183. . . . . xi. 77  
 — =venomous snakes; Rich. II. 128. . . . . iv. 74  
 Venomous wights; Troil. 230, viii. 249  
 Vent, full of; Coriol. 265. . . . . xii. 96  
 Vents, mortal; Troil. 153. . . . . viii. 242  
 — and Adonis, parallel in; Oth. 140. . . . . ix. 92  
 Venns pigeons; Merch. 166. . . . . v. 161  
 Verge; Rich. II. 120. . . . . iv. 74  
 Verges, name of; Ado. 207. . . . . vii. 82  
 Verified; Coriol. 294. . . . . xii. 97  
 Vernon, character of; 1 Hen. IV. 236. . . . . v. 268  
 Veronesa; Oth. 75. . . . . ix. 86  
 Verse as prose in Ffs.; 3 Hen. VI. 245. . . . . iii. 83  
 — instead of prose, passage in; Mids. Nt. 50. . . . . iii. 258  
 — Mids. Nt. 220. . . . . iii. 274  
 — or prose? question of passages in; Ado. 234. . . . . vii. 91  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 33. . . . . ii. 249  
 — 2 Hen. VI. 97. . . . . ii. 256  
 — Romeo, 29. . . . . ii. 63  
 — Shrew. 46. . . . . iii. 195  
 Very, as intensive; Two Gent. 84. . . . . i. 171  
 Vessels; Ant. 175. . . . . xi. 249  
 Via; Love's L. 163. . . . . i. 65  
 — Merch. 123. . . . . v. 158  
 Vial (of perfumes), as restorative; Per. 189. . . . . x. 265  
 Vials, sacred; Ant. 55. . . . . xi. 241  
 Vice, the (in old plays); Tw. Nt. 261. . . . . iv. 253  
 — Rich. III. 305. . . . . iv. 207  
 — or fool; Hen. V. 239. . . . . vi. 175  
 Victuals, law as to; 2 Hen. IV. 206. . . . . vi. 79  
 Vile-esteem'd; 1 Hen. VI. 97. . . . . ii. 151  
 — Sonn. 310. . . . . xiv. 111  
 Villain; 2 Hen. VI. 239. . . . . ii. 274  
 Villagers; Mids. Nt. 73. . . . . iii. 260  
 Villain=serf; Lear. 324. . . . . x. 185  
 — Lear. 93. . . . . xiv. 56  
 Vinedust; Troil. 94. . . . . viii. 237

Violenteth; Troil. 240. . . . . viii. 249  
 Violets, as emblem; Haml. 506, ix. 250  
 — (figuratively); Rich. II. 297, iv. 87  
 Vipers, young, superstition as to; Per. 27. . . . . x. 240  
 Viper's brood, in figurative sense; Per. 27. . . . . x. 240  
 Virgil's Aeneid, quotation from; 2 Hen. VI. 239. . . . . ii. 268  
 Virginaling; Wint. T. 17. . . . . xiii. 65  
 Virgin-knot; Per. 233. . . . . x. 268  
 — Temp. 181. . . . . xiii. 256  
 Virgin Martyr, The, parallel in; Hen. VIII. note 252. . . . . xiii. 177  
 — patent; Mids. Nt. 15. . . . . iii. 256  
 Virtue=vaunty; Ant. 301. . . . . xi. 259  
 Virtuous life; Sonn. 177. . . . . xiv. 105  
 Voices=votes; Coriol. 151. . . . . xii. 86  
 Voiding lobby; 2 Hen. VI. 228. . . . . ii. 267  
 Voluble; Love's L. 61. . . . . i. 57  
 Vomit emptiness; Cymb. 68. . . . . xii. 181  
 Votress; Per. 198. . . . . x. 266  
 Votary=votress; Sonn. 395. . . . . xiv. 115  
 Votress; Mids. Nt. 102. . . . . iii. 263  
 Vouchsafe, accent on; Love's L. 179. . . . . i. 66  
 Vulcan as a carpenter; Ado. 34, vii. 63

## W.

Wafts=beckons; Errors, 45. . . . . i. 112  
 Wafture; Jul. Cæs. 120. . . . . viii. 6  
 Wag'd; Ant. 355. . . . . xi. 263  
 Wager, the, conditions of; Haml. 615. . . . . ix. 250  
 Wagging; Ado. 95. . . . . vii. 70  
 Waist (of ship); Temp. 64. . . . . xiii. 246  
 Wake=to revel; Haml. 108. . . . . ix. 214  
 — your patience; Ado. 345, vii. 9  
 Waken motion; Oth. 35. . . . . ix. 81  
 Waking the bridegroom, custom of; Merch. 219. . . . . v. 164  
 Walk upon my knees; Rich. II. 311. . . . . iv. 88  
 Walks=goes away; Lear. 288. . . . . x. 182  
 — (figurative use of verb); John. 218. . . . . v. 79  
 Wall (mural); Mids. Nt. 270. . . . . iii. 278  
 Wall-eyed; John. 242. . . . . v. 81  
 Walter Lord Ferrers; Rich. III. 659. . . . . iv. 238  
 — Whitmore; 2 Hen. VI. 222, ii. 266  
 Wand'ring knight; 1 Hen. IV. 45, v. 24  
 Waning; 2 Hen. VI. 300. . . . . ii. 275  
 Wann'd; Ant. 90. . . . . xi. 243  
 — Haml. 284. . . . . ix. 229  
 Want, to, in double sense; Tim. 91. . . . . xi. 151  
 Wanton, as noun; Cymb. 233. . . . . xii. 192  
 — Rich. II. 305. . . . . iv. 38  
 — Cupid; Troil. 214. . . . . viii. 247  
 Want-wit; Merch. 3. . . . . v. 143  
 Wappen'd; Tim. 147. . . . . xi. 154  
 Ward, in; All's Wl. 2. . . . . viii. 144  
 — to lie at a; Troil. 46. . . . . viii. 233  
 Warden-pies; Wint. T. 131. . . . . xiii. 78  
 Warden, to throw down; Rich. II. 72. . . . . iv. 70  
 Warn, as legal term; Rich. III. 108. . . . . iv. 192  
 Warn't; All's Wl. 183. . . . . viii. 153  
 Warp, to; As Y. L. 71. . . . . vii. 168  
 Warrant (as dissyllable); 1 Hen. VI. 267. . . . . ii. 170  
 — fetch of; Haml. 191. . . . . ix. 220  
 Warranty; Haml. 577. . . . . ix. 250  
 Warren, lodge in a; Ado. 113, vii. 71  
 Warrior, epithet of women; Oth. 86. . . . . ix. 86

Warwick, embassy of; 3 Hen. VI. 187. . . . . iii. 79  
 — the brother of; 3 Hen. VI. 152. . . . . iii. 76  
 — transposition in speech of; 3 Hen. VI. 291. . . . . iii. 87  
 — youngest daughter of; Rich. III. 69. . . . . iv. 189  
 Wash'd with dew; Shrew. 82. . . . . iii. 199  
 Washing, i.e. beautifying the face; Ado. 197. . . . . vii. 81  
 — before meals, custom of; Shrew, note 139. . . . . iii. 204  
 Wasps feeding on honey; Two Gent. 24. . . . . i. 166  
 Wassail; Haml. 108. . . . . ix. 214  
 — Macb. 84. . . . . xi. 67  
 — candle; 2 Hen. IV. 84. . . . . vi. 72  
 Waste, as legal term; Rich. II. 120. . . . . iv. 74  
 Wasteful; Hen. V. 145. . . . . iv. 167  
 — cock; Tim. 77. . . . . xi. 150  
 Wat, poor; Venus, 54. . . . . xiv. 24  
 Watch=watch-light; Rich. III. 598. . . . . iv. 233  
 — constable of; Ado. 209. . . . . vii. 88  
 — duration of; Ado. 220. . . . . vii. 84  
 — outward; Rich. II. 320. . . . . iv. 89  
 Watch-case; 2 Hen. IV. 210. . . . . vi. 79  
 Watch'd = detected; Merry W. 185. . . . . vi. 255  
 — tame; Troil. 174. . . . . viii. 243  
 Watchmen, sleeping; Ado. 211, vii. 88  
 Watchmen's bills; Ado. 212. . . . . vii. 88  
 Water, reference to practice of examining; 2 Hen. IV. 61. . . . . vi. 70  
 Water flies; Troil. 288. . . . . vii. 252  
 Water-flowing; 3 Hen. VI. 287, iii. 87  
 Water-fly; Haml. 604. . . . . ix. 239  
 Water-galls; Lucr. 113. . . . . xiv. 57  
 Water-spaniel; Two Gent. 72. . . . . i. 170  
 Water-work; 2 Hen. IV. 135. . . . . vi. 74  
 Watery moon; Rich. III. 254. . . . . iv. 204  
 Wax (punningly); 2 Hen. IV. 86, vi. 72  
 — man of; Romeo, 42. . . . . ii. 64  
 — sea of; Tim. 15. . . . . xi. 146  
 Waxen, old plural form of verb; Mids. Nt. 80. . . . . iii. 261  
 — epitaph; Hen. V. 70. . . . . vi. 161  
 — images as charms; Two Gent. 53. . . . . i. 168  
 — Ado. 107. . . . . vii. 71  
 Way of life; Mach. 253. . . . . xi. 84  
 Ways of honour; Hen. VIII. 232, xii. 183  
 Weak dealing; Romeo, 98. . . . . ii. 68  
 — ending (for that); Mids. Nt. 118. . . . . ii. 265  
 Wear=wear way; Venus, 37. . . . . xiv. 24  
 — out; Ado. 160. . . . . vii. 76  
 Weasel, used in familiar phrase; 1 Hen. IV. 125. . . . . v. 249  
 Weasels, superstition as to meeting; Lucr. 22. . . . . xiv. 58  
 Weather of, to keep the; Troil. 314. . . . . viii. 255  
 Weather-bitten; Wint. T. 223, xiii. 80  
 Weather-fends; Temp. 218. . . . . xiii. 259  
 Weavers as singers; Tw. Nt. 94, vii. 243  
 — 1 Hen. IV. 153. . . . . v. 251  
 — Mids. Nt. 218. . . . . iii. 278  
 Web and pin; Lear. 284. . . . . x. 132  
 Wedding-dress, Hero's; Ado. 235. . . . . vii. 86  
 Wedding music; As Y. L. 186, vii. 180  
 Wedlock-hymn; As Y. L. 186. . . . . vii. 180  
 Weed her love; Two Gent. 85. . . . . i. 171  
 Weeds, curbs to; Meas. 37. . . . . x. 62  
 Weekless Madrigals, &c.; Pilgr. 16. . . . . ix. 132  
 Weird sisters; Macb. 27. . . . . xi. 63  
 Welkin; Tit. A. 80. . . . . xii. 254



Welkin roar; 2 Hen. IV. 177. .vi. 77  
Well studied her; Merry W. 25. vi. 245  
— used in quibbling sense;  
Mach. 229. .ix. 82  
— entered; All's Wl. 62. .xiii. 148  
— seen; Shrew. 59. .xiii. 197  
— struck in years; Rich. III.  
59. .iv. 189  
Well-a-near; Per. 152. .x. 262  
Well-balanced; Meas. 179. .x. 75  
Well-liking; Love's L. 184. .i. 68  
Welsh peculiarities of speech;  
Merry W. note 3. .vi. 248  
Wen (figuratively); 2 Hen. IV.  
147. .v. 75  
Wench; Oth. 260. .xix. 107  
— Temp. 42. .xiii. 244  
Went-wended; 3 Hen. VI. 342. iii. 91  
Were, redundant in line; Ado.  
29. .vii. 63  
Westminster, palace of, scene laid  
at; 3 Hen. VI. 261. .iii. 85  
— Hall; Rich. II. 251. .iv. 84  
Westmoreland, Earl of; 1 Hen.  
IV. 278. .v. 200  
Westward-ho! Tw. Nt. 181. .vii. 248  
"We three"; Tw. Nt. 85. .vii. 248  
Whale's (dissyllable); Love's L.  
191. .i. 67  
What else; 3 Hen. VI. 192. .iii. 79  
— is he for a fool; Ado. 73. .vii. 67  
— make you, &c.; Hamlet. 60. ix. 209  
Wheel = spinning; wheel; Hamlet.  
500. .ix. 250  
Wheels, to go on; Ant. 174. .xi. 249  
When? 3 Hen. VI. 293. .iii. 88  
— canst tell? 1 Hen. IV. 99. v. 248  
— all is done; Mids. Nt. 140. iii. 267  
— you see me, &c.; Rowley's  
parallel in; Hen. VIII. 247. xii. 179  
Where, as dissyllable; Mids. Nt.  
123. .iii. 265  
Whether, as monosyllable; 2 Hen.  
VI. 204. .ii. 264  
— 2 Hen. VI. 216. .ii. 265  
— Temp. 231. .xiii. 240  
— Troil. 273. .xiii. 252  
— Mids. Nt. 122. .iii. 265  
— (metrically); Jul. Cæs. 29. viii. 60  
Which—which thing; All's Wl.  
95. .viii. 160  
Whiff; Hen. V. 257. .v. 177  
While-ere; Temp. 159. .xiii. 254  
Whiles-until; Tw. Nt. 270. .vii. 254  
— while; Merch. 67. .v. 164  
— While the grass grows, &c.;  
Hamlet. 373. .ix. 239  
Whip, the punishment of fools;  
Lear. 166. .x. 168  
Whipping beggars, practice of;  
Per. 93. .x. 256  
Whips, things call'd; 2 Hen. VI.  
111. .ii. 258  
Whipsnook=whip; Per. 116. .x. 258  
Whisper her ear; Ado. 166. .vii. 77  
Whisperings; Tim. 12. .xi. 146  
Whispers the heart; Mach. 239. ii. 82  
Whist; Temp. 84. .xiii. 248  
Whisks, worth the; Lear. 388. x. 185  
White, the (punningly); Shrew.  
215. .xiii. 209  
— Hart (punningly); 2 Hen. VI.  
283. .ii. 274  
— Surrey; Rich. III. 599. .iv. 253  
— wench's black eye; Romeo.  
84. .ii. 67  
White-faced shore; John. 96. .v. 64  
White-frisks; Rich. III. 97. .iv. 191  
Whirely; Love's L. 78. .i. 58  
Whitnau morris-dance; Hen. V.  
128. .vi. 168

Who, used instead of accusative;  
Hamlet. 66. .ix. 209  
Whole, as pleonasm; Merch. 263. v. 198  
— "Whoop, do me no harm, &c.;"  
Wint. T. 161. .xiii. 75  
Wide, to speak; Ado. 286. .vii. 89  
Widow, applied to queen; Rich.  
III. 55. .iv. 188  
Wife's soul, in proverbial phrase;  
Per. 100. .x. 256  
Wight, as adj.; Per. note 12. .x. 247  
Wild and wandering flood; Troil.  
21. .viii. 231  
— music; Sonn. 250. .xiv. 100  
Wild-cat; Merch. 184. .v. 161  
Wild-goose chase; Romeo, 92. ii. 68  
Wild-mare, to ride the; 2 Hen.  
IV. 193. .vi. 78  
Wilderness; Meas. 127. .x. 71  
Wildly, walks; John. 218. .v. 79  
Willful-blame; 1 Hen. IV. 206. .v. 255  
Willful stillness; Merch. 25. .v. 151  
— youth; Merch. 37. .v. 152  
Wilkins, characteristic of style of;  
Per. 10. .x. 247  
— Per. 17. .x. 248  
— Per. 32. .x. 250  
— Per. 38. .x. 250  
— Per. 52. .x. 252  
— Miseries of Enforced Marriage,  
parallel in; Per. 91. .x. 255  
— novel, parallels in; Per. *passim*.  
— part author of Pericles; Per.  
6. .x. 247  
Will (in doubtful sense); Ado.  
40. .vii. 64  
— =self-will; Merry W. 105. vi. 255  
— =Shakespeare; Sonn. 349. xiv. 113  
— Sonn. 354. .xiv. 113  
— Sonn. 188. .xiv. 108  
— =Shakespeare's friend; Sonn.  
368. .xiv. 114  
— used punningly; Merch. 50. v. 152  
— translated her; Merry W.  
25. .vi. 245  
Williams, manliness of; Hen. V.  
255. .vi. 176  
Willow (symbolically); Ado. 109. vii. 71  
— Merch. 324. .v. 178  
— hoar leaves of the; Hamlet.  
547. .ix. 253  
— "Willow, song of; Oth. 223. .ix. 102  
Willow-garland; 3 Hen. VI. 281. iii. 82  
Wily Beguiled, parallel in; Hamlet.  
140. .ix. 217  
— 3 Hen. VI. 269. .iii. 80  
— 3 Hen. VI. 104. .iii. 72  
— 3 Hen. VI. 213. .iii. 81  
— 3 Hen. VI. 239. .iii. 87  
— 3 Hen. VI. 331. .iii. 90  
— Merch. 323. .v. 173  
— imitated passage; Romeo;  
156. .ii. 72  
Wimpled; Love's L. 71. .i. 58  
Winchester, Bishop of, jurisdiction  
over stews; 1 Hen. VI. 84. ii. 150  
— goose; 1 Hen. VI. 98. .ii. 150  
— Troil. 351. .viii. 258  
Wincot; Shrew. 13. .iii. 198  
Wind, gender of; Merch. 169. .v. 161  
— to; Tit. A. 192. .xii. 256  
— to (a horse); 1 Hen. IV. 257. v. 259  
— where sits the; Merch. 9. .v. 150  
— away; As Y. L. 115. .vii. 178  
— (of sword); Troil. 815. .viii. 255  
Windlasses; Hamlet. 197. .ix. 220  
Window above, stage-direction;  
Hen. VIII. 243. .xiii. 179  
Window-bars; Tim. 152. .xi. 154  
Windows=eyelids; Cymb. 98. xii. 133  
— of eyes; Rich. III. 612. .iv. 234

Windows to my breast; Sonn. 64. xiv. 99  
Windy . . . rainy; Sonn. 221. .xiv. 107  
— side of care; Ado. 129. .vii. 73  
Wine, adulteration of; Merry W.  
20. .vi. 245  
— in thy master's way; 2 Hen.  
VI. 140. .ii. 260  
Wing, of a good; All's Wl. 19. .viii. 146  
— the wind (of ostriches); 1  
Hen. IV. 256. .v. 250  
Winking; Hamlet, note 229. .ix. 222  
Winnowed opinions; Hamlet. 619. ix. 260  
Winter cricket; Shrew. 172. .iii. 266  
— here; Mids. Nt. 94. .iii. 262  
— used metaphorically; Troil.  
257. .viii. 250  
Winter-ground, to; Cymb. 263. xii. 193  
Winter's Tale, parallel in; Per.  
302. .x. 275  
Wire, figuratively = hair; Sonn.  
337. .xiv. 112  
Wise, to be, and love; Troil.  
185. .viii. 244  
— woman; Tw. Nt. 212. .vii. 250  
Wish to, to; Shrew. 36. .iii. 196  
Wisp of straw; 3 Hen. VI. 147. iii. 76  
Wist=knew; 1 Hen. VI. 139. .ii. 160  
Wit=ingenuity; Merch. 113. .v. 157  
— =wisdom; 3 Hen. VI. 270. iii. 85  
Witch, as verb; 2 Hen. VI. 193. .ii. 263  
Witchcraft, enchantments of;  
Mach. 26. .xi. 63  
— legislation on; As Y. L. 159. vii. 178  
— trial for; Oth. 44. .ix. 82  
Witches, practices of; Two Gent.  
53. .i. 108  
— Ado. 197. .vii. 71  
Witches mummy; Mach. 156. xi. 77  
With, peculiar use of; Mids. Nt.  
177. .iii. 270  
— Mach. 181. .xi. 73  
— =by; Mach. 139. .xi. 73  
Withal, cope; Merch. 317. .v. 172  
— do; Merch. 202. .v. 168  
— Merch. 202. .v. 168  
With all; Jul. Cæs. 23. .viii. 59  
— boot; Meas. 93. .x. 68  
Withering out; Mids. Nt. 3. .iii. 255  
With himself (curious idiom);  
Tit. A. 23. .xii. 251  
Within this three mile; Mach.  
203. .xi. 85  
Without all bail; Sonn. 139. .xi. 105  
Without-book; Romeo, 46. .ii. 64  
Wittenberg; Hamlet. 50. .ix. 206  
Wittingly; 3 Hen. VI. 135. .iii. 75  
Woe-begone; 2 Hen. IV. 41. .v. 60  
Woe for me; 2 Hen. VI. 187. .ii. 263  
Wolf, transmigration into a;  
Merch. 236. .v. 170  
Wolsey, articles against; Hen.  
VIII. 190. .xiii. 174  
— intercession for Commons;  
Hen. VIII. 82. .xiii. 163  
Wolsey's fall, historical account of;  
Hen. VIII. 197. .xiii. 174  
— origin of story of; Hen.  
VIII. 188. .xiii. 172  
Wolves, Irish; As Y. L. 171. .vii. 179  
Woman (as verb); All's Wl.  
132. .ii. 192  
Woman's answer; Troil. 23. .xiii. 231  
— nay, a, &c.; Pilgr. 21. .xiv. 133  
Woman d'r'd; Wint. T. 74. .xiii. 66  
Women's parts played by boys;  
As Y. L. 25. 192. .vii. 162, 192  
— Coriol. 144. .xi. 85  
— Love's L. 84. .i. 59  
Wonder as adj.; Lear. 300. .x. 190  
Wondrous strange; Mids. Nt.  
255. .iii. 277

Woo=entreat; Ado. 147.....vii. 75  
 Wood=distracted; Two Gent. 40. i. 167  
 — used punningly; Mids. Nt. 114.....iii. 264  
 Wood'd, woman, and won; Rich. III. 98.....iv. 192  
 — of time; Sonn. 172.....xiv. 105  
 Woodbine; Mids. Nt. 223.....iii. 274  
 Woodcock, as a decoy; Hamlet. 638.....ix. 261  
 Wooden thing; 1 Hen. VI. 246.....ii. 167  
 Woodman; Cymb. 221.....xii. 190  
 Woodstock, Thomas of = Gloster; Rich. II. note 49.....ix. 68  
 Woodville, as trisyllable; Rich. III. 51.....iv. 188  
 Woodville (Woodville), confusion as to name; Rich. III. 224.....iv. 201  
 Woollen, term of contempt; Coriol. 203.....xii. 91  
 — lie in the; Ado. 81.....vii. 68  
 Woollen-bagpipe; Merch. 277.....v. 169  
 Woolvish toge; Coriol. 180.....xii. 87  
 Woodward; Love's L. 214.....i. 68  
 Woo't, as contraction; Hamlet. 588.....ix. 256  
 Worcester, duplicity of; 1 Hen. IV. 291.....v. 262  
 — resignation of office by; Rich. II. 156.....iv. 77  
 — as a trisyllable; Rich. II. 155, iv. 77  
 — spelling of; Rich. II. 171.....iv. 78  
 Word, triple repetition of; John. 164.....v. 74  
 — the = Bible; Rich. II. 318.....iv. 89  
 Word's death; Romeo, 128.....ii. 70  
 World, go to the; Ado. 132.....vii. 73  
 — this = this age; Sonn. 199, xiv. 106  
 Worm, cause of toothache; Ado. 192.....vii. 80  
 Worms, superstition concerning; Romeo, 51.....ii. 65  
 Wormwood; Romeo, 39.....ii. 64  
 Wormy beds; Mids. Nt. 208.....iii. 273  
 Worm = worn out; Tw. Nt. 122, vii. 245  
 Worse, double comparative; Mids. Nt. 117.....iii. 265  
 Worship = dignity; 3 Hen. VI. 255.....iii. 84  
 Worshipp'd = honoured; Hen. V. 70.....v. 161  
 Worst-d stocking; Lear, 179.....x. 174

Wort=new beer; Love's L. 180.....i. 86  
 Worth=merit; Meas. 3.....x. 60  
 Woundingly; Per. 191.....x. 265  
 Wound to kill; Troil. 166.....viii. 243  
 Woven wings; Merch. 8.....v. 150  
 Wrecks = fits of rage; Tit. A. 128.....xii. 256  
 Wreath of chivalry; Per. 113.....x. 257  
 Wreaths, victorious; Rich. III. 39.....iv. 187  
 Wren, the poor; Macb. 208.....xi. 79  
 Wrest (of a harp); Troil. 194.....viii. 245  
 Wretch, term of endearment; Oth. 139.....ix. 92  
 Wretched = villainous; Rich. III. 583.....iv. 231  
 Wretch's knife; Sonn. 183.....xiv. 105  
 Writing under; Ado. 325.....vii. 97  
 Writ=scripture; Per. 83.....x. 254  
 — and liberty, law of; Hamlet. 260.....ix. 226  
 — as little beard; All's Wl. 90.....viii. 150  
 Write, to=to subscribe; Cymb. 140.....xii. 185  
 — against; Ado. 264.....vii. 89  
 — fair, baseness to; Hamlet. 596.....ix. 258  
 Writhled; 1 Hen. VI. 119.....ii. 158  
 Wrong-incensed; Rich. III. 220, iv. 201  
 Wrought; Tim. 201.....xi. 158  
 Wry-neck'd fife; Merch. 150.....v. 160

## Y.

Yare; Meas. 166.....x. 74  
 Vaughan; Hamlet. 557.....ix. 254  
 Yaw, nautical term; Hamlet. 611.....ix. 259  
 Yclad; 2 Hen. VI. 30.....ii. 249  
 Yea-forsooth knave; 2 Hen. IV. 67.....vi. 71  
 Year in plural sense; Temp. 21.....xiii. 243  
 Year, time of, for lamb shearing; 3 Hen. VI. 161.....ii. 77  
 Years; Jul. Cæs. 140.....viii. 70  
 Years, as dissyllable; Rich. III. 59.....iv. 189

Yellow, as a fashionable colour; All's Wl. 172.....viii. 156  
 Yellow beard; Merry W. 35.....vi. 246  
 — stockings; Tw. Nt. 151.....vii. 247  
 Yeoman; 2 Hen. IV. note 112, vi. 73  
 Yeoman's service; Hamlet. 597.....ix. 258  
 Yer'd; Oth. 26.....ix. 79  
 Yet=as yet; Tit. A. 93.....xii. 254  
 Yew, double fatal; Rich. II. 216, iv. 81  
 — tree; Romeo, 225.....ii. 77  
 — trees; Romeo, 211.....ii. 76  
 Yokes=orns; Merry W. 186.....vi. 255  
 Yoking (metaphorically); Troil. 102.....viii. 238  
 Yond, as adjective; Coriol. 175, xii. 88  
 Yorick; Hamlet. 572.....ix. 256  
 York, brave speeches of; Rich. II. 183.....iv. 79  
 — historical anachronism as to; Rich. II. 183.....iv. 79  
 — character of; Rich. II. 183, iv. 79  
 — prominence given to character of; 2 Hen. VI. 127.....ii. 259  
 — dukedom of; 3 Hen. VI. 56, iii. 68  
 — and Montague, relationship of; 3 Hen. VI. 40.....iii. 68  
 York-place; Hen. VIII. 106.....xiii. 165  
 You, used redundantly; Merry W. 41.....vi. 246  
 — Merry W. 61.....vi. 248  
 — were best; Jul. Cæs. 201, viii. 75  
 "You have the grace of God," &c.; Merch. 143.....v. 159  
 You may; Troil. 164.....viii. 242  
 Young, day so; Romeo, 14.....ii. 62  
 Younger brother (descriptive extract); As Y. L. 7.....vii. 160  
 — sons to younger brothers; 1 Hen. IV. 267.....v. 260  
 Youngest days; 2 Hen. VI. 134, ii. 259  
 Your houses; Romeo, 112.....ii. 69  
 You'st, a provincialism; Coriol. 21.....xii. 76  
 Yrashed; Per. 150.....x. 261

## Z.

Zany; Tw. Nt. 50.....vii. 241  
 Zed; Lear, 191.....x. 174  
 Zodiacs, nineteen; Meas. 30.....x. 62